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THE

ITALIAN WAR,

1848-9,

AND THE LAST ITALIAN POET.

Three Essays.

BY THE LATE HENRY LUSHINGTON,

CHIEF SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF MALTA.

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WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

BY GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES.

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MEMOIR

OF

HENRY LUSHINGTON.

THE republication at the present time of the Essays which form this volume has been suggested by the immediate interest of the Italian war. They were written by one of the truest friends of a noble and oppressed nation, before the sympathies of Englishmen with Italy were checked and embarrassed by repugnance to the turbulent ambition of France. Mr. Lushington's lucid and eloquent summary of Charles Albert's unsuccessful enterprise will perhaps not be unwelcome to those who, after anxiously watching the fortunes of a more equal campaign, are left by its unforeseen termination in a state of puzzled disappointment. The review of Giusti's poems, while it calls attention to a great writer who is, even in his own country, inadequately appreciated, may throw some light on the state of degrading oppression which justifies true Italians

in incurring any sacrifice, and in accepting any alliance for the sake of emancipating themselves and their rulers from the deadening protectorate of Austria. I believe that in the late war, Mr. Lushington would have wished success to the arms of Sardinia, and that he would, perhaps, have underrated the danger of encouraging and rewarding French ambition. Of the transfer of Lombardy to France that it might be given in fief to Sardinia, he would have thought and spoken with an indignation which is even now, to a certain extent, felt by colder and more sceptical minds. At the time when he wrote the issue was simpler; and it is not undesirable that the Italian question should be considered by itself, without reference to the complications of past or impending European wars. It would, however, scarcely have been worth while to reproduce comments on bygone events, if they had been ordinary contributions to the political controversies of a former day. The Essays are collected under a confident belief that they contain, in language and in substance, abundant indications of a noble nature, and of a graceful genius which will now never be fully recognised. Few modern writers have possessed so easy a command of that attractive style which is characterised rather by vividness, eloquence, and spirit, than by deliberate and pregnant concentration.

A rapid, intuitive, and accurate reasoner, patient and laborious in the collection of materials, an impulsive and eager advocate of that which he deemed to be true and just, incapable of separating intellectual processes from his moral convictions; Mr. Lushington, whether he was employed on history, on criticism, or in political discussion, was essentially an orator. Although an intellect of extraordinary clearness excluded all tinge of fanaticism from his nature, he possessed the qualities of a consummate preacher; and his mastery of details and power of expression might have made him a great advocate, if his sensitive and transparent earnestness had allowed him to do justice to a doubtful cause, without regard to its merits.

Though his delivery was earnest and graceful, health and circumstances prevented him from becoming known in England as a speaker, but almost all his compositions are unconsciously cast in the form of orations; and if, like many of the masterpieces of Greek and Roman eloquence, modern speeches could be supposed independent of oral delivery, several of his writings would be most fairly estimated if they were regarded as unspoken addresses. His pamphlets on the unattractive subject of the Broad and Narrow Gauges would have formed a most effective summing up before a

railway committee, and his argument against the abolition of the East India Company, if it had been delivered in the House of Commons, ought to have created a great parliamentary reputation. The dedication to his Political Poems, published during the Russian War, sounds like an extract from one of the Olynthiac Orations of Demosthenes, and the historical narrative of the last Italian Revolution, in the present volume, contains many traces of the same fluent and expressive enthusiasm. To those who knew the writer, every sentence recalls the gentle eagerness of his voice and manner, while even a stranger can scarcely fail to perceive that the entire composition is thoroughly individual and characteristic. After allowing for my own bias of personal feeling, I feel satisfied that competent readers will find in these Essays sufficient merit to justify their publication. Many brilliant pamphlets on various subjects, and one admirable volume on the Affghan War, are inconsistent with the limited subject and purpose of the present collection. It is difficult to open a page either of the compositions which are admitted, or of those which are excluded, without a mental contrast, at the same time mournful and amusing, between many writers who enjoy the reward of popular notoriety, and one who has passed away almost unobserved.

If it is with some hesitation that I insert a short notice of a life so little known, the scruple arises not from a doubt that it deserves an ampler record, but from conscious inability to bring before the minds of strangers the rare perfections of a character which I knew almost too well to describe it. The events of Henry Lushington's life were few, and the affairs in which he took a part were not such as to excite general curiosity. I by no means hope to communicate to others my conviction that his writings deserved the wide and immediate fame which they failed to secure, or that in conducting the business of a little provincial Parliament, he displayed abilities not unworthy of a leader of the House of Commons. But for the present opportunity, I might have shrunk from challenging in the particular case the excusable indifference which naturally attends on unsuccessful merit. The obvious criticism, that praise has been substituted for portraiture, affects the treatment of the subject rather than the memory which I would not willingly expose to slight through an attempt to rescue it from oblivion.

HENRY LUSHINGTON was born on the 13th of April, 1812, at Singleton, in Lancashire. His father,

Edmund Henry Lushington, the head of the family of that name, took a high degree at Cambridge, and became a Fellow of Queen's College. He practised as a barrister on the Northern Circuit, and was for some time a puisne Judge at Ceylon. After his return to England he became a Commissioner of Colonial Audit, and from his uncle, Lord Ellenborough, he obtained the appointment of Master of the Crown Office. Mrs. Lushington was daughter of Mr. Thomas Philips, of Sedgeley, and sister of the first Sir George Philips, Bart., of Weston, in Warwickshire. Henry Lushington was sent with his elder brother, Edmund Law Lushington, now Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, to the Charterhouse School, where his family had been educated for some generations. The school was then flourishing under the vigorous management of Dr. Russell, whose resolute character secured the respect and obedience of his pupils, although he appeared indifferent to their affection. Henry Lushington, following with almost equal steps the precocious advance of his brother, rose rapidly through the successive ranks, and at the age of fifteen, when our intimacy commenced, he was at the head of the school. He retained through life a strong sense of the harsh and unsympathetic system of management which pre-

vailed; nor could I ever induce him to share my own appreciation of the intellectual benefits, derived by himself and many others, from the most logical and masculine of teachers. He would have been happier, if not better taught, under a master who had resembled the Dr. Arnold of popular tradition. His character, even as a boy, was distinguished by sweetness of disposition and by an unconscious delicacy of rectitude. The most indulgent of censors and companions, he seemed exempt, on his own account, from all temptation to wrong. There was nothing remarkable in his conformity to the high code of honour and veracity, which boys in public schools establish as the rule of their intercourse with one another; but Henry Lushington abstained from profiting by the laxer rule of morality, which, in those days at least, regulated diplomatic transactions with the masters. The characteristics of his boyhood remained unchanged through life. The words "*Fides, nudaque veritas,*" now inscribed on his tomb, had been associated in my mind with his name for many years before I observed that they formed his family motto.* From his infancy to his death, I

* Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget, cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum invenient parem?—Hor. *Od.*

believe he never uttered a wilful inaccuracy, and so strong was his instinctive love of verbal truth, that his language, even when it was most free and playful, scarcely ever took the form of exaggeration or of irony. Although no person was quicker in comprehension or keener in his enjoyment of the most eccentric and contorted forms of humour, he maintained, in seriousness and in jest, a single-minded directness which was not less distinctly expressed in the tones of his voice, and in the play of his expressive countenance, than in the substance of his conversation. The purity and simplicity of his nature repelled every form of vice without any apparent effort. His moral criticisms of others, especially where his friends were concerned, might, perhaps, in cases of mere dissipation and imprudence, be regarded as unduly lax or lenient; but those who lived with him habitually judged him by a different standard from that which he or they would have applied to themselves. A certain intolerance of ascetic rigour which he sometimes manifested in his maturer years, might perhaps be traced to his own exceptional experience of easy and innate goodness.

Having left the Charterhouse in the summer of 1828, and spent a year as a pupil with the Rev. George Millett, at Bovingdon, in Hertfordshire,

Henry Lushington became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1829, at the early age of seventeen. His singularly attractive appearance and manners secured him immediate popularity, and he entered with keen enjoyment both into the society and into the studies of the University. His previous education had made him an excellent classical scholar; he possessed by nature a remarkable aptitude for mathematical studies, and his memory was in all stages of his life, extraordinarily tenacious. He had, consequently, the advantage of being always at leisure for social amusement and occupation, without interrupting the rapid progress of his studies. In the ensuing year, which he always regarded with fond regret as the happiest of his life, he learnt more perhaps from intercourse with the friends by whom he was constantly surrounded than from lectures, books, or examinations. "There is," he says, in one of the accompanying Essays, "a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care; the days, the nights, 'smoked away,' in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk; the aspirations, the free open-hearted converse, as it was then, of some who now meet us disguised as formal worldlings; all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa, that comes

not again." Youthful conversation of the higher class, though it would seem crude and pedantic to maturer minds, is more ambitious, more earnest, and more fruitful than the talk which furnishes excitement and relaxation in later life. Our Cambridge discussions would have been insufferably tedious to an experienced and accomplished listener of fifty; but in the audacity of metaphysical conjectures or assertions, in the partizanship of literary enthusiasm, in the exuberant spirits, the occasional melancholy, the far-fetched humour of youth, all were helping each other forward by the incessant influence of contagious sympathy. Like many past and future generations of students, we spent our days

> "In search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

and Henry Lushington could not have employed them in any manner which would have been more favourable to his intellectual development.

At the end of his freshman's year he attained the first place in the Trinity College examination; and it was ascertained that he had defeated all his competitors not only in the general contest, but in the separate branches of classics and mathematics, which contributed to the common result. It was evident

that the highest academical honours were within his reach; but a misfortune was impending which altered his prospects not only at Cambridge, but through the remaining course of his life. In December, 1830, he suffered from an attack of internal inflammation, which, after a few days of severe illness, produced a permanently deleterious effect on his health and strength. Although he survived for five-and-twenty years, he never recovered his appetite or his bodily vigour. Perfectly free from constitutional disease, he was obliged in some respects to adopt the habits of an invalid; nor to the end of his life was he able to walk two or three miles, or to ride ten or twelve, without inconvenient fatigue. After remaining with his family, in the hope of recovering his health, for nearly two years, he returned to Cambridge in the autumn of 1832; but although he readily resumed his social habits, he no longer took any active interest in the objects of University ambition. In 1832, and again in 1833, he obtained the Porson University Prize for Greek iambics. In 1834, he graduated as Senior Optime, and with a first class in the Classical Tripos. In 1836, he was elected a Fellow of Trinity; succeeding in the highest object of Cambridge ambition on the stock of acquire-

ments which he had accumulated at the age of eighteen. After his first illness, he seldom looked at a book with any formal purpose of academic study, except when he found it necessary to add to his mathematical attainments the amount of knowledge which was precisely sufficient to ensure a tolerable degree. In 1837, he finally ceased to reside at Cambridge, and shortly afterwards he entered himself at the Inner Temple, where he was called to the bar in 1840.

During the later part of his University career, Mr. Lushington first displayed his faculty for composition in Essays written for a small society, which then and afterwards was well known in Cambridge. In the spring of 1837, he appeared in print as the author of a spirited pamphlet against "Fellow Commoners and Honorary Degrees." These disgraceful relics of the servility which was less offensive in a bygone age, have, I believe, been carefully preserved through the vicissitudes of academic revolutions by the joint solicitude of complacent aristocrats from Westminster, and of admiring dignitaries in the University and in the Church. I am not aware whether modern ingenuity has devised any recondite excuse for the anomaly which excited Mr. Lushington's just and eloquent indignation.

His common sense, and his pride as a gentleman, were revolted by the spectacle of noblemen and cadets of nobility attired in a gorgeous livery, courted by their academic superiors, and taught to regard, perhaps not without reason, a curtailment of their studies as a reward due to their hereditary merit. Mr. Lushington was fully aware, from personal intercourse, of the mischievous effects of the system on the characters of its favourites, and on the judgments of the younger community; and in his first publication, he was expressing his convictions as earnestly as when he afterwards dealt with evils incomparably more important, though they could scarcely be so unmixed and inexcusable. At this time he had long taken an eager interest in political questions, with a constant leaning to the liberal side, and sometimes to radical opinions. Deriving his first political impressions from his father, who shared in moderation the Whig opinions of the society in which he had chiefly lived, Henry Lushington had welcomed with boyish enthusiasm the accomplishment of Catholic Emancipation. He admired, with unhesitating faith, the French Revolution of 1830; he approved of the Reform Bill, of Negro Emancipation, and of the other liberal measures of Lord Grey's Government; and he sympathised even

with the questionable supporters of liberty who were then fighting for Queen Isabella, or for Don Pedro, in Spain and Portugal. He was, however, frequently irritated by the oligarchical exclusiveness of the Whigs; and as it never became necessary for him formally to select a party connexion, he was at liberty to criticise the errors and obliquities of those with whom, on the whole, he most nearly agreed. His literary habits were desultory, though his tastes were strong and decided. After his youthful illness, he always seemed to read only for amusement, and his acquaintances often wondered at the extent and accuracy of the knowledge which he had acquired without ostensible trouble, and in complete neglect of method.

Except in the case of novels, which he skimmed over with extreme rapidity, he scarcely ever read a book through, but while he was dressing or resting, or in an interval of conversation, he turned over the pages of miscellaneous volumes; and it always appeared that he afterwards knew better than others the material part of their contents. Those who possess a similar faculty will understand the amusement with which he often listened to the remonstrances of conscientious readers against summary criticisms, founded on a hasty but discriminating

glance. If his literary habits were disorderly, his intellect was thoroughly scholar-like or mathematical in its accuracy, and promiscuous knowledge at once arranged itself into a symmetrical form in his unfailing memory. Of a few favourite books he was never tired. He could always return with fresh pleasure to the Odyssey, which he preferred to the Iliad, and he was scarcely less faithful in his attachment to Miss Austen's novels. Shakspeare he knew almost too thoroughly to read his plays, and he was equally familiar with the Paradise Lost. He had too little sympathy for the school of Dryden and Pope, and in general for the literature of the eighteenth century. He was a warm admirer of Shelley, of Keats, and of Coleridge, and he was one of the earliest and most zealous votaries of Mr. Tennyson's youthful genius. Mr. Carlyle's works, and especially his "History of the French Revolution," may be added to the list of favourite books which he almost knew by heart. He had never affected the character of a student, and he could not properly be termed a learned man, but his mind was thoroughly fitted for the practical life to which inclination directed him, although health and circumstances only allowed him to display his capacity on a remote and insufficient stage.

After leaving Cambridge, Mr. Lushington divided

his time between London and the residence of his family at Park House, in the parish of Boxley, near Maidstone. The experiment of his profession was a failure, or rather, it was never seriously tried. He went through the ordinary course of training, and joined the Home Circuit; but, with the exception of a few briefs in criminal prosecutions at assizes and sessions, he had no opportunity of cultivating or displaying the legal abilities which he possessed in an eminent degree. His health would probably have prevented him from profiting by opportunities of practice, and it disinclined him from the resolute attendance on courts and circuits, which, after all, not unfrequently fails to attract the notice of attorneys. Under favourable circumstances he would scarcely have failed to obtain professional success, for he was extraordinarily rapid in acquiring knowledge, admirably clear-headed in arranging it; and notwithstanding the languor and seeming indolence of his habits, he was indefatigably industrious in collecting information for any definite purpose. Of legal fictions he was perhaps unduly intolerant; nor could he ever be brought to admit, that the fine analogies which they contain and preserve, supplied adequate compensation for the time which is spent in master-

ing them, even if the practical expense and uncertainty which they involve were put out of the question as irrelevant. Of his family life, with which I was intimately acquainted, it is not my purpose to speak further than to state that he was as loveable in his home relations as he was friendly and cordial in general society. In 1839 he felt deeply the death of his father, who was the model of an accomplished, wise, and conscientious gentleman. Many years afterwards he never mentioned his name without a change in his tone of voice which expressed, to those who knew him, undying affection and regret.

With the exception of a residence in Italy, in company with some members of his family, during a part of 1841 and 1842, Mr. Lushington continued for some years to live in the Temple, in chambers of which I then occupied a part. He was surrounded by a circle of friends, of whom I may mention as the most intimate, Mr. B. L. Chapman, of the Chancery bar, and Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, now leader of the Midland Circuit, and M.P. for the borough of Cambridge. Another of his most valued associates was Mr. Monckton Milnes, whose rare faculty of combining universality with concentration in his social relations, has enabled him to outnumber with the catalogue of his genuine friends, any ordinary list of

common acquaintances. I believe no person more fully understood Henry Lushington's peculiar excellencies; and assuredly there was none by whom Mr. Milnes was in turn, both for his lighter and his graver qualities, more thoroughly or heartily appreciated. In 1841, Mr. Lushington was enabled to gratify a long-cherished wish, by forming the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, whose family became afterwards connected by marriage with his own. The dedication of the "Princess" to Henry Lushington, commemorates the cordial intimacy which followed. To the end of his life there was scarcely any companion whose society was so attractive to Mr. Lushington, and Mr. Tennyson would, I believe, agree with all who had the means of forming an opinion, in recognizing a peculiar beauty and refinement, which characterized his entire nature and bearing. It will, I hope, not be a violation of confidence, to quote Mr. Tennyson's frequent remark, that of all the critics with whom he had discussed his own poems, Mr. Lushington was the most suggestive. His taste was, perhaps, in this instance, rendered more exquisite by his personal anxiety for the perfection and success of works which could scarcely have interested him more if they had been his own composition. If all Mr. Tennyson's writings

had by some strange accident been destroyed, Henry Lushington's wonderful memory could, I believe, have reproduced the whole.

Much as he was valued by his nearest friends, his own inclination led him by preference into general society. A large party always exercised an agreeable influence on his spirits; and as he was entirely exempt from shyness, as well as from all censorious and morose propensities, he had no tendency to become exclusive. A great charm of his conversation arose from the eager interest which he felt in every ordinary subject of discussion and remark, except the peculiarities and errors of his friends and acquaintances. Gossip and scandal were almost the only human interests which he seemed to feel foreign to himself, and the defect was in a great measure supplied by the wide extent of his intellectual sympathies. On politics, or public economy, on literature, on art, even on such questionable topics as mesmerism and Egyptian magic, he had always something to say, which was frequently original, and at all times his own. Although he was slow in changing his opinion, he was neither dogmatic nor disputatious; for the innate tolerance of his nature extended not only to strangers, but even to his friends and companions. Of authority, and especi-

ally of the authority of common opinion, he was, perhaps, unduly contemptuous, but a leaning to paradox is a more uncommon and respectable failing than a habitual deference to cant.

He kept up at all times a constant familiarity with the occurrences of the day; but domestic politics, under the autocracy of Sir Robert Peel, were rather satisfactory than exciting. His own opinion, and those which were then common to his more intelligent contemporaries, are recorded in a little volume of poems on "Swing," "The Coronation," and "Cobbett," which I afterwards printed for private circulation, under the accurate title of "Joint Compositions." We were in the habit of making these verses as we walked or rode together, and we were, to a certain degree, contented with our own appreciation of their correspondence with our own purpose. "Enough," we said, in the last of the series,—

> "Enough, if uttering ill or well
> A definite intention,
> Our rugged verses rarely tell
> Of empty stage convention."

Mr. Lushington, who had justly appreciated the insignificance of the differences between Lord Melbourne and his opponents, was far more deeply

stirred when the national honour or safety were at stake, and he felt a peculiar and hereditary interest in the affairs of India. His family had for nearly a century been closely connected with the East. One of his uncles was Chairman of the Court of Directors at the commencement of the Affghan war; another had been Governor of Madras; a third was a Member of Council in the same Presidency; and a brother, and several others of his name and kindred, were employed in the Civil Service. His anxiety and distress on account of the disastrous retreat from Cabul, had seriously affected his health during his stay in Italy, in the spring of 1842. His subsequent investigation of the English proceedings, both in Affghanistan and Scinde, convinced him that Lord Auckland had, under instructions from home, been the instrument of a policy at the same time foolish and flagitious; and that Lord Ellenborough, and Sir Charles Napier, were only guilty of carrying out with vigour an undertaking, originally unjustifiable, from which it was impossible to recede. These opinions were expressed in a small volume, under the title of "A Great Country's Little Wars," which, unluckily, fell almost dead-born from the press in 1844. The public interest in the war had subsided with the disappearance of danger; and Sir

Robert Peel had countenanced to the utmost of his power the exertions of his predecessors to suppress all parliamentary discussion on their ill-omened enterprise. Henry Lushington's name was unknown, and he had allowed the height of flood to pass, so that his failure was easily to be explained. In vigorous reasoning, in eloquent narrative, and above all, in elevation of moral tone, "A Great Country's Little Wars," surpasses every contribution to contemporary historical controversy. Later writers have, I believe, judiciously profited by Mr. Lushington's remarks, and if any student still desires to master the events of twenty years ago, he will do well to study the best and most readable history of the Affghan War. One extract, though necessarily taken to a certain extent at random, may serve to illustrate both the purpose and the spirit of the work.

"The approach of danger from the side of Aff-
"ghanistan suggested to them the natural idea of
"using the Affghan tribes and mountains as a
"means of keeping it at a distance—of making
"Affghanistan, in the words of the Edinburgh re-
"viewer, a barrier. Through all the changes and
"chances of negotiation and intrigue, this haunted
"them, until it became a fixed idea; and a fixed
"idea, like the conception of the monomaniac, must

"be realized, if not in one way, then in another. "That the Affghans could have any rights, except "in relation to the British Government,—that the "mountains and their inhabitants lay, as they had "lain for thousands of years, between the rivers of "the Punjaub and Persia, for any other purpose "except to serve as a 'barrier to British India,'— "was a conception of which they had grown inca- "pable. From the principle that Affghanistan must "in any case be made a barrier, the rest of course "followed. It was a minor question of expediency "only by what means this object should be effected. "If Dost Mahommed would not become our sub- "servient ally, and Shah Soojah would, so much the "better for the latter. So strongly had this view, "to all appearance, taken hold of the minds of the "originators of the war, both here and in India, that "its reappearance in Lord John Russell's speech "in the recent debate, is not extraordinary. The "main question for Lord Auckland's decision is "there stated to be, whether he should have any "thing to do with Affghanistan at all; through "whose means he should interfere was, it is said, "a minor consideration. That is to say, whether "he should in the attempt to accomplish his aims, "respect the independence of the country, by

"allying himself with existing chieftains, or, in "violation of its independence, force upon it a "dethroned king, thirty years in exile, was a minor "consideration. It may perhaps be worth while to "illustrate further the prevalence of this view among "the men whose counsels were the more immediate "cause of the war."

In the following year Henry Lushington took a strong interest in Sir Robert Peel's Maynooth Bill, as a measure brought forward, in defiance of popular clamour, from motives purely conscientious and patriotic. A large number of members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge having signed a declaration against the bill, Mr. Lushington originated a counter memorial in its favour, addressed to Mr. Goulburn, then one of the Members for the University, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In a few days five or six hundred signatures, including all those of the highest eminence, were procured, and in company with two or three other promoters, Mr. Lushington duly presented the memorial in Downing Street. We were much amused by the answer of the Minister, who, erroneously assuming that the members of the deputation were all political supporters of his own, inferred that they were entirely indifferent to the endowment of Maynooth, and

anxious only for the safety of the Ministry. "You will be glad to hear, gentlemen," said Mr. Goulburn, "that our friends on the other side are not seriously hostile. They take it up *only as a matter of principle.*" Mr. Goulburn was an honest man, and an able and useful public servant, but although he was at the very moment risking his popularity in the support of his fearless and conscientious chief, he still seemed to share the common belief that principle is identical with interested conformity, that it is accordingly always to be found on the quasi-religious side of a controversy, and that no person really considers it important. Mr. Lushington, though he fully appreciated the unconscious humour of the reply, was somewhat disposed to grudge the trouble which he appeared to have taken to so little purpose.

In 1846 the accident of holding shares in the Great Western Railway turned his attention to the battle of the gauges, which was then raging with the utmost fury. After studying the reports and evidence which had been already put forth, he published two pamphlets in favour of the broad gauge, which were regarded by all who read them as masterpieces of controversial and forensic ability. The practical question has since been settled without reference to the mechanical or commercial superiority

of either system. The narrow-gauge first got possession of the field, and it has consequently maintained its advantage. The impudent pretexts which were put forward by its advocates, while the question was still supposed to be open, were peculiarly adapted to irritate a logical, scientific, and impartial understanding. Not to revive an obsolete dispute, it is sufficient to say, that the 4ft. 8½in. gauge had, by the admission of its devotees, been adopted by chance, while Mr. Brunel had deliberately calculated the mechanical consequences of the dimensions which he selected. It must also be remembered that those who, under Mr. Hudson's leadership, denounced the broad gauge as a blunder, were solely influenced by their exaggerated alarm at the superiority which it gave to the Great Western Railway. The dispute excited so much popular interest that almost every person took a side, and as the evidence was valued by number rather than by weight, Mr. Hudson and his cloud of congenial witnesses naturally carried away the majority of suffrages. A commission appointed by the Government conducted its inquiry in a spirit of ludicrous unfairness, and partisan engineers revelled in the opportunity of putting forth astounding assertions in answer to leading questions put by friendly judges, in the absence of any inconvenient

check from cross-examination. Some of them, admitting the greater power of the larger engines, boldly denied that additional power was advantageous, while others, taking the bull by the horns, actually inquired "Why the broad gauge engine should be more power-"ful?" "Why," Mr. Lushington asked in reply, "should a steamer of 1,200 tons be *cæteris paribus*, "that is, with build similar, and engines proportioned, "swifter than one of 200? Why should a horse be "stronger and swifter than a pony? Why should a "man of six feet high be, if equally well made, more "powerful than one five feet high? The simple laws "which through most complex workings produce "these familiar results might have been assumed, "if no special cause interfered, to hold in the cases "of the greater and lesser locomotive, and the fact "that it was so was sufficiently notorious." One of the most famous engineers in England declared that the friction in passing over curves increased directly as the square of the gauge. Another, intending to confirm this statement, assented to a leading question which implied that "the facility of turning a curve was almost in the inverse of the width of gauge." "How," said Mr. Lushington, "could Mr. X. help saying what was thus forced "upon him? He could as little have avoided giving

"the answer as he or any living man, mathema-
"tician or engineer, could have explained it when
"given. Mr. X. is in no degree answerable for the
"absurdity which he is made to echo, else we should
"have asked him what, as applied to the subject,
"was the meaning of a 'facility almost in the inverse
"ratio of any thing?' But allowing the question
"to mean that the increase of resistance in a curve
"is as the width of the gauges, we beg to observe
"that while Mr. X. has no doubt the increase is
"almost directly as the width, Mr. Z., with equal
"positiveness, estimates it as the square of the
"width; and that both estimates are equally and
"obviously nonsensical. But a square or the side
"of a square are all the same when you have a
"point to prove. For the Commissioners $x^2 = x$.
"It is as broad as it is long." The true principle that the width of the gauge exercises no influence on the friction as long as the gauge bears a small proportion to the radius, was in the course of the inquiry clearly stated by Mr. Brunel.

Notwithstanding the occasional vents which he found for his intellectual energy, Mr. Lushington had long been impatient of an obscurity and inaction which, although they seemed not inconsistent with his languid constitution, were little suited to his

mental temperament. In 1846 he became a director of an atmospheric railway, which was eventually never constructed. His choice of the particular scheme was probably influenced by his contempt for the perverse opposition which many engineers offered to any proposal for new discoveries in relation to railways. The biographer of George Stephenson unconsciously illustrates the resolute bigotry of the profession by stigmatizing all persons who attempted to improve on the plans of his hero, as "the fast "school of engineers." Mr. Lushington thoroughly understood the futility of the mechanical arguments which were brought forward before the Parliamentary Committee against atmospheric traction, and the "slow school of engineers" were as little able as himself to foresee the chemical difficulty which ultimately occurred in the manufacture of one of the substances employed in working the system. His principal motive, however, for joining the railway board consisted in his anxiety for active employment.

All his prospects were suddenly changed at the commencement of 1847, by a letter from Lord Grey, conveying the unexpected offer of the appointment of Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta. The selection was the result of a careful inquiry, and it was, I believe, one among many proofs of the perfect

honesty and purity with which the patronage of the Colonial Office was at that time distributed. Mr. Lushington had never made any attempt to enter the public service, and to Lord Grey himself he was totally unknown. After some hesitation arising from the well-founded anxiety of his family and friends as to the probable effect of a hot climate on his health, Mr. Lushington determined to accept the office. It was better perhaps to be employed in Malta, than to stay at home without a definite career, and at that time he entertained no repugnance to a residence abroad; yet acquiescence in a colonial existence is one of the greatest sacrifices which an able and educated Englishman can be called upon to make. The official exile, after half a lifetime of divided interests and imperfect sympathies, generally returns at last to find himself an alien in a society which has forgotten and outgrown him. The position of Malta in the neighbourhood of the Continent, and in the highway of traffic, renders it less objectionable as a residence than any other English dependency; and Henry Lushington was, in a great measure, secured by his intellectual activity, and especially by his strong political sympathies from the narrowing influences of provincial banishment. There is a kind of practical knowledge, which can only be

acquired by official experience; and it was something to have a share, even on a miniature scale, in the government of mankind. The public affairs of Malta, after all, strongly resembled the public affairs of larger communities, and the secretary had to deal with police, with finance, with law reform, with education, and even with party conflicts, which were animated by the most genuine religious animosities. The colonial business, however, which necessarily occupied the greater portion of his time, always left abundant room in his mind for larger and worthier interests.

His departure from England was delayed by various causes till the autumn of 1847, and he was then instructed by the Colonial Office to make inquiries during his outward journey into the local and municipal administration of Italy. He arrived at Malta, accompanied by a part of his family, at the beginning of 1848, and finding it impossible to procure a house in Valletta, took up his residence in a large villa, which he afterwards bought, at San Giuseppe, about two miles from the town. The new Governor, Mr. More O'Ferrall, who had preceded him by a few weeks, had, with a characteristic appetite for business, already provided abundant employment for his principal subordinate, as well as for himself;

and Mr. Lushington commenced his new duties with an energy which at first produced an injurious effect on his health. He never sufficiently acquired the power of passing lightly from one subject to another, or of dealing in a perfunctory manner with trifling affairs; and his rapidity, both of apprehension and of execution, was in some degree counteracted by an excessive solicitude for finish and accuracy. On the whole he was well satisfied with his new position; and he was strongly disposed to respect and to like the Governor, although he sometimes smiled at a versatile activity which he considered superfluous, as he found it troublesome. Mr. Lushington entered with his usual readiness into the society of the island, and he gradually formed several cordial friendships. He always welcomed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the more eminent visitors, who from time to time touched at Malta, and no person could have adopted more fully a precept which is somewhere recorded by Mr. Carlyle, that "Nature herself teaches men, when they see a stranger, to ask him to dinner." The Maltese learned fully to appreciate the unfailing courtesy which at all times expressed the genuine kindness of his disposition. One of them afterwards paid him a graceful compliment, by asserting that

the English in general had become more friendly and considerate to the natives, from the time of Mr. Lushington's arrival in the island.

During his Italian journey he had been actively employed in collecting information on the municipal institutions, which might, as it was supposed, be found suitable for Malta. At Turin, at Genoa, at Florence, and at Rome, he had put himself in communication with different English functionaries, and with Italian lawyers to whom they gave him introductions; and at Naples he was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Mr. Lacaita, now a naturalized Englishman, whose acquaintance he had afterwards many opportunities of cultivating. A passage from one of his letters may be worth insertion, on account of the light in which it represents the provincial administration of Rome, which is probably the worst in Italy :—

"The municipal knowledge I have got pretty "completely without ——'s help; partly from edicts "which are not observed, partly from one or two "statistical books lent me by Petre, who you know "is our disowned representative here, and partly "from conversation with an intelligent and gentle-"man-like young barrister in a beard and moustache, "called Manlio de Angelis. The general result of

" all one's inquiries respecting the Papal States is " much what one might anticipate. Find out, says " *Consul Anglicanus* (Freeborn), the law supposed to " be in force, if you can, then assume the direct " opposite, and you will be pretty near the practice. " The law is so and so, says Manlius of the Angels, " but in practice they do as they like. We have " excellent laws, but nobody ever observes them. " And so, for instance, having with much pains- " taking found out that certain provincial councils " ought to be composed of members freely and " elaborately elected, I am told by Manlius that " they are, in fact, composed of the Gonfalonieri, " who are summoned to them by the delegate, or " vice-pope of the province. However, you will not " take much interest in the way in which the " *Consigli Provinciali* of Popedom are made, but " you might take some in my pursuit of knowledge " under the difficulties of which this is a specimen."

After his arrival in Malta, Mr. Lushington embodied the result of his inquiries in an elaborate Report, which probably reposes unread in the voluminous archives of the Colonial Office. I have no doubt that it deserved a better fate, but before it could be used for its original purpose, Lord Grey and Mr. More O'Ferrall had determined, instead of administra-

tive municipalities, to bestow on the astonished Maltese the boon of a parliamentary constitution. At the beginning of 1849 the Legislative Council was elected, consisting of nine official members, and of eight representatives, elected by household suffrage. The moment was not opportune for an experiment, which, under any circumstances, would have been somewhat more than questionable. A few years before, a Secretary of State had introduced a zealous Protestant bishop, whose services were in no degree required by the English residents, while his presence and his title were in the highest degree offensive to the Roman Catholic population. The priests, consequently, in almost all instances, withdrew from the friendly relations which they had established with their heretic neighbours, and the press, as in other English dependencies, took advantage of its freedom to excite jealousy against the Government and the ruling nation. While the irritation was still at its height, Lord Grey, with the best intentions, added fuel to the fire by appointing a Roman Catholic governor, from whom his co-religionists naturally expected every kind of favour and concession. The confusion was completed by the institution of a Representative Assembly, elected by a constituency as ignorant as it was orthodox. The

elections took place under the influence of the local clergy; and three priests, one of them a titular bishop, brought to its deliberations a truly sacerdotal indifference to the secular virtues of prudence, decorum, and charity. The Liberals who were to be found among the more intelligent Maltese were unrepresented in the council, and they were regarded with little favour by the Governor. The English residents trusted only to the official majority, and to the reasonable hope, that so anomalous a body would not be allowed to possess any substantial power. Later governments have, I believe, done their best to reduce their little parliament to something between a fiction and a town council; but Mr. More O'Ferrall, as if to train the new legislators to business, laid before them a proposed code of laws, which had been, during a long series of years, carefully elaborated by successive commissions, and by professional jurists. Mr. Lushington undertook the conduct of the government measures, and displayed powers of oratory, a knowledge of business, and a conciliatory tact, which were generally recognised, even by his opponents, at least by the laymen. Having at a later period attended some of the meetings of the council, I was surprised at the spirit and fluency of the debates, which were conducted partly in English, and partly

in Italian; and from habitually reading the reports of Mr. Lushington's speeches, I can confidently state that in matter and manner they would have well become a minister of the Imperial Government. I insert two extracts from an admirable speech on a question which had been raised by the priestly portion of the council, for the purpose of expressing their hostility to the Protestant foreigner. In an article of the code for the punishment of offences against religious worship, the priests insisted on providing exceptional protection for their own ceremonies, and on describing the Roman Catholic Church as dominant (*dominante*). Mr. Lushington readily admitted that the Romish Church was in fact predominant, and that it was fully entitled to all the rights and privileges which it enjoys by custom and by compact. He objected, however, to create a new distinction, utterly inconsistent with religious equality, and he pointed out, in vain, that the introduction of an invidious epithet into a criminal code, was, at the best, ill-placed and irrelevant. The English, naturally taking alarm at the proposal, memorialized the Government at home, and some questions on the subject were once or twice asked in the House of Commons; but the agitators persevered, and the controversy, after lasting for more than

two years, was, I believe, terminated by some unsatisfactory compromise. The speech from which I quote the following extracts was delivered at the commencement of the dispute, which it might, perhaps, have calmed down, if the Roman Catholic leaders had desired to effect any beneficial objects for their own or any other community.

"The right reverend Prelate has said that the "violation of the Roman Catholic religion might "lead, in Malta, to the operation of what is well "known in modern society by the name of 'Lynch-"law.' Is that a word to be lightly thrown into a "discussion like the present? But if this is so, "and if the offender is perfectly capable of seeing "that it is so, it constitutes an additional element "of danger in the attempt, and therefore a greater "improbability of the attempt being made. I hold "that this case, dragged in by a most unnecessary "and undesirable supposition, ought not to tell either "way: but, were it admitted as an argument at all, "it would tell in a way exactly opposite to that "which the right reverend Prelate desires,—it would "tell in favour of a diminution of punishment in "the case where this additional punishment was "imminent, and increasing punishment in cases "which had not this additional security. But I

" hold that there is no use in contemplating a case " like this,—a case which could not occur unless " they whose position and character give weight to " their words with the people, prepare its occur- " rence, by suggesting its possibility,—unless those " whose duty it is to guide the minds of those com- " mitted to their care, forget their duty, and stir up " the very passions which it is their office to control " and assuage. Unless, on one side or other, there " is such an abandonment of duty, and perversion " of office on the part of the clergy, it is incon- " ceivable that the case contemplated by the right " reverend Prelate could occur.

" Both communions, I conceive, must be deeply in " fault, before such a spirit as is requisite to pro- " duce the supposed case, could be roused, and I " must disclaim all sympathy with the wish, on " whatever side it may be found, to arouse that " spirit, or with any acts calculated to arouse it. I " must declare my total want of sympathy, not only " with the spirit of direct insult and persecution, " but with that more common tone of mind, which " would recklessly thrust its own convictions upon " the minds of others, careless what it may be dis- " turbing thereby, how much of what was dearest " and most sacred it may be destroying, without

" replacing, how much of what was most binding it " may be weakening, how much, even of truths held " in common, it may be shaking, how much irre- " parable evil, in short, it may be risking, for the " sake of gaining a nominal adherent to its own " class of opinions. I disclaim this line of conduct " totally in principle; and, if put in action here, " I should disclaim it more especially, as unworthy " of the position held by the English Government " towards the Maltese, of the duties involved in that " position, and of the promises of which it was " virtually a violation."

* * * * * *

" The honourable and reverend Canon has argued " that, because Roman Catholics are more attached to " their religion than are the votaries of other per- " suasions to theirs, and because the Maltese are " more attached to the Roman Catholic religion than " any other Roman Catholics, therefore that religion " should enjoy a greater protection in Malta than " the Roman Catholics elsewhere, or than any other " anywhere. The honourable and reverend member's " own friends were, I saw, amused at this cha- " racteristic deduction, yet I believe that the honour- " able and reverend member has, in saying this, but " given expression to what lies at the bottom of

" many hearts, a real feeling, if not a positive
" thought, in most minds, a difficulty in believing
" that another can really care for his opinion as
" much as we do for ours. On starting in life we
" contract this disbelief in the very act of forming
" and valuing an opinion. That disbelief is so bound
" up with our value of our own opinion, that nothing
" but experience, the experience that nothing which
" we can say or do shakes another in his opinion,
" the observing that what we feel towards him he
" feels towards us because of our difference of
" opinion, the collision, the mutual pain, the *incon-*
" *venience* that arises from this, shakes us, makes us
" feel the truth that our friend may, perchance, value
" his opinion as much as we do ours. And when a
" man has arrived at this truth, when he has so
" arrived at it as to deal with other men accordingly,
" he has arrived at toleration. I cannot think that
" those who feel with the honourable and reverend
" Canon opposite, have arrived at or near this. The
" right reverend Prelate opposite has talked of a
" great gulph fixed between his religion and that
" of Protestants—a serious allusion, so serious, con-
" sidering to what the allusion pointed, that per-
" haps I might not be quite justified in pausing
" on it, or following it out. I may, however, say

" thus much, that if such a gulph exists, it rests " very much with ourselves to do something in the " way of filling it up, by acting in the spirit of " that toleration which is not synonymous with " indifference. If we cannot quite do away with " it, we may yet, not as one body, but still side " by side, aid to fill it up, by depositing in it all the " lumber of evil passions and prejudices which cling " about our most cherished opinions. We may act, " as far as we can, on the points which unite us, " and cease to dwell for ever, by preference, on the " points which separate us. We may try to dwell, " if in separate houses, still as neighbours, side by " side, not like hostile camps watching each other " across the gulph which has been spoken of, and " catching, each with a miserable zeal, at a stray " deserter from the other. I trust that there is a " growing tendency to this in Malta, as elsewhere. " But I regard the present as a step in the opposite " direction. The very first requisite to kindness " is equal justice. The amendments of the right " reverend Prelate introduce an unjust inequality, " and therefore I am opposed to them."

The expressions of tolerance with which Mr. Lushington met the assaults of his priestly opponents corresponded with his most cherished feelings

and habits of thought, and indeed, he was incapable of using different language in public and in private, or of professing in either case opinions adopted for the occasion. From the time of his youthful enthusiasm for the cause of emancipation, he had consistently interested himself in the assertion of perfect social and political equality between Protestants and Catholics. His personal intercourse with members of the Romish communion had been confined to educated Englishmen, and to incredulous foreigners of the same class, and his distrust of common prejudice indisposed him to the admission that any demoralizing influence is necessarily exercised by the dogmas of the infallible church. His love of perfect equality between religious sects always remained unshaken; but his residence in the most orthodox corner of the Latin world produced a visible modification in his estimate of the effects of the popular creed. The barbarous paganism of the simpler Maltese was less repulsive to his feelings, and to his conscience, than the choice which was left to the clergy and to the more instructed laity, between conscious and semi-conscious hypocrisy. Whatever may be the refinements which prevail in more enlightened regions, the Fetish-worship of the South makes no pretension to explain itself away by subliming fables into symbols. I

have now in my possession a proclamation issued in 1848 by the Bishop of Malta, titular Archbishop of Rhodes, in which the people of the island are informed that the Holy Father has been pleased to place their Church under the sovereign protection of the Virgin Mary, by her title of "The Assumed." Even if I had space to insert the document, it would be difficult to find English equivalents for the unctuous Italian appeals to the pious believers. *O! Maltesi! Ah! Maltesi! Oh! miei figli!* The rhetoric of the worthy bishop only stumbles when he has to deal with the delicate question of superseding St. Paul in the protectorate, which he has exercised over the island by unquestionable right for 1,800 years. "We need not assure you," says the bishop, "that the glory of our great Father St. Paul is not in "the smallest degree diminished (*non resta menoma-*"*mente oscurata*) by this transaction. He is and "always will be our apostle by preference, our "excellent protector, our patron, our support. But "the most Holy Virgin too, is she not naturally "superior to him? Is she not, and ought she not "to be, more powerful than he is? Is she not the "Queen of the Apostles, as of all the other saints? "Will he, the great lover of Mary (*il grande amante* "*di Maria*), *he who probably sees her with his own*

" *eyes, the tender, the generous St. Paul,* be offended " at seeing her preferred to him? Oh! surely not. " (*Ah! certo che no.*)" The *argumentum ad hominem* which is addressed to the dismissed patron, the appeal to his feelings, not only as a saint, but as a gentleman (*il tenero, il generoso S. Paolo*), could scarcely, I suppose, be surpassed in all the range of ecclesiastical literature. There was both honesty and wisdom in a declaration which I have heard Henry Lushington make, in a tone of hyperbole which he rarely adopted, that even if he were convinced that all the articles of the Maltese creed were actually true, he, for one, would have nothing to do with so absurd and degrading a system.

He was deeply hurt and offended by the refusal of the Governor to admit into the island the fugitives who arrived with English passports, after the capture of Rome in 1849. It was perfectly true that the English Consul could only grant passports to foreigners by an excess of jurisdiction; but it was also known that Mr. Freeborn, when he facilitated the escape of brave men after their failure in a noble enterprize, acted with the connivance of the French military authorities, who were unwilling to expose their vanquished enemies to the tender mercies of a priestly government. In Malta itself, passports of

any kind were wholly unnecessary, nor was there the smallest reason to anticipate any inconvenience from the presence of the unfortunate exiles; but Mr. More O'Ferrall's antipathy to the Liberal cause in Italy was strengthened by his orthodox indignation against the temporal opponents of the Holy See. The priests promoted an agitation against the schismatic intruders, and the bishop fulminated a proclamation, in which he asserted, that their profane language rendered it impossible for the pious Maltese to approach the harbour in which their vessel was moored. But for an acquired professional incapacity to adapt language to facts, the anxious Prelate might have remembered that the majority of his flock understood no Italian, and that their guttural Arabic would drown the loudest imprecations which ever disturbed the wide and busy harbour of Marsa Muscietto.

Sir William Reid, who after a short interval succeeded Mr. More O'Ferrall as Governor of Malta, while he felt a just contempt for the sectarian agitation of the priests, was, in the opinion of his Chief Secretary, too much disposed to encourage their pretensions by concession and compromise. When the criminal code was at last settled, there was still a civil code to pass through the council, and having

in one of my letters hastily assumed that this branch of law reform might be discussed without the introduction of theological controversy, I was undeceived by Mr. Lushington's answer: "'Hardly introduce a "*dominante* row on the civil code!' Why, there is "one all ready in the proposed article for giving "internal jurisdiction to religious corporations, which "will have to come out, I hope, were it the biggest "grinder in their Jesuit jaws. The only thing I "ever find a real difficulty in these matters, is the "spirit of compromise." In another letter he said, "Having cast some implied censure upon our chief, "let me do him justice in your eyes by quoting a "sentiment with which you will entirely sympa-"thize; one, perhaps, more than usually laudable in "a dry old Presbyterian kind of Scotchman. 'I "would let them set up Juggernaut in St. George's "Square, if it were conducive to England's holding "Malta.' I have no doubt he would, and put him-"self under the wheels of the car, I dare say too, "for the same object at stake."

In the Italian exiles, both on their own account, and for the sake of the cause which they represented, Henry Lushington always felt a sympathy which was not confined to feeling or to language. Among the friends whom he found in their number, was Rug-

giero Settimo, recently the head of the Sicilian Executive, and Don Pietro d'Alessandro, a man of rare worth and accomplishments, who had been Foreign Secretary in the same government. On his death in 1855, Henry Lushington wrote a poem on his memory, which was published in the *Examiner*, and afterwards included in his little volume of Political Poems.[1] I insert below this graceful tribute to his friend and to the Italian cause, as not uncon-

[1] "La Nation Boutiquière and other Poems, chiefly political, by Henry Lushington, with a Preface." Cambridge, Macmillan & Co. 1855.

"Beside the covered grave
Linger the exiles, though their task is done;
Yes, brethren, from your band one more is gone,
A good man and a brave.

Scanty the rites, and train;
How many of all the storied marbles, set
In all thy churches, city of La Valette,
Hide nobler heart and brain?

Ah! had his soul been cold,
Tempered to make a sycophant or spy,
To love hard truth less than an easy lie,
His country less than gold,—

Then, not the spirit's strife,
Nor sickening pangs at sight of conquering crime,
Nor anxious watching of an evil time,
Had worn his chords of life. [Nor

nected with the subject of the essays which form the present volume. Though the lines are polished and

> Nor here, nor thus with tears
> Untimely shed, but there whence o'er the sea
> The great volcano looks, his rest might be,
> The close of prosperous years.
>
> No! different hearts are bribed:
> And therefore in his cause's sad eclipse,
> Here died he, with 'Palermo' on his lips,
> A poor man, and proscribed.
>
> Wrecked all thy hopes, O friend,
> Hopes for thyself, thine Italy, thine own,—
> High gifts defeated of their due renown,—
> Long toil—and this the end!
>
> The end? not ours to scan;
> Yet grieve not, children, for your father's worth;
> Oh! never wish that in his native earth
> He lay, a baser man.
>
> What to the dead avail
> The chance success, the blundering praise of fame?
> Oh! rather trust, somewhere the noble aim
> Is crowned, though here it fail.
>
> Kind, generous, true wert thou:
> This meed at least to goodness must belong,
> That such it was, farewell; the world's great wrong
> Is righted for thee now.
>
> Rest in thy foreign grave,
> Sicilian! whom our English hearts have loved,—
> Italian! such as Dante had approved,—
> An exile—not a slave!"

classical, not a thought which they contain is introduced, either for the sake of the verse, or in a spirit of display. In verse as in prose, in earnest or in jest, Henry Lushington was more single-minded and transparent than any person whom I have known, although I have met but few who professed an equal range of intellect. His straightforwardness and simplicity of nature were the more remarkable to those who observed that in private matters he was generally reserved and chary of his personal confidence.

Henry Lushington took an eager interest in all the revolutionary and warlike movements which agitated the world in 1848 and 1849. He appreciated the unpractical vagueness of popular aspirations, but his sympathies were for the most part on the side of revolution, although the incredulous good will which he felt towards the French Republic was a feeble sentiment in comparison with his enthusiastic interest in the cause of Piedmont, and in that of Hungary. In an unfinished essay on the prospects of Rome, before the Pope had abandoned his Liberal professions, he introduces a sceptical Englishman, who holding opinions which I had myself often expressed, foretells with considerable accuracy the failure of the artificial process of national regenera-

tion. "In a year, or two years from this time, all "with a few nominal changes, and perhaps slight "economical reforms—a little dust for the eyes of "Italy and of Europe—is settled as it was. The "Pope is the Pope, the Cardinals are the Cardinals, "the Consulta is a name, or nothing at all, and "Rome is *com' era prima.* And then you, and all "the Liberal press of England will say, that the man "whom you are deifying was always a Jesuit, in "heart at least, a liar from the beginning." "So, "perhaps," Mr. Lushington proceeds, "does the "critico-sceptical Englishman expound the views "presented to him by the prevalent enthusiasm re- "specting the political and social regeneration of "Rome. We need not agree with him; we are not "bound to combat him; least of all, should we "trouble ourselves to prove that there is a spice of "sense in him. Of course there is—there is always "a spice of sense in the doubter. He has all the "multiplied chances of human folly, to say nothing "of human wickedness, on his side. There are so "many ways in which a theory may fail; and men "are such blockheads! They would create obstacles "for themselves if there were none. They would "build up walls to run their own heads against, if "the world were not so full of natural stumbling "blocks as to render quite superfluous any such

"artificial contrivances for the knocking out of "blundering brains. True, and too true, of all "human efforts, peculiarly true of any effort at "political regeneration; for there your materials "are your impediments. You would build up a fair "constitutional edifice, and the bricks with which "you are to build it are these identical perverse bits "of clay, the living sons of Adam; the children of "red earth; the unmanageable *Terræ filii*. You "would have your building four square and fault-"less, τετράγωνον ἄνευ ψόγου; but how can you do "so, when even the most orderly and Quakerlike "among your bricks is a polygonal irregular mass, "too much out in this direction, too much in, in "that; when the best are full of cracks and flaws, "and not one is shaped like his neighbour? A kind "of polygonal Pelasgian constitution is all that you "have for it: you must try to place the bigger "masses so that one shall not necessarily displace "the other: you must fill up the spaces between "with handfuls of the similar fragmentary rubbish; "and if you can only get your house not to tumble "on your head while it is building, you may con-"sider yourself fortunate among architects of con-"stitutions."

Mr. Lushington's interest in Italian affairs was fostered both by his regard for the exiles who took

refuge in Malta, and by several visits to Italy during his annual summer vacations. In the autumn of 1849 we were residing together at Sorrento, when he commenced the first of the Essays which is published in the present volume. We had sailed from Malta in company with General Pepe, then on his way to France after the evacuation of Venice; and as the steamer lay for some hours in the Bay of Naples within sight of the dungeons in which the old soldier would have perished if he had stirred three yards from the ship, we had listened to an edifying volley of abuse, addressed by his humbler and plainer-spoken comrades to the policemen and quarantine officers, who lay alongside in their boat. At Rome the breaches made by the French cannon near the Porta di San Pancrazio were still open, and the foreign garrison thronged the streets. Naples was full of anecdotes of royal ferocity, and though Englishmen had no personal inconvenience to fear, the consciousness of living in the midst of spies and of traitors tended strongly to increase the painful impression which was caused by the destruction of Italian liberty. Two years afterwards, arriving from England to join Mr. Lushington and his family again at Sorrento, I found him busily engaged in writing, at the suggestion of the British Embassy, a pamphlet

which was afterwards published under the title of "A Detailed Exposure of the Apology put forth by "the Neapolitan Government, in reply to the Charges "of Mr. Gladstone."

He was, as usual, indefatigable in his collection of materials for the Exposure, which completes and confirms the statements of Mr. Gladstone's celebrated publication. A short-hand report of the proceedings at the trial of Poerio and others, which was placed in his hands for the purpose of his work, produced, even after all the disclosures which had been already made, a feeling of almost incredulous astonishment and disgust. It has been considered that the Detailed Exposure is too minute and technical in its character for the purposes of the present publication; but future historians of the Italian movement will do well to profit by the light which it throws on the infamous Neapolitan system of administration. In the spring of the present year, Baron Poerio, soon after his arrival in England, expressed his wish to show his sense of the sympathy which had been felt for his wrongs, and of the ability with which his character had been vindicated; and by the friendly introduction of Sir J. P. Lacaita, I enjoyed, in company with Mr. Franklin Lushington, an opportunity of making his acquaintance for the

purpose. The note which is subjoined, was subsequently addressed by Baron Poerio to Mr. Franklin Lushington, in acknowledgment of a copy of some of Mr. Henry Lushington's writings on the subject of Italy. It is something, that the recognition which he often desired in vain, should be paid, though late, *inane munus*, when he is beyond the reach of gratitude or praise :—

17 *Aprile*, 1859.

ORNATISSIMO SIGNORE, 15, ARLINGTON STREET.

LE rendo infinite grazie pel gentile dono ch' Ella ha avuto la bontà di farmi, e lo serberò carissimo come una memoria del di lei degno fratello, che con tanto amore e così generosamente sì adoperò a nostro favore.

Ho gradito del pari di tutto cuore le due poesie poste a stampa, nelle quali l'illustre defunto con sì nobili espressioni manifestava le sue profonde simpatie per la libertà d'Italia, e pe' generosi che lietamente le consacrano la vita, nella dolce speranza di vederla un di risorta all' antica gloria.

Accolga intanto, gentilissimo signore, i sensi della mia più sincera stima e profonda riconoscenza.

Suo devotissimo,

CARLO POERIO.

Sig^r F. LUSHINGTON, London.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you very many thanks for the kind present you have made me, which I shall value extremely, as a memorial of your brother, who laboured in our behalf with such affection and generous feeling.

I have also heartily enjoyed the two poems, in which he has given such noble utterance to his deep sympathy with the cause of Italy, and the brave men who gladly devote their lives to her, in the hope of seeing her one day risen to her former glory.

Accept this expression of my most sincere esteem and gratitude.

Yours faithfully,

CARLO POERIO.

It would be useless to dwell on the details of Henry Lushington's life at Malta during the seven or eight years of his Secretaryship to the Government. During one of my visits to him, I was impressed by his clearness of apprehension on a question of currency, a subject remote from his studies, and as puzzling to amateurs as the most transcendental metaphysics.' The local Government had, under

orders, I believe, from home, altered the official value of the Spanish and Sicilian dollars, which form the commercial circulation of the Mediterranean, and the rate of both coins had been fixed too low. The obvious remedy of correcting the mistake was inconsistent with official dignity, and the difficulty, I believe, was ultimately evaded by the substitution of gold for silver as a legal standard. In the meantime, the traders of the island refused to adopt the Government value, and innumerable memorials and pamphlets, confused by every conceivable blunder the nature of the error and the mode of repairing it. It seemed to be the general opinion that the coinage was identical with the money of account; and one writer, who was supposed to express authoritative opinions, proved to his own satisfaction, that every denomination of English and foreign money in the island was at a premium, as compared with every other. The governor, as was his custom, regarded the opponents of his policy as personal enemies, and the secretary alone, with his calm temper and arithmetical head, seemed to understand the plain solution of a problem which he had unluckily no power to dispose of.

His friendly relations with his chief had become much cooler after the lapse of two years, from reasons

on which it would now be useless to dilate, nor should I be justified, although I was thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the differences which existed, in making statements which would be not only purposeless, but necessarily one-sided. Mr. Lushington felt Mr. More O'Ferrall's departure in 1851 as a personal relief, especially as the administration was temporarily placed in the hands of his friend General Ellice, then commander of the forces. The retiring governor was the only person with whom, during his whole stay in Malta, or, I might say, in the whole course of his life, he had any unpleasant relations. His home at San Giuseppe was one of the most popular resorts in the island, and the delicacy of the owner's health was seldom allowed to interfere with his cordial welcome to his friends. His foreign home was always shared by some members of his family, and his circle derived a peculiar charm from the gentleness, the feminine grace, and the fine understanding of one among them whose loss he had afterwards to mourn.

His residence abroad, however, soon taught him to value more highly the advantages which he had sacrificed by leaving England. In a letter written a few months after his arrival in Malta, soon after parting from a sister who was returning home, he

expressed the common feeling in words which may be quoted as characteristic of his familiar style:—
"Perhaps in some respects it brings England nearer
"to send a person there, than to receive one thence.
"The comer is as one come suddenly from another
"planet; but when one sees the very ship lying
"in the harbour, and thinks that she will next drop
"her anchor at Southampton, one realizes the fact
"of England, and the possibility under certain cir-
"cumstances of getting there. Do you know a little
"poem of Browning's, of which, though I liked it
"much, I do not, extraordinary to say, remember
"more than those three words—only those three
"words are the point, a kind of burden recurring at
"the ends of the stanzas. Now this, that, and the
"other thing is going on—as it might be, perhaps,
"the scythe sweeping through the grass, and the
"long waves of barley breaking without sound—'in
"England now.' Those words, as you perceive,
"are the poem, and its beauty depends on being
"able to speak so, that is as an exile, of England.
"Let him who wants to know patriotism, not in
"the scoundrel refugee sense, nor even exactly in
"the French sense, but in the land-loving sense, leave
"his land." His later vacations were for the most part spent at home, and though he was naturally un-

willing to abandon the employment which he had chosen for himself, he regretted more and more as he grew older, the necessity of living at a distance from England. It was difficult to ascertain the effect of a southern climate on his constitution, although he always himself considered it pernicious. In one of his letters he says: "We are tolerably well— "barring that in Malta, to get up from your chair "is, summer and winter alike, as great an effort "of will as to walk a quarter of a mile in Eng- "land; that nothing ever tastes like anything; that "one does not sleep well, and is sometimes bothered; "barring these and similar trifles, I am myself "very well off at present." On the whole, his strength diminished slowly from year to year, and his languid habits in the intervals of occupation and of social excitement perhaps increased the debility which they indicated. Some of those who resided in Valletta will recall his slender form, as he emerged from his office in an afternoon, wrapped up as if to defy the inclemency of a more northern sky, and starting with a quick and eager walk, which gradually slackened till he looked round for his horse or carriage, which often followed him along the street. His face, which had in his youth been singularly attractive, though it was worn and ema-

ciated by long continued ill-health, retained to the last much of its youthful appearance; probably, because it had seldom been distorted by a bitter feeling, and never deformed by a mean or grovelling impulse.

It was surprising, that in the midst of languor and fatigue he always preserved his freshness of mind, and his readiness for self-imposed labour when any public occasion seemed to offer him a prospect of utility. The best, perhaps, of all his compositions was a pamphlet[1] in defence of the East India Company and the Civil Service, which was suggested by the discussions on the renewal of the Charter in 1853. When parliament, four or five years later, condensing a panic into a job, suddenly determined to repudiate what was called the traditional policy of India, I had an opportunity of placing Mr. Lushington's pamphlet in the hands of an able member of the House of Commons, who, distrusting the prevalent clamour, was nevertheless anxious to extend the imperfect knowledge of the subject, which he shared with his confident and reforming adversaries. When he met me again, he declared, with a generous exaggeration,

[1] "The Double Government, the Civil Service, and the India Reform Agitation," by Henry Lushington. W. H. Allen, Leadenhall Street. 1853.

that the essay was the wisest and wittiest which had ever been composed by any writer on any subject whatever; and I am myself not prepared to admit that any recent contribution to political literature is either as conclusive in reasoning, or as faultless in style. It would have been impossible to include the pamphlet in the present collection, and I can only find room for two extracts, the first of which refers to opinions then recently expressed by Lord Ellenborough on one side, and by Mr. Bright on the other. The tinge of injustice in the antithesis between the statesman and the trader was not occasioned by any personal feeling of hostility. Mr. Lushington had vindicated Lord Ellenborough's Indian policy, he had sympathised with the agitation against the Corn Laws, and he entertained almost an excessive admiration for successful intellect and energy. I doubt whether either of the two great orators, who are the objects of Mr. Lushington's denunciation, has ever expressed in a loftier burst of eloquence an argument approximating so nearly to demonstration. The inconclusive twaddle of ordinary Indian reformers would scarcely have provoked or deserved a confutation so elevated and so forcible.

"It is curious to observe, that what may be called "the two extremes of opinion, which meet on the

" common ground of hostility to the present system " of government, both take a view of our relation " to India, contradicting in the strongest manner the " most deep-rooted principles and feelings of the " English, as of any other noble people, and confuted " by an instinctive indignation which needs no aid " from logic. 'Rule and retain your subjects,—

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento"—

" but do not educate them over-much: once educated, " as you talk of making them, they will not endure " your empire.' That is one opinion; a very Ahito- " phel of a counsel. Here is his rival, the milder- " spoken Hushai of the cotton-trade:—'Educate " them at least in so much of political economy as " is needful to make them appreciate the advantages " of commerce; but do not cling to your dominion— " there is no great good in that. Let the exotic " empire wither; only let trade flourish. To buy " and to sell, behold the great ends of humanity. " Teach India enough for that, and then reap, as " meritorious teachers should, the profit of your " labours. Behold, in a not distant futurity, no " English rulers, no Indian subjects, but millions of " white and black buyers and sellers, with a statis- " tical result altogether satisfactory. Behold the

"golden chain of mutual exports and imports as "the sole link connecting India and England.' "Which of the two programmes is the greater "affront to the conscience? Many, perhaps, would "say the first; the second is undoubtedly more "true to the smug-faced morality of an age of "shams, and as such, the more dangerous. I hardly "know which shows most indifference towards "human good, but I think I know which is "meanest. Somewhat as Lucifer looks down on "Mammon, does the cold-blooded haughty paradox "of the statesman look down with inexpressible "scorn on its Quaker-like ally in a common enmity, "the sleek paradox of the trader. To ignore alto- "gether the trust committed to us in India, is to "my feeling not less wicked, and perhaps more "base, than to misuse it. Surely there must be "something true in the old idea, that luxury, buying "and selling, what we call high civilization and "comfort, tends, if not corrected, to corrupt and "enervate.

"Is a corn-law the only evil thing to be enthusi- "astically assailed? Is free trade the only aim "worth a struggle and a sacrifice? Is there really "nothing to a man or a nation in being the head "and leader onward of many men or of many

"nations? Has Manchester no feeling, no under-
"standing, for instance, of such words as these, not
"always words of peace indeed, not always rightly
"used, but with a meaning in them too, and a
"noble one: '*Dieu me l'a donné?*' Such a gift,
"and with it such a duty—responsibilities so great,
"possibilities of good to ourselves and others so
"unlimited—the most wonderful, and what might
"be the noblest page in the world's history, com-
"mitted to us to make or mar; and all to be laid
"down in mere faintness of heart. No wonder these
"men do not wish for the statue of Cœur-de-Lion,
"renouncing so easily as they do an aim greater
"than that of the Crusade. They are far enough
"from the feeling with which the 'Norman
"Crusader' covered his face, as unworthy to look
"on the Jerusalem which his utmost efforts could
"not attain."

The following extract contains a portrait of the Anglo-Indian on furlough, which was more immediately drawn from Mr. Lushington's younger brother, Thomas Davies Lushington, then Collector of Masulipatam, and afterwards of Ganjam. A better man, a public servant more upright and conscientious, could scarcely have been selected to represent a class of which he displayed in a pleasant form many of the

typical peculiarities. Henry Lushington saw him for the last time, in the harbour of Malta, in 1848, but he thought of him with unfailing interest and affection; and one of his letters from Masulipatam was the last to which he ever listened. Thomas Davies Lushington himself died a victim to the climate on a homeward voyage in the summer of 1858, and was buried at Point de Galle in Ceylon. Some members of the Indian service may perhaps set off Henry Lushington's spirited and intelligent estimate of their character against the mercenary calumnies of libellers in the presidency towns, and the obsolete vituperation which purblind pedants at home extract from the copious repositories of Burke.

"We have seen them,—and to have seen them is "among our pleasantest reminiscences,—these vice-"kings of India, returned to England for their three "years' furlough, the English boys of eighteen ex-"panded into the experienced Indians of thirty-two "or thirty-three, with that unmistakeable mark about "them of the man who has dealt with and ruled "other men, blended with a kind of shy simplicity "and anxious correctness of manner, as of one in a "new world not quite familiar to him—full of sense "and confident knowledge on their own subjects; by "no means ashamed of them, but keeping them a

" little in the background, being especially anxious,
" as it were, to reassert their rights of English citizen-
" ship—say rather, gentlemanship; and in so doing
" to be supported by your countenance and opinion
" which, as that of a man who has lived all his life in
" England, is treated with a deference which you feel
" to be embarrassingly beyond your merits: men,
" wise as serpents, harmless as doves—men, with the
" mysteries of the finances of half-a-dozen provinces,
" or the ravelled skeins of the intrigues of half-a-
" dozen native Courts, clear and producible at a mo-
" ment's notice, in their heads; yet anxious that you
" should advise them as to the correct stall at the
" Opera, or make them happy by approving their
" choice of a tailor. What shall I say? Men at whom
" you slightly smile, and whom you earnestly admire.
" English before all things—resolute that they will
" look, be, and ever be English—with a serious reso-
" lution, of which these trifles are but the trifling
" unconscious indication; yet next to English, *Indian;*
" men, whose real sympathy with the people, whom
" the Indian reformers accuse them of habitually
" oppressing, exceeds that of the Reform Society very
" nearly as much as their knowledge of them exceeds
" that of the Reform Society. They will not bore you
" with their subject—they are afraid of your Bond

"Street or Temple indifference; perhaps they are "afraid of being supposed to know nothing about "any other subject. But let them get together! Let "two or three be gathered together in the name of "Agra or of the Deccan, and do you, if you are wise, "sit and listen to them. You will hear them talking "as men only talk of what they care about and "understand. Hard words—jummabundies, talooks, "zemindarries—cannot disguise from you the fact "that these men have dealt with serious interests, "have done serious things, have earnestly, and in "general wisely, put their hands to a work in which "they felt no factitious or passing interest.

"It is the rarest of things to trace in them indif-"ference to their work or its results. Like other "mortals, they grumble; but their grumblings are "certainly the least selfish to be heard from any class "of officials. It is twenty to one but that each of "them has his grievance; and that grievance gene-"rally is not that A. or B. had this or that collectorate "which ought to have been mine, but that 'do what "I could, I could not get Government to see the "importance of such and such improvements,—to "appreciate the demerits of that embezzling rogue of "a Bramin, who, for the benefit of the community, "really ought to have worked on the roads as a

" convict, instead of being merely dismissed;—or to " appreciate the amount of the return which, as I " demonstrated in not more than six hundred pages, " was inevitably to follow on the completion of such or " such a work.' These, and such, are their grievances. " —Of course I do not mean by this statement to " prejudge the question between the Civil Service " gentleman and the Government: it merely illus- " trates the interest felt by the former in his duty.

" What will strike an observer among, and perhaps " above, all things, is the tone in which they speak " of the natives of India as a class; a genuine, not a " canting tone: not complimentary, often decidedly " the reverse; but never sneering or contemptuous; " sympathetic, without sentimental falsehood: never " other than calm, practical, appreciating. To describe " it by a negative. If you are fortunate enough to " have a young acquaintance in Her Majesty's army " who has been stationed some two or three years in " India, you may find the opposite of it in him. Good " fellow and gentleman as he is, it is painful to hear " him speak of the natives of India. A flippant indif- " ference and contempt are the main characteristics: " perilously relieved, if he be a serious young man, " with a dash of missionary fanaticism. The contrast " may make you think twice before you assent to the

" common abuse of the monopoly of the Civil Service.
" And, on the whole, it is strange if you do not feel
" some national pride, as well as the satisfaction, con-
" sequent on seeing the tools in the right hands, when
" you say to yourself, 'Who are the rulers, in the
" main, of India? Eight hundred men, most of them
" such as these.'"

The chief consideration which determined Mr. Lushington's opinion in favour of the East India Company cannot be better expressed than in one of his letters, written during the early part of the discussion :—

"I have had a strong inclination to write about
" India, but it would be nothing of a practical survey
" or plan, hardly a criticism of other plans—merely a
" few general considerations. I am thoroughly inclined
" to say, Thank God, ungrateful idiots that you are,
" that you have a Court of Directors,—not because
" the Directors do not job, or are fit men, or well
" elected, or even well acquainted with India,—but
" because they are not Parliament, not the Colonial
" Office, nor the Board of Control either. Only con-
" ceive Lord ——, Indian Minister; Lord ——,
" Governor General; an Indian Office in Downing
" Street,—a House of Commons, just what it always
" was, and always will be, on Foreign, Colonial, or
" Indian matters, and no Directors, nor anything else

" in their place. The Directors as a body had at
" least the merit, that they cared for no *public* matter
" or interest more than India. However, for the present
" constitution, I dare say, even if much can be said,
" it would be little use to say it; but I am sure you
" will feel it matter of conscience not to help in
" giving India over to the profound ignorance of the
" House of Commons, or the narrow knowledge of
" Manchester."

The negotiations which afterwards terminated in the Russian war, excited a still more engrossing interest; and during a visit to England in the autumn of 1853, Henry Lushington watched in bitter indignation the blundering timidity with which the English Government precipitated the rupture which it was awkwardly striving to avert. Among the multitudes who afterwards, with a sound instinct, approved of the war as just and necessary, there were few who understood so well the true meaning of the quarrel; but his share in the preliminary controversy was confined to a contribution of a few leading articles to a London journal, which was at that time endeavouring to combine a general support of the Government with an exposure of its strange diplomacy. In the following spring he witnessed the passage of the English troops to the East, and he derived

unusual pleasure from the appearance of his brother's spirited poems on the "Departure of the Guards," and other incidents of the opening campaign.[1] "I "send F.," he said, in one of his letters to me, "a "puff of his verses. 'God forbid,' &c., as Themistocles "said. Not that I admit partiality, but I claim for "myself as distinguished from other clever men a "readiness, and indeed an anxiety, to obtain for my "friends the admiration which they merit. Had this "war come when we were younger, perhaps we might "have made something of it. . . . . As for me, my "writing faculty, *valeat quantum*, is, if not a talent in "a napkin, at least a candle under a bushel in these "parts, and I am becoming on the whole past making "something of. I am equal to the Maltese Council "perhaps, where I sometimes obviate or sweep up a "mess. We have just been through one, but its "details are too long. Some time or other you will, "perhaps, have a paper with the discussion, which "would not give an idea of my difficulties in the "matter, some being under the surface."

In the course of the summer he received a severe shock from the sudden death of his youngest sister, who had been his inseparable companion from the

[1] Included in "Points of War," by Franklin Lushington. Macmillan. 1854.

commencement of his residence in Malta. She had left him for a more temperate climate in consequence of indisposition, without any apparent ground for alarm, but she landed at Marseilles in a hopeless state, and died at Avignon a few hours after the arrival of some members of her family, who had come from England to join her. Henry Lushington felt the loss deeply, and although he soon resumed his external cheerfulness of manner, he never entirely recovered the blow. "Perhaps I ought," he said, "to "have thought of it as possible; but I did not; nor "could I have been more surprised if I had heard "that her ship had gone down in the middle of the "sea." Like most thoughtful men under the pressure of a similar calamity, he was struck by the familiar universality of the experience which was suddenly brought home as a reality to himself. "I cannot write much," he said. "I lay down my pen every "minute. All one's more serious thoughts run in "one direction, and from that I turn them away when "I can. I cannot open the drawers in the room "without seeing her handwriting. I can scarcely "look round the room without expecting to see her. "How old all that is—how many have said the same "thing before!—not therefore the less true. As long "as men live and die the same thing will be, as it

" has been, felt and spoken—profitlessly? I do not " know. What touches me, as it would you, is to " see the entries in household books and such things. " I have just happened to see some deliberately " continued in ——'s hand." Of his own future plans, he said, "Seeing nothing very promising in " the way, either of utility or of happiness, I wish, as " far as I can, to find out what is, under all the cir- " cumstances, right to be done. . . . . The future is " even more uncertain, but I am far from sure that the " most prudent thing would not be to turn this leaf of " my life over decidedly—'tis gone, and let it go. It " has brought little, yet not absolutely nothing; and " it has cost much—how much more then it would " have been worth, had it been tenfold what it was!"

His health had by this time become seriously impaired, and his friends wished to persuade him to resign his appointment, although he had little prospect of suitable employment in England. Unfortunately he determined to remain at his post, at least, during the continuance of the war, which he thought might, if Malta became the great depôt of the army, give him increased opportunities of administrative utility. His eager interest in the success of the Crimean expedition was still farther excited by the glorious battles of the autumn, and by the

fearful sufferings of the troops during the winter. Of the bill for enlisting a foreign contingent, he said, "Well,—I agree with you and the House of Com-"mons, though I don't like the thing at all. It's all "very well raising a German Legion, but I don't "think twice our weight in Germans would have "won Inkermann." The Conferences at Vienna disturbed him with well-founded alarm, but he calculated correctly, that the obstinacy of the enemy would increase in proportion to the pliability of the allies. "I have been," he said, "and still am very "anxious about these confounded conferences, but I "think Russia will pull us through yet. No cala-"mity, except real and sweeping defeat, could be "worse than peace on the terms which we have "offered. Lord Palmerston may, as you say, steal "not only all the horses over the hedge, but all the "mules now capering about over the island of Fort "Manuel.—You will be delighted to hear there are "at least five hundred there, and nearly two hundred "already sent hence—while the Duke of Newcastle "would have been hanged for not having had ships "to take them on without an hour's delay." Some share in the collection of these mules which he frequently mentioned in his letters, was the only contribution in his power to the cause which he had

so deeply at heart. As a vent for his feelings, and as an occupation for a leisure now too much filled with painful thoughts, he occupied himself in composing some poems, which were published in the spring, on Inkermann, on the death of the Emperor Nicholas, and on other events of the day. They are of unequal merit, but they all express in different degrees the generous and earnest enthusiasm which to him, far more really than to any one whom I have known, made national interests and heroic actions matter of personal concern. One of them, which I quote below, records one of the many touching incidents of the war, with a musical and tender melancholy which seems to me especially felicitous.

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

"Leavé me, comrades—here I drop—
"No, Sir, take them on—
"All are wanted—none should stop—
"Duty must be done.
"Those whose guard you take will find me
"As they pass below."
So the soldier spoke, and staggering
Fell amid the snow.
And ever on the dreary heights
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks;
"Duty must be done:
"Far too few for half our tasks,
"We can spare not one.

"Wrap him in this: I need it less:
"Fear not—they shall know.
"Mark the place—yon stunted larch."
Forward! On they go.
And silent on their silent march
Down sank the snow.

O'er his features, as he lies,
Calms the wrench of pain:
Close, faint eyes; pass, cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain.
With far soft sounds the stillness teems;
Church-bells,—voices low,
Passing into English dreams
There amid the snow,
And darkening, thickening o'er the heights
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark,
Down the others came,
Struggling through the snowdrifts stark,
Calling out his name:
"Here, or there? the drifts are deep:
"Have we passed him?" No!
Look, a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow,
Where heavy on his heavy sleep
Down fell the snow.

Strong hands raised him, voices strong
Spoke within his ears:
Ah, his dreams had softer tongue,
Neither now he hears.

One more gone for England's sake
Where so many go,
Lying down, without complaint,
Dying in the snow;
Starving, striving, for her sake,
Dying in the snow.

Simply done his soldier's part
Through long months of woe,
All endured with soldier heart,
Battle, famine, snow:
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow-cold, in snow.

The dedication prefixed to the poems, addressed to his nearest friend, and to the memory which he most cherished, is, as I have already said, a written oration of singular eloquence and force. The main purpose of it was a denunciation of the solecism of carrying on a war in which statesmen were visibly not in earnest. "The work," he said, referring to the struggle of Greece against Persia, "there, as ever, had to be "done by those who were in earnest—Sparta, Athens, "and some brave little mountain-rooted towns— "some Piedmont, Platæa, or Tegea. But they were in "earnest, and they did it, for themselves, and for all "succeeding time. The diplomacy of those times "was simple, and its guarantees effective. When his "every ship was a safe deposit on the side of peace "in a Greek harbour, or a safer at the bottom of the

" Bay of Salamis, when every soldier he could raise
" was an atom in that vast 'blood-dropping cake,'
" which the Dorian spear raised on the land of the
" Platæans, the soul of the Great King was satisfied, and
" he troubled the then heads of civilisation no more.

" That work—not perhaps precisely in the same
" form, or to the same extent, but as much of it as is
" needful to the same result—we have to do: if not
" to-day, to-morrow; if not we, then at disadvantage
" our children; done it must be, or— And what lies
" behind the *or?* Not, except in metaphor, 'chains
" and slavery;' not English counties depopulated by
" massacre or leadings away into captivity; not even
" an annual tribute of fair and noble slaves to the
" Winter Palace, or of Australian gold to gild the dome
" of the Kremlin; not even, in our time at least,
" Siberian mines for our governing classes, and con-
" scription for our governed. Mental enslavement,
" consisting in the departure of ennobling thoughts;
" the growth of admiration for what is not admirable;
" the passing of free institutions into a by-word with
" those who have them not, and a thing 'suspect'
" with those who have them; a Europe, in short, in
" full march, with all its railroads and wealth, to the
" condition of a larger and more civilised China;—
" this will be sufficient for a generation which grew

" up with some hopes of the progress of man, some " faith in their country. It will be enough for the " present to break some hearts, and fire others to an " indignation which will burn much, should London " descend but a few unmistakeable steps towards the " level of Russianised Berlin, the centre of a half " Russianised Germany." One of the few hearts which were capable of breaking from a sense of national degradation, is now beyond the reach of anxiety or of grief.

In answer to some doubts which I had thrown on the expediency of substituting verse for prose in his compositions, he told me in the last letter but one which I ever received from him—" I have so long " believed that it was not my line, by preference at " least, that I do not think any degree of success " would tempt me into it as a habit, as a profession. " As I have already said, I think one should have " probably worked off the strong feeling on these " matters (and 'whether,' too, as Wordsworth says, " 'it was care that spurred him, God only knows') " in a natural, wholesome, prosaic way, if that had " been naturally open. Being unable in prose to aid " the cause otherwise than by writing letters calcu- " lated to aid the transport of mules—there is the " result, *et hæc hactenus.*" A few weeks later the

remembrance of a criticism which might have occasioned even a slight annoyance could only be remembered with unavailing regret.

Early in the summer, he enjoyed for the last time a visit from the companion whom he preferred to all others, his brother Franklin Lushington, then on his way to commence his duties as a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeal in the Ionian Islands. As the hot weather came on, the necessity of his leaving Malta became painfully apparent; but unfortunately the local business detained him too long, and a lengthened sitting of the council on the eve of his departure, seemed to be the immediate cause of his fatal illness. "We have adjourned our council," he said in his last letter, "to December 3, to the great "disgust of the elective patriots, for whom seven "months of session is not enough to concoct rubbish "in; and so I am so far free, and can think of "arranging with Reid when he will spare me. The "future lies on the bosom of the future. How far, or "how ever I shall get right, the moment I get out of "this evil climate, I don't know; but I hope and think, "on the whole, there is nothing which will not come "right. What I mean to say is this: think of me as "fully intending to get well, and to not look *so* ill "when I meet you."

Having heard by telegraph, on the 14th of July, that he had landed at Marseilles, I went to the South of France to meet him; and after waiting for a day at Valence, I found him on the 18th at Arles, in an alarming state of illness. The tedious and painful journey to Paris which followed, was only rendered possible by the care and skill of his physician and friend, Dr. Galland, who had accompanied him from Malta. As we passed Avignon on the exact anniversary of his sister's death, Henry Lushington pressed my arm, and pointed silently to the cemetery, which is adjacent to the railway. Occasionally he seemed to take pleasure in the scenery of the Rhone, and from time to time he tried to take his ordinary share in conversation; but his weakness was such, that it was necessary to carry him to and from the railway carriage, and his suffering from the fatigue of the journey was extreme. On the 24th he was with great difficulty brought to Paris, and it was thought prudent that he should be at once subjected to medical treatment, instead of attempting to proceed to England. Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Crampton, a physician then practising in Paris, were constant in their attendance, and for a time they entertained confident hopes of a final recovery. His illness received all the alleviation which could be supplied by the affection of his family;

for his eldest brother, Edmund Lushington, watched him with untiring care, from his arrival in Paris to the last. One sister, accompanied by an intimate friend and relative, had come with him from Malta, and another joined him when the end was approaching. The patient gratitude with which he received all the services which were rendered him, was consistent with the character which had marked his life, and the clearness of his intellect was entirely unaffected by extreme feebleness and depression. Every day he listened with interest to the news from England and from the Crimea, in *Galignani*, and I could still observe, as in former times, the accuracy of his memory, and the observant fineness of his taste. At Dijon I had, at his request, read to him a considerable number of the Odes from a mutilated school-copy of Horace, which was the only edition procurable in the shops of Lyons. As often as I paused at one of the frequent breaks of continuity, he repeated the missing passage in a low voice, without the mistake of a word. I am nearly certain that he had never looked at the Odes for seven-and-twenty years, and yet I was more surprised at the effort which he made in speaking, than at the freshness of his recollection. One day at Paris, when I had read to him from an unpublished copy which I had brought from England,

Mr. Tennyson's "Daisy," and his little poem "To the Rev. F. Maurice," he said, "How the simple change "in the last line from a dactyl to an amphibrachys "changes a mere experiment into a discovery in metre." Few critics in full possession of all their faculties display so quick and accurate an ear.[1]

A fortnight passed in faint hope and wearing anxiety, and then it became evident that the end was approaching. After much suffering, he died on the 11th of August, 1855. Two days afterwards we accompanied his remains to England, and he was buried, in accordance with his last wish, by the side of his father and mother, in the churchyard of Boxley. The few who remember him will be able, more or less fully, in proportion to their opportunities of inter-

[1] I add a stanza from each poem, which will explain the remark :—

TO REV. F. MAURICE.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Gārrŭloŭs under a roof of pine."

THE DAISY.

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
A light amid its olives green,
Or olive hoary cape in ocean,
Ŏr rōsў blossom in hot ravine.

course, to recognise the truth of a record which may perhaps appear to others exaggerated and strained. A still smaller number will understand or share the feeling which is best expressed in the old and familiar language—*Quanto pluris tui meminisse quam inter alios versari.*

LETTER FROM MR. MILNES.

THE inclosed letter from Mr. Milnes, kindly written at my request, was received, as I wished, after I had completed my own portion of the present volume. That it would be discriminating, eloquent, and friendly, I felt well assured; and I am not surprised to find that, regarding Henry Lushington's memory from a different point of view, Mr. Milnes has noticed many characteristics which I thoroughly recognise as true, although I had neglected to record them. In substance his judgment confirms that which I have tried to express, and perhaps the coincidence of opinion may serve as a justification for a biography which may to some have appeared unnecessarily ambitious.

16, UPPER BROOK STREET,
3rd July, 1859.

MY DEAR VENABLES,—It may be that you ask me to offer to you and others some representation of the dear friend you have lost, as a sculptor who has

no longer a living model before him is glad of even the slightest and most imperfect sketch to complete as far as possible the image he desires to reproduce. In complying with this request I may repeat in feebler words what you have already written, but I do not anticipate any decided difference of opinion between us, as to his talents and character, and the memories he has left to his family and friends.

My knowledge of him was nothing to yours: and but for the affection I felt towards him, it would hardly have been an intimate acquaintance. I knew him late in my college life, which was itself a short one. I then went abroad for many years, and afterwards,—what between my Parliamentary occupations and his official banishment,—the courses of our lives did not run close together. And yet of all the relations of my youth, with the exception perhaps of Arthur Hallam, the presence of Harry Lushington rests the clearest on my remembrance, and is the most frequently recalled. I cannot attribute this to that sense of the fragility of his being, which often of itself endears those who are otherwise attractive; for, somehow or other, I regarded his ill-health as a normal condition which with due care would give him the same chances of life that any of us possessed. I would trace this impression mainly to

the intense vitality which appeared in all he said, and did, and even looked. There was no languor in his feebleness, no apathy in his enforced quiet: he was less like a weak man than like a strong man tired. It may sound paradoxical to those who have only seen him, but I always felt that his character was especially soldierly, even to what sometimes seemed to me to amount to a deficiency in sentiment. I am sure he would rather have written, or listened to, the details of a war in which he took interest than of any peaceful enterprise whatever.

He owed it, I fancy, to this virile disposition, that he was totally unspoilt by all the care and tenderness of those about him, and preserved to the very last an earnest desire of truth, a passionate love of justice, and an indomitable sense of humour. I remember his saying to me, of a Society to which we both belonged, "It is the realest thing of the kind I have known in life." This was the highest praise he could give it. His high estimate of the talents and merits of his relative, Lord Ellenborough, did not prevent him from writing an admirable defence of the East India Company against its accusers.

I never understood why he did not succeed better at the bar, for his mind was eminently apt to perceive, and his imagination to illustrate,

the strong points of any case that might come before him. His pamphlet in favour of the Broad Railway-gauge was a powerful argument and as amusing to the unprofessional reader as was Bishop Berkeley's "Essay on Tar-water" to the general public of his time. Perhaps the real cause was his own want of interest in legal employment. In 1843, when proceeding on his "ideal mission" to Sessions, as he calls it, instead of coming to visit me, he writes:—

"Do not men who have professed themselves wise, "and fit to devise wise laws for the guidance of others "(a profession I need not say credited neither by "themselves nor others)—do not wise men con- "sider themselves bound to keep up the fiction by "sometimes making laws, and even declaring that "they are wise? Are not even clergymen required "to maintain a decorous outside? Therefore do not "tempt me from the honest acting of my passive "part. Who knows that by dint of asserting myself "to be what the Duke calls 'a counsel learned in "the law,' I may in time persuade, if not myself, "which seems hopeless, somebody else of it? I shall "not persuade you, I know, and therefore abstain "from assertions."

Perhaps, too, he paid what appears to be the inevitable penalty of humorous men in their relations

to public life, that of seeming unstedfast to the narrow-minded, and insincere to the stupid.

One of the chief charms of his society was, no doubt, his vivid enjoyment of simple pleasures: to be happy, he never cared to go beyond where he happened to be: though decidedly ambitious, he never showed himself harassed by projects and vanities. How far his distaste for foreign travel was owing to this cause or to his infirmity of health, I cannot say; but it was undeniable.

"If we meet in Venice," he wrote to me, "I shall "have some things to talk about, new to me if not to "you. But what is the good of new ideas? there are "more to be picked up here than we know what to "do with." Again, on going to Italy for his brother's health: "From all I can learn it seems to be a very "tolerable country in some respects, if it had not "such a miserable and changeable climate. Naples, "for instance—according to Sir James Clark—Naples "is a pleasant place, only the people who live there "are so subject to colds and catarrhal affections!— "not to plagues, or yellow fevers, or any southern "diseases; but colds, of all things in the world! Is it "for this one has to leave one's native land, to change "fires for stoves, and a pure and reformed Catholic "Church for an idolatrous Polytheism?—not even to

" get rid of colds? I have discovered in myself a " new virtue of patriotism, at least a novel degree of " it, since this scheme was resolved upon."

Singularly enough, I find him writing in a few weeks from Naples: " Bright skies indeed! if you have " darker over your head in Pall Mall or Fryston than I " have here in the sunny south, you are unlucky; but " there is something refreshing in the sight of Vesu- " vius robed half-way down in white snow. Only " conceive at night the red glare flowing through the " white: Phlegethon in Siberia, the two Miltonic " divisions of Hell brought together. If it would but " flame, the lighting up of that snow-shroud with " flashes of infernal fire—that would be worth seeing " —but it will only smoke as hard as ——, wasting " itself, as he does himself in cigars."

This was in 1842, and the very next paragraph not only shows how his mind was still in England, but with what remarkable clearness of prevision he followed the course of political events.

" Nothing in Rome gave me so much pleasure as a " long unseen. *Times* or *Chronicle*. The name of *Ga-* " *lignani* is dear to me now. So tell me what you " country gentlemen are going to do with the bread- " tax. Its time is at hand, I think. When your " party is split into fragments by the exploding bomb " of Sir Robert's scheme, I trust you will be found

" in a state of firm adhesion to the slice containing
" your next leader."

A fragile grace which distinguished the youth of Harry Lushington remained throughout his manhood the chief characteristic of his personal appearance. So too in his moral nature, his sympathies seemed to me as lively the last time I saw him as the first; and I would attribute what he once wrote to me on this matter rather to the self-masquerading inclinations of imaginative minds than to any very earnest impression. It was when his Indian brother—now, alas! his companion in the shadowy world—returned home.

"I at first thought he looked very old, having
" the recollection of thirteen years back wherewith
" to contrast him. Probably if one could place in
" the glass, side by side with one's own belathered
" face, of to-morrow morning, the comparatively
" smooth and youthful cheeks of 1831, one should
" see at least an equal change; but it is well—well
" under the circumstances of the case, that is—that
" the spectre of one's own youth does not walk
" through life by one's side. It would be an appro-
" priate antithesis to the skeleton of the Egyptians,
" a memento equally effective and not less painful.
" The two together, one on each side of one's present
" self, would visibly complete the Trinity of Time,

"*quod fuit, est, et erit,* the *trinoda necessitas,* which "includes us all."

I hope you will, either now or soon, reprint that charming little volume of "Joint Compositions," which you and he fabricated together. I have never distinguished the weft from the woof, and probably you could hardly do so yourself: the unity of thought and expression is an intellectual phenomenon, and proves how fit you are to be his biographer.

I say nothing of his rare and varied gifts: he must have suffered much in his desire to exercise them further than his physical strength permitted, and yet in his writing, in his speeches, there is no sign of lassitude. The will to act seemed of itself to bear him on and give him power; and when at Paris you told me how ill he was, I almost thought the love of life would of itself have saved him. But he went into the darkness where wit and worth and beauty have gone before, leaving a sweet domestic fame, and to us the thoughts of what he was and of what he might have been.

I am, yours very truly,

R. MONCKTON MILNES.

ITALIAN WAR. 1848-49.

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ITALIAN WAR. 1848–9.

THE STRUGGLE.[1]

ALMOST an entire generation has passed since General Pepe took an active part in the Neapolitan Revolution of 1821. When more recently the General himself gave to the world his "Memoirs," relating principally to the events in which he had been an actor, it can scarcely have entered into his anticipations that a few months would invest him once more with the character he had already played—that of the less brilliant Lafayette of a minor revolution. The destiny which has twice placed him on so conspicuous a stage has not been accompanied with either the good fortune to which success attaches itself, or the transcendent qualities which sometimes extort from difficulties and disasters an almost impossible victory. Looking to his political and military career, posterity will not annex to his name the epithet either of Felix or Magnus. Neither will his Narrative,[2] though interesting and characteristic, earn for him the praise of high ability as a writer, or of unerring wisdom as a speculator on politics. Yet the brave though luckless soldier, in a cause which success would have made glorious—the old man in whom thirty years of

[1] Reprinted from "Edinburgh Review," Jan. 1851.

[2] "Narrative of Events in Italy, &c. during 1848-9." By General Pepe. London: 1850.

exile have not withered the aspirations of his youth —the honest enthusiast for ideas which have brought him no profit—may claim at least respect and sympathy from an age and a country which a misplaced hero-worship has prostrated at the feet of far baser idols.

These volumes do not, although their title would seem to imply it, contain the history of Italy from 1847 to 1849; but, as supplying from an eye-witness and actor those portions of it in which General Pepe was personally engaged, they are a valuable contribution to our present knowledge, and will be useful to the future historian. Incidentally they furnish us with an opportunity for shortly noticing some few points and characters of that disunited and unhappy struggle which, commencing at Milan and terminating at Venice,—and presenting us, at first sight, with little except a retrospect of wasted forces and disappointed hopes,—may yet ultimately prove to have left some advantage for the future, even exclusive of its bitter lessons. These lessons might indeed be worth all other advantages should they be as salutary, as experience has shown them to be necessary.

The calm and serious scrutiny of history will not altogether absolve the Italians. So far we may anticipate her verdict beforehand; but, admitting this, we may yet feel that a truer view than the hard and unsympathising judgment now generally prevalent in England, and reflected as such in various writings, periodical and others, is possible even for contemporaries. The cause of Italy,—the beaten cause,—is one which is quickly heard and summarily decided at the bar of average public opinion. Yet England is the only country to which Italy may look for sincere and *disinterested* sympathy; an assertion to which, perhaps, Italians in general will be prepared to give

a more ready and entire assent in 1850 than in 1848.[1] One chance at least has turned against them, on which they had not and could not have calculated. One banner at least, to which, if they looked at all, they could look only for protection, has appeared in the ranks of their assailants.

We saw crowded into the years 1848 and 1849 a series of events for magnitude, and strangeness, and rapidity, perfectly unparalleled. We saw a "*culbute générale*" of men and things, dynasties and institutions, thrones, dominations, and powers, to which, for the time, the overturn of the first French revolution seemed a trifle. We saw a hundred millions of men of the European race possessed more or less by one whirling frenzy. But of all the wild deeds which have been done by the peoples in their madness, this done by the "great nation," in her colder blood, is perhaps the strangest, the most unexpected, the most inexcusable. Between the 24th February, 1848, the era of a flight to be scarcely less marked in the future history of Christendom, though perhaps with a darker colour, than the flight from Mecca in the annals of Islam,—the flight of Louis Philippe from Paris, that Hegira without return, the signal for so many other minor Hegiras of not more wise but more fortunate potentates,—between this date and another, the capture of Rome by Oudinot, on July 2, 1849, there elapsed less than seventeen months; of which the beginning and the end, sharply contrasted for any observer, must rise before the mind of an Italian as the very type of historical antithesis and national inconsistency.

After France herself, there was one country in the world in which it was natural to watch with especial

[1] They will perhaps assent still more readily in the summer of 1859.

interest for the results of the revolution of February. Those who most regretted that still scarcely intelligible event, desired by few and brought about by still fewer, could not but speculate, with some sympathy as well as interest, on its possible effects on the future of Italy. Berlin, Vienna, might possibly arrange their several disputes with their rulers, whether by the old German method of dialectical pedantry, or the newer and more Gallic logic of the musket in the streets; or, as it turned out ultimately, by the unrestricted use of both; and the French Republic might be persuaded by Lamartine only to look on: but how could the cry of Italy fail to reach France, and how could she be deaf to that cry?

If at that time, when it seemed equally impossible that Lombardy could be held down by Austria, and that France could be restrained from aiding Lombardy; when Pius still bore about him the prestige due to the initiator of Italian reform, and the denouncer, almost the defier, of Austrian intervention at Ferrara; when that word "La gran parola d'intervenzione," as an Italian poet might well call it, conveyed the double fear of the presence of the French tricolor at Milan, and of the white Austrian uniform in the Legations at Rome or at Naples; the main doubt being, which event, by arriving first, would enable the opposite party to throw upon its perpetrators the reproach of unprovoked aggression; if at that time some prophet had lifted the mere corner of the curtain of the future, and told us of events not distant, but close, and at our very doors! All remember, at least in their general spirit and tendency, the eloquent diatribes in which Lamartine, in those times, was wont at once to reassure and to awe the world; the honeyed thunders which, whether in the form of instructions to the representatives of France at

foreign courts, or speeches to her new-born assembly at home, at once assured potentates of the peaceful intentions of France, and peoples of her all-powerful sympathy, renouncing an armed, yet asserting a spiritual, propagandism, and promised to each and all the contradictory blessings of a political Utopia,—freedom without discord, change without destruction, and victory without war. It is not to be denied that these glittering and indefinite utterances were, at the time accepted as real services to the cause of peace and order, as if not perfect, yet the best, securities for quiet that France could then be expected to give, or her foremost man be expected to venture for her. Yet of Italy what did Lamartine say? *This:*—

" . . . . Si les états independants de l'Italie " étaient envahis; si l'on imposait des limites ou des " obstacles à leurs transformations intérieures; si on " leur contestait à main armée le droit de s'allier " entre eux pour consolider une patrie Italienne, la " Republique Française se croirait en droit d'armer " elle-même pour protéger ces mouvemens legitimes " de croissance et de nationalité des peuples." [1]

Yes; much as the Republic loved peace, and anxious as she was to remain on good terms with the European Powers, yet there was one cause dearer to France than the love of peace,—one more at heart than a good understanding with Austria. Against intervention in Italy, if requisite, France might arm.

The address to the National Assembly on its meeting contained, in fuller terms, a similar announcement;

[1] "If the independent states of Italy were invaded; if limits or obstacles were placed in the way of their internal changes; if force were used to dispute their right of alliance among themselves to consolidate an united Italy, the French Republic would hold itself justified in arming to protect these legitimate movements of popular growth and nationality."

at once a summary and a programme. Italy had moved "successivement mais tout entière" from north to south, and was already free: she "s'abandonne "avec confiance à l'avenir d'independance et de liberté "où le principe Français sera son allié."[1] True, she struggled alone in the war of which her independence was the prize; but, as was significantly said, France in arms was looking on. Her petty despots were scattered to the winds, or had become promising converts to constitutional liberty. Naples had already descended "au niveau d'une royauté democratique de 1791," and he whose "Italian and democratic soul" had given the first impulse to Italy, Pius IX., "ac- "ceptant le rôle de patriote Italien, ne retient que la "domination du pontife, et fait de Rome le centre "féderatif d'une véritable République dont il se "montre déjà moins le chef couronné que le premier "citoyen."[2]

What would the statesman-poet have thought had some prophet of bitter truths—some Mephistopheles-Cassandra in the reporter's box—accompanied his record of these eloquent words with a comment consisting of a summary of the facts which have since in every point contradicted them?

Translated into language more amplified and Lamartinian than prophecy or Mephistopheles are in the habit of using, the comment might have been something like this:—You are exciting yourself and others, as usual, with hopes and fears alike groundless.

[1] "Throws herself in full faith on that future of independence and liberty, in which the principles of France will be her allies."

[2] "Accepting the part of an Italian patriot, retains merely the spiritual supremacy of the papacy, and makes Rome the federal centre of a true republic, of which he is already less the crowned head than the first citizen."

Austria has as little to dread, as Italy, if she is wise, will expect from France and you. Your words shall scarce have reached Italy, before some of the most important are falsified by events. Twelve months shall leave scarcely one uncontradicted. The democratic royalty of Naples, before your description of it is read there, shall meet its people in open conflict, and conquer back its despotism,—and thereby withdraw a kingdom; forming a third of the force of Italy, from the cause of Italy. The first labourer in Italian regeneration is the first to turn back from the plough. He is even now holding back, with all the *vis inertiæ* of a faint heart and timorous conscience, against the force he released without his knowledge: the chief thought of his heart is, how he may stop it entirely; and the one intention in which he shall succeed shall be that of paralysing it. The independence of Italy shall be once and again staked in war,—once with good hope, then hopelessly; it shall be all but won only to be utterly lost, alike without France. Yet there shall be enough and to spare of intervention.

He whose "Italian and democratic soul" denounced intervention, shall entreat it. He who is "less already the crowned head than the first citizen" of a free people, shall call on foreign Powers to replace on his head the crown of temporal dominion; he in whom even his warm Italian patriotism can scarce conquer the horror of war with foreign members of the Church of Christ, shall invoke war on his own immediate flock of Catholic Italians. And his call shall be heard. Intervention shall take place. Intervention, at the call of a fugitive ruler, to reduce under a detested government an independent people. Intervention, not to interpose "limits" or obstacles to internal changes, but to put down an already esta-

blished republic, and re-establish the most unimprovable of monarchies. Intervention to crush or scatter, in the last rallying point, the last who uphold the banner of Italian independence. Intervention, not only "to contest the right of Italians to consolidate an Italian nation," but to drive Genoese, Lombards, and Tuscans, as foreigners, from the city which they claim as a centre of their common nationality. All this shall be asked, and all this shall be done—by whose intervention? Take the answer in your own words—'*La France est là.*'

Yes, the case contemplated by you, M. de Lamartine, shall arise, and in Italy, to which you principally refer; and the French Republic "se croira en droit d'armer," for the purpose of contradicting your declarations, point by point, as if destiny took a pleasure in the contrast, for the purpose of doing exactly *that* which you pronounce she will arm to prevent others from doing. Is there any key to this contradiction?

At the time when these high-flown and falsified declarations of the future policy of the Republic were made, Lamartine spoke in the name of France. Others have succeeded, not to his position—which was one alike incapable of continuance and of recurrence, at least for generations—but to the direction of the foreign relations of France. Suppose it to be asked: Why should not the conservative and reactionary Republic falsify the programme of the revolutionary dictator-Tyrtæus of the Provisional Government?

Why not, indeed, if only they could show that they had done it in consistency with opinions or principles professed by themselves, or with any principle whatever? If on any assignable grounds the French Government could justify—or, in the absence of justification, excuse, or even render intelligible—their conduct in the affairs of Rome, that conduct would

not be regarded, as it now is by almost all English parties, with all the disapprobation which can be roused by obstinate injustice unredeemed by the shadow of wisdom or policy. A year and a half has now (January, 1851) elapsed, since the entrance into Rome of Oudinot, on July 2d, closed that act of the Italian drama, and placed the general, in the judgment—or at least in the speech—of M. Thiers, on a level with the conqueror of Lodi; and it may be allowed that all has now been said which can be said on the question of Rights. The Mountain have said their say, and successive Governments have said theirs, down to the bold reassertion of the complete justice and success of the measure in the Prince-President's message of 1850. The result of all on the mind of the reader is an increased conviction that a great wrong was committed, and a great risk run for no adequate and self-consistent reason whatever. The act is not merely a theme for the indignant moralist to inveigh against; it is a puzzle for the investigator of motives to solve.

We have somewhat anticipated the order of time in these observations. Yet the contrast between the beginning and the end of the Italian revolution may not inaptly introduce something like a connected notice of these events still too recent for history. It is the alpha and omega, so to speak, the argument of the narrative. Rome was the origin, and to a great extent the centre, of all that occurred; and at Rome too the series of events closed; the first was also the last scene of the drama. With him too—the protagonist, if not the hero—it is the same: ἐν σοὶ μὲν λήξω, σέο δ' ἄρξομαι. The story finds Pius IX. in the Vatican, and after strange interludes it leaves him there. From Rome to Portici, and from Portici back to Rome, the wheel has turned completely round,

bearing with it a passive shape as of clay changing under the potter's hand.

It is scarcely necessary to give one more sketch of a state of things so recent, and yet so entirely past as that which existed throughout Italy about three years earlier, at the time of the mission of Lord Minto, and in the full flood of the popularity of the Pope.

Slight effervescences and differences of opinion between the rulers and the ruled, had already occurred in some places, generally with the result of a constitution promised and a national guard formed; of which the consequence most visible and most strange to English eyes was, the frequent occurrence of gentlemen in frock coats and round hats mounting guard with heavy muskets on their shoulders:—an unfailing symbol, it would seem, since 1789, of the birth of Continental liberty; however strikingly at variance with our insular conceptions of a free and desirable existence. Meanwhile the general aspect of things was such as that of France may have been when preparing for the federation feast in the Champ de Mars; and, except so far as similar external appearances might suggest the fear of similar tragedies to follow, showed nothing which was not promising and hopeful. All voices spoke one language, and announced one prospect, and that of the brightest character. All from Gioberti to Giusti, the clerical statesman and the anticlerical satirist, the occupant of the pulpit and the stage, the journalist and the ballad-singer, every form of the "stump orator," in short, announced the Avatar, and sang the praises of the, not coming, but come, deliverer, the breaker of the chains of force, whose place was henceforth to be supplied by those of affectionate reverence alone. True, the days and the success of the bringer of so much good might be endangered by the enemies of good. Idol as he was

of all Italians, and especially of all Romans, it was yet possible that the Jesuits might poison him, or the King of Naples be driven by Jesuits' counsel to assail him. These were dangers; but could these be avoided, the future Utopia was almost or quite certain; and, meanwhile, all its virtues and all its promises were personified in Pius, its Joshua and Moses in one.

That no human wisdom or virtue would have enabled Pius IX., any more than any other merely human Avatar, or temporarily deified individual, the supposed incarnation for his time of a fancied promise of all good things that the heart can desire, to satisfy the expectations which were formed of him, or to retain the position into which his worshippers thrust him,—this is, of course, self-evident. Equally evident is it that, on failing to achieve impossible results, or to display impossible excellences, he would have been unjustly belied and depreciated by that human multitude which, with insufficient evidence for either proceeding, passes so readily from worshipping the demigod to pelting the impostor. But the most charitable of judgments will be obliged to attribute far other than inevitable errors and failings to the dethroned idol of Italy and replaced nominee of France. The past course and present position of Pius point other and fresher morals besides that "crambe repetita" of popular ingratitude. He too, once the type of future hope for all Italians, will be pronounced to have been most of all wanting to a great opportunity; he will live in history as one more painful specimen of that commonest form of the irony of destiny,—the common-place blown into factitious greatness, at length brought face to face with great events, and ignominiously collapsing.

So great, however, was the influence exerted over the fortunes of Italy by his character and conduct,—

so momentous was the impulse contributed to the other causes of movement by his accession to the papal chair in 1846, that his name will be ever memorable among the priest-sovereigns of Rome,—even should the prophecy or presentiment remain unfulfilled which still points to him as the last of the line. We say the last of the priest-kings, not the last of the successors of Peter. In that sense alone is the prophecy likely to be brought to pass. The mediæval Church, called of Rome, is not dead yet, nor actually dying: the Roman Catholic religion will undoubtedly continue to be the religion of central Italy; and the too fond hopes of the distributors of Italian Bibles, though such pernicious books may be now more sought after than formerly, will certainly not be crowned in this generation with a religious revolt, denunciation, and expulsion of the at last confessed and acknowledged Antichrist.[1] There will be many more Bishops of Rome fulfilling all the conditions requisite to entitle them at Exeter Hall to that denomination. But the sceptre may break, and the crosier remain; not without results of various, perhaps of opposite kinds. For the present occasion we leave untouched the wide field of speculation opened by the question of the effects which the spiritual dominion of the Popedom might reap or suffer from the loss of its temporal power.

Aided by the light of subsequent events, it is not difficult now to divine the real character of the intentions with which Pius IX. commenced his attempt to reform the government of the States of the Church. We need not labour to prove a point so generally

[1] One of the organs of the religious world, carrying out with a singular consistency of logic its habitual application of prophecy to contemporary facts, informed its readers, as part of the reports of the day on the Pope's flight from Rome, that "Antichrist was on board of the *Tenare*."

admitted as the character of that government; nor will our space permit us to refer to the very valuable work of Farini[1] for curious illustrations of the perfection to which bad government is capable of being brought by systematic practice—illustrations which would be ludicrous, were it not ever true that where "delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi;" were it not too certain that unmerited suffering and bitterness of heart somewhere, is the price of every ridiculous decree of a corrupt judge, every amusing absurdity of a well or ill meaning cardinal-governor. The views of Pius were probably as sincere as they were narrow. In common with all reasonable persons, he knew that much was flagrantly wrong; that, in the political society governed by the spiritual head of the Roman Catholic world, corruption and oppression, softened or aggravated in their effects by neglect and mismanagement, were the main instruments of the temporal power; that no contradiction could be more positive than that between the character of the precepts which he professed and the rule which he was to administer.

He knew that the government was in consequence hated by those who lived under it, and despised abroad. Alike, as a priest attached to his church, and a man not devoid of benevolence, he wished to abate this scandal. He wished to relieve his people from oppression, to attach them to his person, to make them at once well-affected and happy; and he believed this, the most difficult of tasks for the heir of so long a course of misgovernment, to be an easy undertaking. The question of giving them what is called "liberty," that is, a share of political power,

[1] The Roman State from 1815 to 1850. By Luigi Carlo Farini, translated from the Italian by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Murray.

probably rather was absent from his speculations than was determinately rejected by him. In theory, his subjects were the contented flock of a pious pastor; he would make them so in reality. Wolves should worry them no longer; but as to the guidance they were to follow, whose should that be,—whose could it be, indeed, but that of their consecrated shepherd? In fine, he intended to govern well, to remove abuses, to discountenance oppression, even to put away, so far as might be, from the Church the reproach of being opposed to modern enlightenment and laical knowledge. Should not the supreme pontiff use to the glory of God and the church the gifts and talents of all well-affected subjects, though laymen?

With some such feelings as these Pius IX. entered on a career of which those who were wiser in their generation saw the tendency more clearly than himself,—some with hope, some with fear. Amnesties for those who, having been misled, but not without excuse, had become liable to penalties under the system of his predecessors; and reforms which should make inconceivable the necessity for any future amnesty,—peaceful reforms which all the world would approve, and for which all his subjects would bless him; no more waste of public money, no more injudicious taxation, no more cruel and arbitrary imprisonment, no more political espionage, but real and tangible improvements in the financial, material, and moral condition of his States,—which should conciliate to him the devoted affection of his people, and, as a necessary consequence, should relieve him, as an Italian prince, from the ignominious necessity of dependence in the last resort on a foreign Power: these, and such as these, were the measures designed by or for him, and the hopes by which they were

recommended to him. Not much, after all, was done in the way of construction; and, without doubt, it would have been well if either circumstances or character had enabled the Pope to act on the advice of Guizot and Rossi,—to have done more, and talked or encouraged others to talk less. Evil is hard-lived, and many of the worst abuses, both of justice and administration, which were flourishing under Gregory, lived through and have survived the popularity of his successor. Reforms, however, of an easy and obvious, and (so to speak) negative kind, were enough, in such an Augean stable, to win for him from the mass of his people an impassioned and real, though necessarily not an eternal gratitude. No man can be indifferent to such a popularity as that which for a time surrounded the Pope; though a great man would not have allowed either its presence to mislead him into courses of which his judgment disapproved, nor its subsequent departure to surprise and embitter him. The enthusiasm of the Romans, echoed more or less by Italy and Europe, was at once an aid and a snare to the papal reformer. It carried him over obstacles which might otherwise have stopped his intentions in the outset. But it excited expectations which soon outran these intentions, and all the sooner because the intentions outran his acts. Hopes, encouraged but unsatisfied, which had little to feed them in the present, stretched themselves more freely and passionately into the future. He was urged by his French advisers to declare at once what he would do, to do it, and to go no further. Prudent advice, which yet could scarcely have been thoroughly followed. In leading him to feel, as he soon dimly felt, that further demands would arise, and that the gift of an improved administration would be followed by the call for freedom, the timid instinct of Pius

may have been so far truer than the politic wisdom of Rossi or Guizot. Not the less was his vacillation more dangerous than any action would have been. As it was, an inclined plane of indefinite hopes and slack performances conducted Pius with almost unexampled rapidity to the point to which all such careers tend,—the point where the *roads split*,—the point of pause, of deliberate consideration of the real meaning of what has been done, of its relation to what remains to be done, and of the nature of *that*, now seen nearer,—the point at which the wisest judge of political change will find in the results which he has already attained, much which he did not anticipate and did not intend,—the point, in fine, at which, having made one choice of his path already, he finds that he has to choose it again, with partially different objects, and, perhaps, under totally different conditions.

Sooner or later the Pope must, even doing much, have come, in any case, to this point at last; but he reached it all the sooner and the more unprepared from doing little. Through pathetic scenes with pardoned patriots,—through perpetual effervescences in the Eternal City, all ending with a triumphant demonstration on the Quirinal in honour of its occupant,—through conferences with railway engineers, who highly appreciated the intelligent interest shown by his Holiness in *their* schemes for uniting Italy—through free-trade interviews with the travelling apostle of that faith, Mr. Cobden, whom it appears that his Holiness congratulated for having accomplished his great object "without violence," as if the contrary were on the whole to have been expected,—through dignified remonstrance, and a protesting attitude of half resistance to Austrian aggression at Ferrara, the Pope arrived at difficulties and hazards

which he had never intended to incur. He found himself in the presence of passions and hopes which he had aided to raise, but was most unprepared to satisfy, and of which he had seen the growth without apprehending the force. It seemed to him, as it seems to most men in such circumstances, that he was ill repaid by those, for whom he had done as he thought so much, in being called on angrily to do more. The Romans wished to be free, the Italians wished to be independent, and these wishes were embodied to him in demands mainly for two things the most opposed to his feelings,—for the total secularisation of the government, and for war. He had come, so he flattered himself, to send peace on earth —he found that he had sent a sword. That is, he found the world was more in earnest than he was or wished others to be.

Nor were those wanting at such a crisis who had throughout, as far as the temper of the times permitted them, thwarted his measures and denounced their tendency. They had, indeed, seen further than the Pope, when they told him that he was opening a door which he could not close at his will; and they could now point to a whole world in angry ferment,—to war forced on the Holy See with a great Roman Catholic Power generally its firmest supporter,—to an ungrateful people almost in revolt,—and to the separation of the temporal from the ecclesiastical power of the Pope daily threatened,—as to the fulfilment of their worst prognostications. Neither the head nor the heart of Pius were strong enough to repel these arguments. All his recent conduct indicates that he felt that his advisers were right, and condemned himself in his secret soul for not having given earlier weight to their representations. Yet his own future, as well as that of Italy, might have been happier and

greater, could he only have felt that, after all, these evil prophets of the Propaganda were in the wrong.

Such was the character, and such were probably the views, of the man whose accession determined at least the time and circumstances of an outbreak,—perhaps, sooner or later, in itself inevitable,—and to whom it was mainly owing, that in 1847 the whole Peninsula was shaken by the movement of which his name was the watchword. Everywhere Italians felt that for the first time for many years they had a future before them. Amid many changes and many hopes, the one greatest hope and the greatest change stood forth prominently under the name of Independence. A question is constantly asked,—What did the Italians complain of? Why desire independence? What did independence mean?

The governments of Italy for many years past had been almost universally governments of force, obeyed because they could not be safely disobeyed, but not loved, not reverenced, seldom even respected. Where worst administered, all classes suffered alike; where best, the oppression was chiefly confined to those who feel it most, *i. e.* to the higher and more educated, excluded, as in Lombardy, from all that freemen most value,—the chance of influence, the right of free thought and free speech, from the existence, in short, of the citizen of a State. The Austrian government, truly called by Mazzini, in 1845, the best in Italy, formed not the less the strength of the very worst. What was it to the subject of Gregory, or of Modena, that Lombardy was well, or at least better administered, when the presence of Austria in Lombardy embodied not only the denial of that freedom and nationality to which he aspired, but the sum of all the practical misgovernment under which he suffered? If he righted himself, Austria stept in and repressed

him. If he failed, and fled over the border, she delivered him up. She countenanced, upheld, and—when necessary, as in 1821 and 1831,—restored, the petty despotisms which the people had overthrown. She gave good and unheeded counsel to the ducal or priestly overseer, while she riveted the broken chain of the slave. Her Government was the great insurance office for the otherwise dangerous speculations of tyranny. This was what the Italians aspired to change, and the aspiration had the thorough sympathy of most Englishmen. The shock of February came, and the passionate desire soon broke forth in acts. With the tidings that the great capital of Lombardy was freed from the presence of the Austrians, the cry of independence went through the land. Of the minor princes some fled, some bowed before the storm; the force of Charles Albert was thrown into the scale, and—with the accession of a disciplined army and a recognised government—the war of independence became a reality.

He who now drew the "sword of Italy," with divided thoughts but a determined hand, that flinched neither before scruples nor fears, was dearly to merit that appellation which flattery and patriotic hope had by anticipation conferred on him. Future moralists will rejoice in one more opportunity of teaching the eternal moral of vain hopes and defeated ambition; future satirists may in different phrases apply their "Expende Hannibalem" to the king of North Italy and the broken-hearted exile of Oporto. For ourselves, the only moral we should value on the subject would be that, be it what it might, which a great dramatist would convey in telling the story of Charles Albert, which has indeed, in many respects, the tragical interest and completeness of a drama.

His early career, sketched in the bitter lines of the

Italian satirist, where he represents, as bowing before the crowned emperor at Milan, foremost among the slavish princes of Italy,—

> "Il Savojardo di rimorsi giallo
> Quei che purgò di gloria un breve fallo
> Al Trocadero,"[1]

had, in the lapse of nearly thirty years of time, and seventeen of a generally tranquil reign, nearly passed from the mind of Europe; but it was not forgotten by the Italians, and still less, we may be sure, by himself. The liberalism of his youth, adopted, probably, rather in shallow enthusiasm than with any formed intention of betrayal, may have been utterly worn out of the mind of the prosperous and despotic king; but it was not by hanging his palace with pictures of the storming of the Trocadero that he could hide the stain left on his reputation by the events of 1821, or drive from a mind capable of generous feeling the recollection of deserted friends. At length, after so long an interval, liberalism was again in the ascendant; and the movements of Italy called upon him for popular changes, which—willingly or not—he and his advisers were wise enough to see the necessity of conceding. Yet it was by no means certain that these concessions would preserve him through the coming storm. Suddenly, the revolt of Lombardy presented him with an opportunity of effacing the blot, and winning more than had before seemed possible to the ambition of his ambitious family. The prince-Carbonaro might yet be known as the prince of his house who had carried its fortunes to an unpre-

1 "The yellow conscience-jaundiced Piedmontese,
Who purged the short mistake that made him hero
So well at Trocadero."

cedented height; the betrayer of the liberal cause might yet be famous to all time as the liberator of Italy. The instinct of immediate safety, and a lofty and long cherished ambition, pointed in the same direction at the same moment, to the kingdom of North Italy, as the natural and necessary recompense for driving out the foreigner. Never was a nobler prize held out to ambition than that with which destiny tempted Charles Albert, and, in the sequel, all but gave only to snatch away. He has been severely blamed for (as his conduct is generally described) yielding to the temptation held out, and making unprovoked war on a neighbouring Power. Without determining how far there may have been involved in his position a real conflict of duties, we may say that,—while it would probably not have been a conscientious motive which could have held him back, yet,—the explanation of his conduct must undoubtedly be sought for elsewhere than in the mere vulgar love of acquisition. It was an impulse from within, as well as the pressure from without, which had led the benevolent and *Austrian* duke of Tuscany to assure his subjects that he was "before all things an *Italian* prince;" and this impulse, we may be sure, was strong at Turin as well as at Florence. We see no advantage in confusing with such acts as the robbery of Silesia or of Texas an attempt which, compared not simply with the best of these, but with many other historical successes of fairer aspect, was altogether just and glorious,—a deed which the presence of strong compulsion redeemed from gratuitousness, and the presence of lofty motives at least from meanness. In distinguishing, as we may and ought, the right of the Milanese to rise against the Austrians, from the right of the king of Piedmont to assist them in the quarrel, we must not forget how far the considerations, which

justify the Lombards, go to redeem from reprobation the conduct of their ally. The cause was noble, and its success desirable, even if Charles Albert had personally no right to give the aid which made victory possible. His having done so will remain one of those acts which some defend not without misgiving, and others censure not without sympathy.

The war began with the fairest hopes and most promising success. On one side was a veteran general, with a brave and disciplined but greatly outnumbered army, with but a doubtful possibility of reinforcements reaching them, with the prestige of a failing cause against them, with the empire whose rights they maintained apparently falling to pieces behind them, and in a country in which, as it was then said, they had not a friend. On the other side, fronting them, and forcing them back from point to point, was the Piedmontese army, not less brave, more numerous, flushed with success, and in a country in which it ought at least to have found, and might have expected to find, three recruits for every disabled soldier. A king to whom his army had long been a passion, and whose all was staked on success, led them with hereditary courage, emulated by his sons. The other princes of Italy,—some willingly, some unwillingly,—or the governments which the popular will had imposed on the princes, had joined the league. And the question broadly put might seem to be, whether 30, 40, or 50,000 men, under any leader, even if Alexander, Napoleon, and Hannibal were fused into one in the person of an octogenarian Austrian general, could conquer a population of more than twenty millions, enthusiastic and in earnest (whatever might be surmised concerning their rulers), with two large regular armies already on foot, the Piedmontese and the Neapolitan,—with inexhaustible materials for

more,—and with the cry of a holy war in the mouths of all, and undoubtedly in the hearts of many.

We all know how the anticipations of the world, and not only the anticipations, but the hopes even of many at least in England, who were friends to Italy without being enemies to Austria, were contradicted by the result, and how that result was viewed even by many who most regretted it, with a sad and involuntary admiration for its main instrument.

Radetsky reconquered not Lombardy only for Austria, but the respect and even the unwilling sympathy of those who wished best to the success of his opponents. The history of this generation may furnish names more brilliant by chance or by merit; but it will scarcely furnish one identified with so great a service to the State he has served. The dominion of Austria in Italy may be even more anti-national than in Hungary; but the campaign of 1848 in Italy will bring more honour to the name of Austria than that of 1849 in Hungary. In whatever cause, men will always honour manhood: and the most earnest votary of Italian liberty, looking at the struggle which drew the eyes of all Europe on Lombardy from March to August, will select from the crowd of combatants one hero to admire—that old man of eighty-three, the idol of his army, the determined soldier of a dominion which seemed destined to destruction,—the one prop of Austria in Italy, doing his duty, whoever might fail in theirs, shaken as little by sedition at Vienna as by revolt at Milan,—master of the ground he stood on, and resolved to hold that at least for Austria and the Kaiser,—sternly, tenaciously, undoubtingly maintaining the rights of a State convulsed by struggles which many thought the struggles of death, and those of a dynasty which might not survive to thank him for his victory. Even

if political partisanship or the hatred of impassioned patriotism strike out the *justum* from the eulogy due to the foremost defender of the cause which they disapprove, there will still remain indestructible reverence for the man, "*tenacem propositi*," resolute to do *that* which he has determined should be done.

Of all men the Italians should look firmly and earnestly upon the conduct of the enemy who showed so conspicuously the qualities in which they particularly failed. Men of all nations do sometimes require teaching,—and perhaps out of the twenty millions of Italians some large portion required to be taught,—that, when matters once come to blows, many complicated things are, by that simple process, placed on a single issue. Not only the right and the wrong of the cause,—not only the readiness of individuals to die for their country,—not only unanimity of sentiment,—all these may be there: and yet the battle shall be to the *strong*, to those who choose their end boldly and their means wisely, and use them to the utmost perseveringly. Enthusiasm, to be respected, must be deep as well as real: *circoli* (clubs) are not regiments, terrifying proclamations do not dispense with accurate drilling. There may be flashes and outbursts of real feeling,—demonstrations of passion by no means fictitious, in a cause worthy of the truest passion; floods of merited invective, patriotic tears, embracings, eloquence, and effusions without end. Yet, compared with all these, the stern stroke of the world-dividing sword shall *not* be ignoble.

There is another lesson too. The fable of the bundle of sticks is probably older than the Pyramids; but the Ionian cities, conquered more than 2,000 years ago one by one by the generals of Cyrus, and the Italians of 1848, alike had to learn its moral.

The actual force contributed by the Lombards, in aid of Charles Albert's operations, we take from the following passage of General Pepe:—"Towards the end "of April, Charles Albert marched with his columns "towards the Mincio, which he passed. He had "under his command 60,000 Piedmontese, 5,000 "Tuscans, 3,000 men from Parma and Modena, 17,000 "from the Roman States, 5,000 Lombard volunteers; "in all, 90,000 men; without including large Lom- "bard battalions, which were being formed with "much celerity." Whether these large battalions were formed with sufficient celerity to take any part whatever in the struggle, or what part they took, is not clear: certainly, they never took a very active or efficient part. But 5,000 volunteers—yes, that was the actual contribution to the strength of the Piedmontese army, the nucleus and main support of the struggle from provinces rivalling Piedmont in population and wealth, themselves the seat of the war, of which their freedom was the prize. The Milanese, in short, thought the work was done, or as good as done; they mistook commencement for completion—an error how frequent and how fatal! Having acceded, rather grudgingly, to the union with Piedmont, they seemed to leave their quarrel in the hands of the king of North Italy, with something (one is disposed to guess) of the feeling of a man who has disposed of the responsibility of his suit in the hands of his lawyer. With a rash confidence in the result, rather than a base supineness, they waited for the capitulation or final retreat of Radetsky, exactly as the Sicilians waited for the fall of the citadel of Messina, when they might have won it and their permanent liberty by a calculated sacrifice of men and money. The result was similar and similarly merited in both cases.

The inefficient support given to Charles Albert was, however, due not only to this idle temerity, but to a perversity, if possible yet more culpable, on the part of one of the most active, if not most influential, parties which divided the Italians. If there was one cause which even more than the defection of Pius or of Naples contributed to Charles Albert's failure, that cause was the want of hearty support from the so-called Republicans. That party includes men who have suffered much and for years in a cause which for them is the cause of Italy. For this reason, if for this reason only, we should be little disposed to echo a great part of the accusations flung profusely on this unfortunate party; which has been made, not always justly, the scapegoat of revolutionary sin, in Italy and elsewhere. But on the present most serious point of charge, the whole world condemns the Republicans, and we cannot acquit them. Their head and mouthpiece himself has precluded us from doing so. It is not merely on the strongly supported and unanimous complaints of the Piedmontese and their immediate adherents that we base this painful conclusion. In the course of the spring of 1849 three letters appeared in the "Spectator," with the signature of Giuseppe Mazzini, containing an exposition, in the interest and behalf of the Italian Republicans, of the character of the struggle of 1848, and the main causes of its failure. That manifesto alone seemed to condemn the Republicans on this specific charge,—that they did not, in the campaign of 1848, do their utmost to defeat and destroy the enemy. It is a charge which we intentionally place thus in the most naked and *court-martial* form, because we think it requires to be thus limited, and because thus limited, and accompanied with all possible palliatory defences and mitigations,—such as general disunion, want of time

for preparation, the superseding of all their plans alike for campaigning and for government, by others of a more monarchical nature, and a distrust of their preponderating ally,—we yet feel it to be a most heavy charge, and one from which we would most willingly have acquitted men wanting neither courage nor foresight.

Mazzini's later publication, "Royalty and Republicanism in Italy,"* directed as it is expressly to the vindication of the Republicans, appears to us to convey an equivalent admission; especially in a remarkable passage at pp. 55, 56. M. Mazzini being at Milan, where the dissensions of the Republicans and the Moderate Provisional Government were extreme, there came to him, "sent from the camp, a bearer of strange propositions, an old friend and loyal patriot." The propositions were in effect—that the Republicans should heartily support the King and the fusion of Piedmont with Lombardy—in short, give up the idea of an Italian Republic, and that they should in return have influence in framing the constitution of North Italy. "He proposed also an interview with the "King, and I know not what beside." "We, the "Republicans, had three ideas," says M. Mazzini; "first, the independence of Italy; next, the unity, "*without which independence is a lie;* third, the Re- "public." Unity, in M. Mazzini's conception, was essential. The Republic he was willing to postpone. What he required of the King was explicitly to declare for that *unity*. "Since all the governments "were hostile to him, he must *break with them all* "*avowedly*, and assemble around him—united and "exalted by one great thought—all the patriots which "Italy could number, from the Alps to the furthest "confines of Sicily. Thus we should have known

* "Royalty and Republicanism in Italy," by Joseph Mazzini. London. 1850.

" that he spoke and intended to act seriously, *and we* " *should have used every effort to raise in his aid all* " *the revolutionary elements of Italy. If he did not* " *mean this, better was it to leave us in peace.*" M. Mazzini afterwards gives the declaration which, or something like which, he desired that Charles Albert should issue in accordance with this view. The first words are, " *I feel that the time is ripe for the unity of* " *our country.*" It calls, in inflated language, on the Italians to overthrow the barriers (*i. e.* the governments) which separate them, and assemble round the King. " In the name of God and Italy, I tear the " ancient treaties which kept you dismembered, and " which are dripping with your blood." This, then, was M. Mazzini's *sine quâ non*—a declaration of hostility to all the existing governments of Italy, whether vacillating, neutral, or friendly. If Charles Albert would do this, the Republicans would raise in his aid all the elements at their command. " If *he* " *did not mean* this, it was *better to leave us* at peace." " The friend departed: a few days after I was shown " a letter of Castagneto's, which said, 'I see very well " nothing can be done on that side;' and I ask, on the " other hand, when may we expect an idea, generous, " potent in its spirit of love, containing the future of " a nation, to take root in the heart of a king?"

We will not ask whether fanaticism can ever be generous; but we will ask whether Castagneto's remark was not justified—whether the course pointed out was the way to union—whether it was defensible on the score of prudence or practicability, to say nothing of right? M. Mazzini does not give the date of the interview; but it is clear, from the context, that it was earlier than the 12th of May. At that time Naples was still on the Italian side, with an army of 80,000 men, whom this declaration would

have made an enemy's army. We note the passage, however, not for discussion, but as showing, on the part of the Republicans, that they did not do their *utmost* to overthrow the Austrians. General Pepe himself is, as he takes abundant opportunities of telling us, a republican in principle; in fact, we take him to be a disciple of the school prevalent in 1789, but somewhat antiquated now, which drew its models and its ideas from the heroes of Plutarch. As such, he of course disapproves of kingly government in itself; but this did not prevent him from giving, like a man of common sense, his earnest support to the destined king of North Italy; neither does it prevent him from doing justice to the honest intentions and devoted courage of the king and his army on one side, and to the selfish folly of the patriots on the other. How different from the language of Mazzini, and still more of Savelli! Take this summary of the causes of the failure:—

"But for this once fortune seemed to protect Italy, "by a royal exception in her favour. The only one "of her princes of real Italian dynasty, and able to "dispose of an army of almost 100,000 valiant men, "warmly embraced the national cause. This circum- "stance would have been sufficient to insure the suc- "cess of Italy, if the valorous prince, who had the "generosity to hasten to the aid of the intrepid Lom- "bards, had not been perpetually thwarted by a proud "and poor aristocracy, by his Jesuit clergy, and by "no small number of patriots, some of whom, through "ignorance, others through self-interest, acted to the "prejudice of Italy, by giving themselves up to the "most senseless anachronisms, since they were more "impatient to obtain liberal institutions than to drive "away the foreigner, whose presence signified slavery. "Why did they not remember those magnanimous

" words of Charles Albert, 'L'Italia farà da se.' Had " it not been for these misfortunes, this prince would " have redeemed Italy—thanks to his own valour " and that of his troops, and in spite of the want of " a mind to organise an army, and lead it to the " enemy."—(Pp. 297, 298.)

Yes, in spite of errors and evil fortune, and the defection of false and half-hearted friends, the independence of Italy must have been achieved, had those who really desired it but had the common and obvious prudence, at a time when imprudence was a crime, to postpone other questions for the moment, and strive with one will for the one object of making her so.

In pointing out reluctantly, and if with some anger with more sorrow, these causes of the Italian failure, we cannot, in fairness, forget the serious and less avoidable evils which arose from other sources. Among the heaviest blows must be counted the two greatest defections from the apparent unanimity of all Italy against the foreigner—those of the King of Naples and of the Pope—events almost coincident in time, parallel in importance, and probably not without connexion, more or less direct. We defer a fuller notice of these events to its appropriate place in the outline of the leading incidents of the Italian revolution, which we now propose to trace.

The great revolt of Milan broke out on the 18th of March, 1848. This event, which did not cause, undoubtedly precipitated, the intervention of the Sardinian Government; though the language held by its organs, the gathering of forces on the line of the Ticino, and the general tendency of events, had prepared even Austria to expect such a step. It was not, however, until the very night of the 23d that the great resolution appears to have been finally taken.*

* Parl. Papers, II. p. 184. Letter from Mr. Abercromby.

Under the date of that day, the Government of Piedmont addressed simultaneously to the "peoples of Lombardy and Venice," and to the envoy of the Austrian Government, two documents of somewhat different tone. The first spoke the language of a rightful and determined deliverer, rejoicing in the happier destinies which at length smiled on the "intrepid defenders of trampled rights," and offering to the Italian cities the help which "brother expects from brother and friend from friend." The note to the Austrian ambassador was apologetic rather than denunciatory. Preserving the forms of diplomacy, rather than assigning a real reason, it grounded the royal right to interfere on the defensive treaty lately signed between Austria and the Dukes of Parma and Modena, which it assumed to be prejudicial to the reversionary rights of Sardinia; then, touching shortly on a more operative reason in the danger to which the ferment in Lombardy might expose the throne of Piedmont, should a republic be proclaimed at Milan, the king, finally, considered himself obliged to take such measures as by preventing the movement in Lombardy from becoming a republican one, shall spare Piedmont and the rest of Italy the calamities which might ensue if that form of government was proclaimed.

Contrasted, these documents look insincere; combined, they contain the truth. There was real fear, and there was also real sympathy. The more ignoble was the more diplomatic motive. Some additional colour of right was sought to be obtained for this motive from the fact that it was not until the chiefs of the Milanese, being actually in possession of their city, sent a deputation to the King to entreat his interference for the preservation of order, that the final resolution was taken. But this is really of little

importance. If the Sardinian interference to preserve order in Milan—in other language, the Sardinian attack on Austria—is to be justified, it must be on other grounds than a deputation from Milan, which was sure to follow upon the success of the Milanese.

The revolt is usually spoken of as the "five days" of Milan; it was, however, on the night of the 21st that Radetsky commenced his retreat, after several days of bloody and exhausting struggle. We have his own testimony to the severity of the contest. Words almost fail the old warrior in speaking of his soldiers. He is forced to omit details, but

"One observation," he says, "I must make: my "troops are really wonderful; they perform impossi- "bilities, and maintain their courage, though they "have now enjoyed no rest for four days, and have "fought in the most dreadful weather. It *almost* "*breaks my heart that such courage* should not be "employed against an open enemy."*

That is, we presume, an enemy in the open field. Such praise of the assailed is in itself praise of the assailants; but let us hear the Marshal again on the temper of the Milanese, for which our readers perhaps may be able to find another word than *fanaticism*:—

"On the 20th," says the Report, "the contest was "renewed with the greatest ardour, and many victims "fell on both sides. The Field-marshal could still "give no account of his losses, as he had no time to "ascertain them with any precision. In Milan the "very foundations of the city were torn up; not hun- "dreds, but thousands of barricades crossed the "streets, and the enemy displayed, in the execution "of their plans, so great circumspection and audacity, "that it was evident that military leaders of foreign "extraction must have been placed at their head.

* Parl. Papers, II. p. 333.

"'The character of this people,' says the Field-"marshal, 'has become quite changed; *fanaticism* "has seized every rank, every age, and every sex.'"*

"*O si sic omnia!*" It needed but a few months' steady continuance of the same temper to have assured and justified the independence of Italy.

In spite, however, of the fanaticism of the Milanese, the Marshal states himself to have been successful in every conflict; which may be true, though it is clear that he made no deep impression on the strength of the insurrection. The want of provisions, the interruption of the communications, and, more than all, the risk in which he would be placed by the expected advance of the Piedmontese army, forced him, reluctantly, from Milan.† He retreated towards Lodi, "in order to avoid the large towns."‡ An attempt was made to stop him at Melegnagno, which he stormed and burned; and he reached Lodi unmolested, with the intention of occupying the line of the Adda, and renewing his attack on Milan. By this time, however, the revolt was universal, and its success almost equally so. Venice had fallen into the hands of the Italians, almost without a blow; and the Piazza of St. Mark heard the Republic proclaimed

* Report from Field-marshal Radetsky.

† It is stated in the report referred to, that Radetsky was driven from Milan by want of provisions and the *declaration* of war from Piedmont. This is clearly incorrect, as has been shown. The retreat being on the 21st or 22d, the declaration of war conveyed in the address to th Popoli di Lombardia e Venezia, being dated the 23d, and appearing, in fact, on the 24th.

‡ We note this as an indication, thus early, of the alleged difference of feeling between the *towns* and the *country* respecting the Austrians. We do not doubt that the difference existed in some degree; though it has been greatly exaggerated into a proof that the Austrian rule was *popular* with the majority.

once more by the voice of Manin—one who bore the same name with the last Doge of Venice and an opposite character. The example was speedily followed by the other towns of the Venetian provinces; large bodies of Italian troops went over to their countrymen; Radetsky abandoned the line of the Adda, and retreated to that of the Mincio; and a sharp action on the 12th of April gave to the Piedmontese that river, along which they took up strong positions, the forces under Radetsky being concentrated in front of Verona. In these great provinces, a month before under the sway of Austria, the ground she held was reduced to the points occupied by her army under Radetsky; but the points constituted one of the strongest positions in the world, and so occupied, became the turning point of the campaign. He stood firm and waited; hoping for reinforcements from the Tyrol, and yet more from the junction of the corps advancing under Nugent on the side of Venice, through the province of Friuli.

It is the opinion of General Pepe, as well as of others, that time which might have been better employed was wasted in front of the position of Radetsky, and especially in the siege of Peschiera. At the end of May Radetsky attempted to relieve the fortress by a fierce attack on the Sardinian lines; and the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May were days of sharp fighting; but at Goito, on the 30th, he suffered a severe repulse, and Peschiera almost simultaneously surrendered. Doubtless this was an important military achievement, but more brilliant than useful. "This success," says General Pepe with some *naïveté*,—or rather his translator,—"would have been an advantage had it not had the most fatal results;" results summed up in its having lost more time than it was worth. Events had not stood still in the mean-

time. While Radetsky was holding Charles Albert at bay on the Mincio, the corps under Nugent was coming down from the passes of Friuli. Nugent made his way into and through the Venetian provinces, in spite of a somewhat inefficient resistance on the part of the Papal troops and volunteers under General Durando, and other free corps; and before the end of June, the main body had joined Radetsky at Verona, leaving the reserve before Vicenza. By a movement which—following close on the battles of May and capture of Peschiera—appears to have been mistaken for a retreat, the Field-marshal suddenly withdrew from Verona, with the greater part of his forces,—fell upon Durando at Vicenza,—compelled him with the forces under his orders, amounting to 15,000 men, to a capitulation on the terms of retiring from Lombardy, and of taking no part against the Austrians for three months,—and returned to Verona before his enemy there had been able to take advantage of his absence, or had discovered its real object. The result of this signal success was, to place successively, and almost without a blow, Treviso, Padua, and in fine, all the Venetian provinces with the sole exception of Venice and the Lagunes, again under the Austrian rule.

Before this time the Pope and the King of Naples had, each in his way, contributed their share to the ruin of the Italian cause: and it was during these most critical days,—that is, during a short interval of time including the battles of the Mincio, the capture of Peschiera and the defeat of Durando,—that General Pepe, still in nominal command of the Neapolitan army, was attempting to induce the troops to act rather as Italians than as servants of the King, and to follow him across the Po. It is necessary to go back a little in order of time, to notice the cir-

cumstances out of which arose the calamitous turn of things at Naples and at Rome.

The ferment which pervaded all Italy, had, up to the end of 1847, produced little or no effect on the attitude of the Government of Naples. This Government accordingly, personified in its King, occupied in the popular Italian mind the position precisely opposed to that of Pius IX.—opposed as hate to love, as despotism to freedom, as evil to good. At last the ferment made itself practically felt within the kingdom of the Two Sicilies itself, first at Palermo, and then at Naples. Concession was necessary—some concession, some improvement; and the King, whether by accident or by policy, suddenly and at once conceded more than any other potentate had hitherto granted,—and thereby gave, in the judgment of our observing diplomatists, a strong and apparently intended impulse to the democratic forces in all the other States which had felt and acknowledged the popular movement so much earlier. It was the hare and the tortoise reversed. In the race for liberal institutions, Naples had suddenly started from sleep, and outrun Turin and Rome; and they were now eager to regain their relative position.

Naples having thus become, in M. de Lamartine's phrase, a democratic kingdom of the level of 1791, gave, by her accession to the war of liberation, the aid of a numerous and well-appointed army; which, if its military qualities have sometimes been disputed with apparent justice, was not the less the only regular army in Italy worth mentioning after the Piedmontese. In all, 41,000 men were to be employed in the campaign, of whom 17,000 actually marched; the rest were to follow; and the command of all was vested in General Pepe, whom, with so many others, —the proscribed liberals of twenty or thirty years,—

the reflux of the wave had brought suddenly back from London or Paris to Italy. That Fortune, whose strange dealings with men and things do indeed give the impression of one "*sævo* LÆTA *negotio*," throwing about serious interests in the very insolence of sport; or that Destiny, which takes up and casts aside a broken or no longer useful tool, to be resumed when needed; or whatever name we choose to give to the power whose real home is in the changing hearts and wills of men—had brought the leader of the last generation's revolution from afar to attempt to consolidate another, and fail again; to be for a few weeks the confidential, or at least intimate, adviser of a King whom he recollected as a child; the foremost person of his native city, the leader of her army to a national war, and, in a few weeks more, a disowned, and soon again a proscribed exile.

So considerable a force could not but have had most sensible effects on the result of the war, had it ever come into action; but from the beginning it was doubtful whether it would do so.

General Pepe gives some account of the interviews between himself and the King; in which, to do the latter justice, he does not seem to have taken much pains to mislead the General as to his inclinations. He did not, to be sure, exactly emulate the simplicity of the Commander-in-chief, who, with "frankness which surprised himself," as we confess it surprises us, took an opportunity of explicitly acquainting his reconciled sovereign with the attempts he had made to procure in England the means of acting against him in Sicily. But General Pepe, even before commencing his march, received written directions not to cross the Po without further orders; which directions, he tells us, he never compromised the safety of the King by mentioning to any one, and never intended

to obey. We may say here, once for all, that between the claims of Italy on the one side, for which he had been half his life in exile; and the King on the other, who had, we can hardly say entrusted him with, but permitted him to take, the command of his troops,—General Pepe preferred, without hesitation, the former. He obviously followed that which he thought the line of his highest duty, and we leave it to others to contest the justice of his choice. He tells us, frankly, as he does everything, that he found the soldiers generally devoted to the King, rather than to Italy; and he made it an object to infuse into them what he deemed a higher loyalty. But their enthusiasm for Italian nationality was obviously weak enough; and General Pepe never had an opportunity of testing what might be made of their military emulation in front of Austrian bayonets.

The Sovereign of Rome was committed to the war of independence, if any words and deeds could commit him short of direct declaration of war against Austria. He had authorised the march of the Roman volunteers, he had blest their banners, he had sent his troops to the frontier, which he knew they would cross. He had sent a representative to the camp of Charles Albert: he had even suffered orders to be sent to his general to place himself in communication with, and to operate in concert with the King. Not only was he, humanly speaking, the cause and origin, as his name was still the watchword, of all the bloody strife; but he had done, ten times over, what no conscientious man, disapproving of the war, should or could have done. Suddenly there occurred one of those events which, slight in themselves, sometimes influence the destinies of nations. The Pope's confessor—for the vicegerent of God himself confesses his sins, and receives absolution for them from human

hands—died. The importance, rightly or wrongly attributed to this event, is illustrated by its having at the time given occasion to some rumour of that suspicion, so commonly excited in former times by important and unexpected deaths—the suspicion of poison: the influence of the confessor had been believed to be so great, and to be opposed to the counter-influence of the retrograde party. His death took place early in April. On the 29th of that month was uttered the famous "Allocution" in the consistory of Cardinals, in which the Pope took, for the first time, a decided stand in opposition to the new ideas and the war. Sharply censuring by inference those who demanded the further secularisation of the government at Rome—pouring upon them, as "men who had abused benefits," the bitter unction of priestly forgiveness, with a prayer that God would "*avert* "from their shoulders the scourge which awaits un-"grateful men," the Pontiff went on to declare, in direct words, that his conscience was too tender to permit him to undertake a war against "the Germans," which was "wholly abhorrent from his counsels," and, moreover, inconsistent with his character as the minister of peace among men.*

* We give the most marked passage of this remarkable document, characteristic of the man and the time. It might furnish texts for twenty "Latter-day Pamphlets:"—

"But when now some desire that we, likewise with the other people and sovereigns of Italy, should undertake a war against the Austrians, we have at length thought it our duty, that in this your solemn assembly, we clearly and openly declare that that is wholly abhorrent from our counsels, seeing that we, although unworthy, discharge on earth the office of Him who is the author of peace and lover of charity; and agreeably to the duty of our supreme apostleship, regard and embrace with equal paternal earnestness of love, all tribes, people, and nations. *But if amongst our*

We are not judges of motives; but there can hardly be a doubt that, by the step taken at this crisis, Pius simply inflicted the heaviest blow in his power on the cause of Italy, and the heaviest blow which any one man could inflict. He gave at once an excuse for desertion and flight to the soldier, and to the revolutionist a fulcrum for his lever. Taken at the worst, it was treachery; taken at the best, it was an abnegation of the capacity and duties of rule. It was a "*judico me ipsum cremari*"—a declaration of fitness to be deposed.

By the course thus adopted, Pius indeed might have made his deposition seem improbable, had he not made a compromise with his people as he had with his conscience. They excused him from declaring the war which he permitted them to make. He did not, after all, order his troops to return from Lombardy. He would not send them; he had not, in fact, sent them; he would not make war; but his people would go to war, and he let them go. In the assembly of priests, the priest protested; and that satisfied the conscience of the king. As for the duty which would have been incumbent on every temporal ruler, of either turning his protest into act, or laying down the power which he could not exercise according to his notions of right, from that the monarch was exempt:—the said monarch being also the representative of the kingdom of right on earth. Never was the practical fallacy involved in the union of these powers brought into such marked prominence. Pius demonstrated for himself, at least, and perhaps for his

subjects, nevertheless, there are not wanting those who are dragged away by the example of the other Italians, in what manner finally shall we be able to restrain their ardour?"

Is the stain of Austrian blood, then, so much deeper on a Pope's robe than that of Roman?

successors, the insolubility of the problem, which they insist on continuing yet to try to solve.

At this time the King of Naples was still a constitutional king, waiting the first meeting of his parliament. Between him and the elected deputies a violent dispute existed already. The nominal ground was the wording of the oath to be taken by them. It was the King's object so to frame it, as to tie them strictly down to the constitution already granted; it was theirs, to avoid being so limited. The real ground, as even this statement shows, was mutual, rooted, and to a certain extent mutually just suspicion. A change of tone on the King's part, which, preceding by a few, and but a few days, the publication of the Pope's address, probably did not precede the knowledge of its contents, deepened the distrust. That he spoke openly to his ministers and others of the probable recall of the army, may or may not be true; that his wish fathered that thought, no one doubted. The position of the King sending his army to the frontiers to fight against the Austrians, was in some degree parallel to that of Louis XVI. when he had declared war against the European Powers in the name of the Revolution. His character and his resources, in the affection at least of the troops and of some portion of the people, were totally different; and accordingly the 15th of May was, to use a French form of speech,—a 10th of August *manqué*.

Never did men commit a heavier offence against their country than those who forced on that miserable conflict. It was a great crime and an inexcusable folly. The King, if not blameless for the course which led to his being attacked, was blameless in resisting: he beat his enemies, and at once took the step for which they had laboured to give him an excuse.

On the 22d of May, General Pepe, in command of the Neapolitan army at Bologna, received despatches from Naples, directing him to lead back the troops, or to resign the command for that purpose to General Statella. He obeyed the order so far as to resign his command; but the remonstrances of the people of Bologna, on receiving the intelligence, easily persuaded him to resume it within a few hours. He made every effort to induce the troops to follow him, but without much success. Always more devoted to the King than to Italy, they certainly had little inducement to follow an almost unknown general any further into the war: considering that the war had now itself become a revolt against their own government, and held out to them the prospect indeed of a glorious deliverance which they did not passionately desire to accomplish, but coupled with the certainty of heavier blows than they cared to receive. Out of the whole force under his orders but between 2,000 and 3,000 followed the General across the Po. With this remnant, faithful to their ideas and to their leader, Pepe made his way to Venice, where the Provisional Government made him at once Commander-in-chief. In that capacity he conducted the defence of the city; a defence which the advantages of the position, and the steady endurance for fifteen months of the inhabitants, enabled him to protract until August, 1849; and to the gallantry of which he can quote with just pride the testimony of his enemies. Reduced to relinquish his hopes of serving the Italian cause in the field at the head of a large army, it is some credit to him that he neither despaired of success, nor shrank from discharging to the utmost the duties which fell to his lot. To have contributed so conspicuously to the most stainless page of the Italian revolution, is some, though not an adequate consolation for having had

the apparent means of its success taken out of his hands at the very moment when most needed.

The order of recall reached Pepe on May 22d, and checked his advance; Peschiera fell on May 30th, Vicenza on June 11th. Had the Neapolitan army not been withdrawn, it would at this most critical point of the contest have been united with the corps of Durando, forming together a force of 30,000 or 40,000 men, under the orders of the Neapolitan general; a force which might probably have made Radetsky's dash upon Vicenza too imprudent to be risked, or might have altered its result if made; and which must, in any case, have most momentously influenced the state of things in the Venetian provinces. If the King of Naples wished to earn the gratitude of Austria, he chose his time well; perhaps it was the exact moment at which even the sword of Naples would have turned the scale.

The capture of Peschiera was loudly bruited as a triumph; yet all keen observers, and above all the immovable old Marshal, saw that in fact the tide had not only turned, but had already ebbed far. He had stood firm against its full flow; he was now prepared to take the utmost advantage of its receding: and it is, as we shall hereafter see, neither simply to the attitude taken by him, nor to his strategical successes, but also to his counsel, to his representations of the chances of success and his earnest remonstrances against yielding, that Austria has to attribute the preservation of the whole of these provinces, the greater part, if not the whole, of which she was on the point of relinquishing. How did the Italians at this moment appreciate their own position, and that of their enemy? Let us hear General Pepe's description —a description which all contemporary recollections will confirm:—

"Throughout all Italy were vaunted the taking of "Peschiera, and of the positions of Rivoli, and the "advantages obtained by the Italians in several en- "counters; but all mention was omitted of the fact, "that Radetsky had received most powerful aid, that "he was again master of the Venetian provinces, and "possessing unmolested communication with Austria, "could obtain whatever succour he might need."

Is not there the "mot d'énigme"—an adequate explanation of any amount of disappointment and failure? Men who will not look fairly in the face and study to appreciate the facts of their position, are self-condemned to the defeat which they merit.

In the meantime the events which had drawn the attention of all Europe, had drawn above all the attention of the statesmen whose wish and duty it was to preserve the peace of the world, which day by day was endangered by the contest on the Mincio. France, under the direction of her lyrical ruler, had mustered her armies on the frontier; to do what, is not so clear—but something at all events. M. de Lamartine's intention was to pass the Alps in arms *in any case;* a proceeding which would have had results of one kind or another. The result which, on his own statement, was mainly contemplated by Lamartine we shall notice shortly.

England sympathised, and could not but sympathise, with the efforts of the Italians. It would have been useless, as it would have been false, for any statesman, speaking in her name, to have wasted words in disclaiming, for himself or his country, the existence of this feeling; yet she had, through her minister, communicated formally to the King of Sardinia her disapprobation of his attack on Austria; and she might, without inconsistency, be regarded as a well-wisher to both parties. Unless the matter was

to be fought out to the last, her mediation, with the assent of France, seemed at once the most natural and only possible means of terminating the quarrel. That mediation was accordingly invited by Austria. The Parliamentary Papers have since then enabled us to appreciate with sufficient clearness the details of a negotiation, if it may be so called, which was conjecturally known in its leading features at the time. While Radetsky was confidently collecting himself on the banks of the Mincio, M. Hummelauer was in London, exchanging with Lord Palmerston notes which are even now of great interest, and which might have been of great importance, had not the possibilities which they contemplated remained only possibilities.

Austria declared her readiness to make peace on the terms of giving up the whole of Lombardy—first, to a separate administration under an archduke taken from the House of Hapsburg; next, to Lombardy herself, as an independent power, free to choose her own government, or unite herself to any other, even to Charles Albert; though the hope that she might prove a thorn in his side was undoubtedly and excusably present to the mind of the Austrian diplomatist. Austria, however, was resolute to retain for herself the line of the Adige, and the Venetian provinces, under a separate government, which it was promised should be one of the most liberal form. These concessions, which would have been great indeed for Austria at any period before March, 1848, or after July, 1848, seemed in that interval little. The almost total loss by Austria of her Italian provinces, as it were at one blow and in one day; the apparent hopelessness of her recovering them by the sword; the doubt whether countries, in which such a spirit against Austrian rule had been manifested,

could ever again become secure or useful portions of the empire; and, above all, the certainty that the Italians having, as they thought and as it seemed, all in their hands, would not accept half,—all these considerations told strongly against the possibility of a peace founded on any compromise of a territorial kind, and against its permanence if concluded. Accordingly, the evacuation of Italy, combined with pecuniary arrangements for transferring a proportion of the public debt of Austria to the separated provinces, were the only terms which, in the view of the British cabinet, could be proposed with that chance of success essential to justify interference. Those who most regret can yet hardly wonder that these terms were not accepted. Deeply struck though she was, Austria could not at once consent to give up everything, even when it seemed possible enough that all might be torn from her without compensation. On the other hand, her assailants seemed likely to be contented with nothing but the complete success which they hoped to achieve. The idea of mediation on the basis proposed by Austria was therefore declined.

On this subject there is, at p. 481 of No. II. of the Papers presented to Parliament, an interesting note from M. Hummelauer, written at a critical moment. On the 23d of May, M. Hummelauer had presented to Lord Palmerston the first form of the Austrian proposal; according to which Lombardy was still to form part of the empire with a separate administration under an archduke or viceroy. This was probably put forward rather as a matter of form than of substance: a preface to the real project. On the 24th, acknowledging the entire justice of the observations which had been made on this project,—in other words, admitting entirely the objections raised to it,

—he submits the plan based on the separation and complete independence of Lombardy. On the 26th he writes the note in question; evidently not in the cool considered tone with which diplomacy conceals thoughts, but with that more untaught and, in Talleyrand's view, erroneous use of language which reveals them. It appears to be penned immediately after the perusal of a letter from Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston, which had been communicated to him; in which the hopelessness of prevailing on the Italians to make peace on any other terms than those of the total evacuation of Italy by the Austrians is forcibly stated. It is clear that the latest news from Vienna had almost simultaneously reached Baron Hummelauer, and that it was of a reassuring character; more especially, if we may conjecture, with reference to the temper of the Austrian armies. With considerable passion and some force of argument, M. Hummelauer rejects the concessions pressed upon him. To give up Venice, he says, would be to give up the Italian Tyrol; which also is claimed as part of Italy by the Lombards. Can the Imperial Government ever contemplate *that?* If the idea of the arrangement suggested by Mr. Abercromby could have been listened to two days since, he says, it is no longer admissible now. "Cette idée etait naturelle aux Italiens, qui "aiment à nous croire morts—nous ne le sommes "pas encore!" Words which were to be verified.

The greatest of the great evils involved in the prolongation of the war,—the peril of a French intervention,—was dreaded almost equally by Sardinia and Austria; perhaps even more by the former. When the minister of Charles Albert, on being questioned in the Chambers as to the intentions of France, replied, in intentionally marked expressions, that "France will not interfere unless invited by us; and

"*as we shall not invite her she will not interfere,*" his words were received with an enthusiastic approbation, which recognised in them not only an assurance gratifying to national pride, but an exemption from great danger. The mind of every hearer could supply the ill-suppressed thought, "Non tali auxilio." It was then thought impossible that circumstances could arise to justify the invocation of an aid so perilous, if not so fatal: an aid, nevertheless, to be invoked at last—and to be invoked in vain.

With reference to the fear which made the Sardinian Government shrink from that aid, we will call two witnesses, besides that permanent witness who might render all others superfluous—Rome. Our witnesses are, M. Hummelauer and M. de Lamartine. The declaration of the former is curious.* We do not, he says in effect, greatly fear for the threat of French intervention. We can but lose Italy, after all. Should France interfere, we will not resist. She shall not have the opportunity she covets of winning a battle. We will permit her to occupy Lombardy; we will retreat behind the Adige, and occupy that line: should she advance on us there, we will not oppose her: we will retire from Italy; we will leave the Italians to themselves, and to the experience, once more, of French occupation. Such an apparently candid exposition of intentions previous to events as this, is, we may suspect, rare in diplomacy; and we need not inquire how far this pacific policy, blending the outward harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom and, perhaps, the venom of the serpent, would have found a compliant instrument in the Austrian Commander-in-chief. But if we regard it merely as the form chosen by M. Hummelauer to point the moral of French interference, and the results which

* Parl. Papers, II. p. 473.

might be expected from it, it is sufficiently significant.

If M. Hummelauer at least illustrates thus the reluctance of the Sardinian Government to call in the French, M. de Lamartine does more: he proves that it was well founded. In that first night at the Hotel des Affaires Etrangères, when alone in the palace yet tenanted, to his imagination, by the shade of his predecessor, he meditated at once the transitory vanity of all human things, and the means of securing his own government for to-morrow;—in that night when the strangest, and not altogether unelevating thoughts, suggested by the strangest position ever occupied by mortal, must have passed through the brain of the man of genius,—a more than Alnaschar, with his dreams more than realised,—even then the Gallic instinct of aggression was awake, and among, let us hope, the dreams of a loftier ambition for France and for mankind, suggested the selfish speculation of "developments" in Savoy. The general anticipation expressed under the general phrase "development," took a more definite shape when the particular case arose.

He states that on the willingness of Austria to make peace on the terms above stated being pressed upon him on two distinct occasions, he was, and he so expressed himself, entirely disposed to approve of them. He does not tell us that he took any farther step to forward the arrangement; but he does tell us the ground of his approval. "Deux fois ces ouvertures lui furent faites semi-officiellement, et deux fois il tint le même langage. Il n'eût été ni homme d'état *ni patriote* s'il les eût repoussées. Car la conclusion d'un arrangement pareil permettait à la République de *rectifier une de ses frontières* ébréchées après les Cent-jours par le second traité de 1815, et il y pensait de loin."

Even on M. de Lamartine's own showing we can hardly believe that his readiness to accede to an arrangement which he held to be so beneficial to Italy, was largely influenced by his hope to avail himself of the opportunity for "rectifying" the frontier of France by perpetuating a robbery on Piedmont. But he speaks a language and expresses a thought but too familiar and acceptable to his countrymen, when he defines the duty of a patriot as consisting in such rectification of the frontier at the expense of an ally.

Austrian affairs had improved in the interval between the attempt to negotiate in London and the middle of June. Nevertheless terms, similar to those on which the intervention of England had been invited, were afterwards offered by Austria as the basis of negotiation,—not to Charles Albert, with whom, as with a false friend, she had a natural reluctance to communicate, but—to the Provisional Government of Milan. By them they were at once declined. Unfortunately, perhaps, but almost necessarily: after the vote of union with Piedmont, Milan could not make a separate peace. How too could they have abandoned the Venetians? This offer to the Milanese, rejected on the 18th of June, was the last. The sibyl's books of fair promise were all burned; the tide had *not* been taken at the flood, and fortune was already out of reach.

From the published correspondence we may infer with tolerable certainty the tenor of the communications which passed, on this particular question of peace, between the Austrian Government and their General in Italy. More especially there are two interesting letters from Lord Ponsonby, which enable us both to appreciate the effect produced by Radetsky's tone, and to note the most critical point in the struggle. The extracts are short, and so interesting

that we think we may be justified in quoting them almost entire. It will be seen, from a comparison of the two, how the fate of Italy was wavering in the balance.

"Innspruck, June 18, 1848.

"I have heard from good authority that Marshal "Radetsky, after providing for the necessary garri- "sons, has a force of 30,000 men, and that the "Piedmontese amounts to 50,000.

"These armies each of them occupy an extremely "strong position, and are supposed at present to be "unattackable with any fair prospect of success for "the assailants. Radetsky has demanded a supply "of 25,000 men, and promises, with that increase, to "compel the enemy to make peace. It appears that "the Austrian Government will not send the rein- "forcements.

"The pecuniary difficulty, were there no other, "would prevent it, for at Vienna they pay 20,000 "workmen every day for doing no work, but for the "purpose of keeping that part of the population quiet. "I informed your Lordship some time ago that Baron "Wessenberg told me he had sent full powers to "Marshal Radetsky to make an armistice. The Baron "ought to have said that he had *sent orders* to the "Marshal to propose an armistice. The Marshal has "remonstrated against that mode of proceeding, say- "ing that his own position is inexpugnable, and that "time must operate greatly and quickly in favour of "peace, by the heavy expense which falls upon the "Italians, and which is already the cause of much "discontent and murmuring."

This letter bears the very same date with that in which is conveyed the refusal of the Milanese. It appears then that Radetsky had discouraged to the

utmost the idea of an armistice for which *orders* had been sent to him; that he had earnestly demanded reinforcements; that it was even now doubtful whether he would get them. The scale is trembling. The second extract is dated the very next day.

"My Lord,—Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, who "received a sharp wound at the late engagement, has "been sent here to give an account of the military "affairs in Italy. His report shows things in a more "favourable light for the Austrians than was expected; "and the ministers here will combine, when they "reach Vienna, in three or four days, the measures "necessary or fit to be taken under existing circum- "stances. As it is, 10,000 *men are already on their "route* to join Radetsky; and I am informed that "15,000 more can be sent. With the 55,000 men "which Radetsky would have upon the junction with "him of these 15,000, he is confident in his being "able to obtain very great advantages over Charles "Albert. I think the Austrians will try their for- "tune. If their expectations are realised, their con- "dition will, they think, be extremely improved, and "peace may be made upon better terms than can now "be had; if they fail, they think they shall not even "then be much worse as to peace than they would "be were it now concluded."

The scale *has* turned then. The arrival of Radetsky's officer, hot from the field, has resolved the question—the "ratio ultima" shall decide.

On July 1 there appeared in the Vienna Gazette an important document—an official article, insisting on the attempts the Austrian cabinet had made to obtain peace, more especially their recent proposal to the Provisional Government at Milan, and the manner in which it had been met; and finally declaring the

determination of the Government to "conquer an honourable peace by arms," and appealing to the country and the deputies, whose meeting was expected, for support in that determination. "It is my duty to "add," writes the Secretary of Legation transmitting this document, "that I believe this appeal will be "heartily responded to by the entire country. The "greatest sympathy exists in the public mind for the "army in Italy, and a peculiar sensitiveness for the "honour of their arms." It was responded to, at least in a military point of view, for Radetsky received in full the reinforcements he called for.

So much, however, was at stake for the Austrian Government; so possible did it still seem that they might lose all, that we cannot be surprised to find attempts at negotiation, if letters and diplomatic courtesies can be called attempts, still occasionally coming to the surface. Evidently up to the final move of Radetsky there was hardly an hour at which they would not have consented to terms based on the independence of Lombardy and the retention of the Venetian provinces. But up to that very date, the difficulties noted applied, not with less, but perhaps even with more, force against any such arrangement. If there were any, and doubtless there were many, both in Milan and in Turin, who saw the wisdom of a compromise, they shrank from the unpopularity, or perhaps rather the peril, of publicly proposing it. They thus risked and incurred the ruin of the whole cause, because they shrank from the risk of the accusation of treason. It cannot, however, be said that the risk was unreal; for the Italians, if they had learnt to hate their enemy more, had not yet learnt to appreciate him better. The King, indeed, had learnt this wisdom; and we find that on July 7, he actually addressed a confidential letter to Mr.

Abercromby, stating that he personally was willing to accept offers based on the retention by Austria of the line of the Adige. Even this, however, was the personal declaration of the King and not of his Government; and it is clear that he did not venture to make such a proposal publicly, or directly to the Austrians, though he might have been prepared to accept of it if offered by a mediating ally.

Finally the storm came. For some time the Piedmontese army had remained in front of Radetsky, as if unable to advance and unwilling to retire, amid unheeded warnings from its friends. It had continued cautiously inert when rashness had been more prudent than inactivity. "It seems scarcely credible," says General Pepe, "that Charles, instead of perceiving the error of his system of inactivity, in presence "of the enemy's strong fortresses, decided on besieging "Mantua; that is to say, on extending his right line, "and renouncing all idea of attacking the Austrians, "of passing the Adige, and seizing the advantages "offered by Venice and the Sardo-Venetian squadron."*

According to the same authority Charles Albert, in the end of July, had still 80,000 men, including the sick; but that, as the readers of military history know, may amount to a large deduction. Radetsky had by this time gathered his strength, variously stated at from 60,000 to 70,000 men. The enemy were pressing the blockade of Mantua, and were spread in a long line from that place to the heights

* General Pepe seems here to countenance the charge repeatedly made against Charles Albert for not using his fleet to attack Trieste. The reason for not doing so is obvious. An attack on Trieste would have added to the forces of Austria the forces of the German Confederation. (See Parl. Papers, No. II. pp. 621-8.)

of Rivoli. Suddenly, on the 22d, "in the midst of a "dreadful thunderstorm and a deluge of rain, in the "darkest night," Radetsky broke up from Verona. The weather aided the surprise. He assaulted and stormed with his main force at Somma Campagna the strong central position of the enemy's lines, which he thus pierced and separated; he assailed them simultaneously on other points and with similar success. One fierce action followed another. Surprised and overmatched, the Piedmontese yet made desperate efforts to regain the footing which they had lost; but at Custoza on the 26th, at Valta on the 26th and 27th, he smote them with blow upon blow. An unsuccessful attempt was made to check him by the proposal of an armistice. The King abandoned the line of the Mincio, and retired on Cremona. Radetsky gave him no pause; he followed the beaten, disorganised, and starving Piedmontese close at the heels from the Mincio to the Oglio, from the Oglio to the Adda. In eight days after his move from Verona he was on the Adda; in less than a fortnight he was knocking at the gates of Milan. Charles Albert, so far as we can judge, in no way merited the accusation made against him at the time, and repeated, we regret to say, by M. Mazzini now, of failing the Milanese. He risked an unsuccessful action under the walls, and was ready to venture more for the defence of the city had there been a prospect of success. Perhaps something was possible even then (at the cost, however, of risking the destruction of the city), could such resistance as the relics of his army might offer have been supported by a revival of the desperation of March. Recrimination, however, was easier than combination under reverses which would have shaken a closer union. With the passion of panic as well as of anger, the Milanese were ready to attribute to any

cause, rather than the real one, the stunning catastrophe of a distant and victorious war, brought suddenly to their doors in the shape of disastrous defeat, with Radetsky on its heels. On the other side, the Piedmontese, regarding their allies with a juster resentment, were full of angry demands for the supplies which should have been furnished on the Mincio, of scorn for the civic professions which had not been backed by adequate performance in the field, of contemptuous disbelief in the passionate clamour for resistance and barricades,—and were laudably less eager for the time to free Lombardy than to save Piedmont, by placing the Ticino between their broken forces and the victorious Austrians. Unprepared for steady defence, the populace of Milan were yet furious against the idea of being delivered to the Austrians; and it was not without personal risk, amid cries of rage, accusations of treason, and even shots, that Charles Albert departed from his Lombard capital, never to return. The capitulation concluded by him before withdrawal saved the city from attack; and Radetsky entered, unopposed, on the 15th day after his move from Verona. But for the armistice, the month of September would probably have seen him in Turin. If military achievements can justify vanity, the old man might be excused some touch of that weakness. He had accomplished what statesmen had called it insane to contemplate as possible; his single head and heart had given back to Austria the dominion of Lombardy. Whether the gift be for good or for evil, time will show. In any case Radetsky did his duty, as an Austrian, devotedly and well. His alleged severity has been the theme of much obloquy, current in many quarters, on, we believe, sufficiently vague grounds. An Italian cannot love, cannot per-

haps but hate, the instrument of so great a ruin; but we are not aware of any authentic statements which entitle us to associate the name of Radetsky with the imputation of atrocity, or to degrade it by coupling it with that of Haynau.

The Republican chief had left Milan before the capitulation, and joined the legion of Garibaldi, which never accepted the armistice. The words in which he records the raising of the one banner in which he trusts are impressive and touching, though founded on error. "At Monza, in view of this immense spec-
"tacle of a monarchy in flight, and of a people aban-
"doned, in the midst of the brave men of the legion
"of Garibaldi, who followed Giacomo Medici, a
"banner—the modest banner of a company—was
"raised for a few hours, inscribed with these words
"—'God and the people;' and, chosen by the affec-
"tions of these young men, it was I who bore it. It
"was the banner of a new life, rising from the ruins
"of the past; and six months later it shone with a
"new lustre on the summit of the Capitol, the sym-
"bol of our Italian future." We do not hope to convert M. Mazzini—yet we cannot but ask, why he is so resolute to see the hope and future of Italy exclusively in a banner which, thus raised, symbolised secession? and still symbolises, for the present at least, strife rather than union?

Here we are compelled to pause. The first act of a great drama closed with the capitulation of Milan: but the passions and forces which have been at work are not yet exhausted. As Bertram, struggling against the spears which pinned him down, "Once gained his feet and twice his knee," so Italy, struck down on the Mincio, half rises again in a more hopeless and unequal conflict with its ancient enemy at Novara, and with a new invader at Rome.

ITALIAN WAR. 1848–9.[1]

THE DEFEAT.[2]

WE have given a sketch of the early fortunes of the Italian struggle, up to the defeat of Charles Albert, and his withdrawal from Lombardy. We left the broken Piedmontese retiring on the Ticino, as Radetsky marched once more into the silent streets of Milan. We resume the thread of the events which followed the capitulation. A formal armistice was concluded; by its terms the troops of the King of Sardinia were to be generally recalled within his own boundaries; vacating, among other places, Parma, Modena, and Venice. The foot of Austria was on Italy once more. The Austrian forces, indeed, which had entered the Legations and attacked Bologna, were withdrawn for the time; and Tuscany preserved from invasion, or at least reprieved, by the mediation of the British minister. But at Modena the Austrians instantly restored the expelled ruler; at Parma they undertook the temporary government in the name of the Duke, through the appropriate substitution of a military detachment; once again ratifying the connexion between foreign domination and petty indigenous tyrannies.

[1] 1. "Italy in 1848." By L. Mariotti. London: 1851. 2. "Military Events in Italy, 1848-49." Translated from the German. By the Earl of Ellesmere. London: 1851. 3. "Scenes from the Life of a Soldier on Active Service." London: 1850.

[2] Reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review," April, 1849.

On the very day upon which Radetsky entered Milan, Venice passed under the authority of the Commissioners representing the monarchy of Charles Albert. Four days later the news of the armistice arrived. Utter anarchy now threatened Venice: but in Venice there was a man. To the crowd, without a government, and filling the Place of St. Mark with passionate and menacing clamours, Manin came forward: he told them that the rule of the Commissioners had ceased; that an Assembly should be summoned within forty-eight hours. "In the interval," he added, "I govern." His self-constituted dictatorship was ratified by universal consent; and his ability and courageous energy enabled the city of the Lagoons to add a memorable page to her history. Garibaldi, at the head of a vagrant column of Lombards, Poles, and adventurers of all lands, haunted the shores of Lago Maggiore, and maintained a partisan warfare in the mountains. The flame of insurrection, trampled out in the plain, still burnt on the edges: Italy continued too disturbed to be considered at peace; although as a great national struggle, conducted by regular armies, the war of independence for the present might be said to be over. Mediation was offered for the purpose of effecting a final arrangement which might be beneficial both to Italy and Austria, on something like the basis formerly proposed by the latter Power. But as between herself and Piedmont, Austria was completely victorious. It soon became evident that she appreciated her advantages, and did not mean to resign them except to force of arms. It was not to negotiations that she would now yield any portion of her Lombard provinces. If France or England wished to liberate them, or transfer them to Piedmont, they must first drive out the holders—by war.

Whatever disposition might exist to look with

favour on the cause of the Italians, or to regret their failure, neither justice nor policy permitted this alternative. So far as law between nation and nation applied to the case, there was no disputing the right of Austria to take precisely the course which she had taken, and to stand firmly on the ground which she had reconquered. If the views of Austria were now clear, scarcely less clear was the line of conduct on which the Sardinian Government would be sooner or later forced; not so much by well-considered views, as by *impulses* external and internal, by the "pressure from without" both in and out of Piedmont. Months before the denunciation of the armistice, the English minister acquainted his government with his deliberate opinion that the ultimate intention of Piedmont was to withdraw herself from the mediation, and resume the war. During the interval, the advice of England was earnestly and repeatedly pressed upon the Sardinian Government not to take the imprudent step of recommencing hostilities: advice of which neither the sincerity nor the friendly motive could be doubted, but such as, nevertheless, belonged too evidently to that class of advice which, in opposition to passion or pressing interest, is *never* taken.

Frequent disputes arose on the terms of the armistice. The Sardinians had not recalled their fleet from Venice; the Austrians had not given up all the cannon at Peschiera; and other questions were still open, of that irritating kind so certain to spring up between future belligerents or litigants when the heart's desire of each is not to accommodate but to quarrel. Of these, it would be waste of time to attempt here to discriminate the merits. Had the negotiations for the pacification of Italy, which were to have been opened at Brussels, ever actually come into formal existence by the meeting of the representatives of the

various Powers, the real labour of the assembled diplomatists would not have lain, so far as Austria and Sardinia were concerned, in the conciliation of such questions. It would have been more difficult to find any ground of final agreement, or even of discussion, between two parties,—of which the one was determined to concede nothing, and the other equally determined not to be contented without some concession.

The brave and ill-supported army of Piedmont knew what war with the Austrians was; but so did not the demagogues of the towns. Through all Italy, where Austrian troops did not impose silence, the former cries resounded with increased rather than diminished passion. The defeat of Charles Albert in the field had not told, as it ought, chiefly against the influence of those whose slack support was mainly chargeable with the result. The moderate politicians had lost influence by the failure of the champion of monarchy, and the field was more level than before for the Republicans to enter in. As month after month went by, and the weight of Radetsky pressed heavier and heavier on Milan,—as the determination of the cabinet of Vienna became more and more pronounced, that there should be no further change with their consent, that the kingdom of Northern Italy was to be put aside as a dream which they had scattered, and that the country from the Friuli mountains to the Ticino should still stand in the map as the "REGNO AUSTRIACO LOMBARDO-VENETO,"—the war party naturally gained strength, and with it the political party most urgent to renew the contest. If nothing was to be gained by peace, why renounce without necessity the chances of war? It was treason to talk of peace with the foreigner: there was one condition of peace, and one only,—that no "Tedesco"

should govern south of the Alps. The war was still holy, though the Pope had denounced it, and the king had too readily retired. Let the people combine, and do the work which had been relinquished by a traitorous or *fainéant* sovereign. Let a "Central Italy" be created, the nucleus of a new campaign. Let a Constituent Assembly for all the Italian States secure their independence and perfect their freedom. These and similar exhortations, daily resounding at Bologna, at Leghorn, at Rome, and, not least, at Genoa, produced an agitation hostile to peace without producing that earnest resolve and cordial union needed for the success of war.

During the summer and autumn of 1848, the staggering government of Rome had stumbled down a long series of errors and struggles. Our space does not permit us to retrace at length the conflict not only between old and new, but between incompatible powers; the ever-recurring collision of clerical with lay authority; of infallible despotism with parliamentary kingship; of cardinals with a constitution. At this period, says Farini, "Mamiani governed in "the name of Pius, who either left him to act as he "liked, or resignedly approved, and afterwards mur- "mured. The political clergy conspired against "Mamiani: the revolutionists conspired against the "Pope." And, let us add, each party was an excuse and stimulus to the other. The minister, though deficient neither in ability nor honesty, failed in adequately controlling these extremes. From him, with a short interval, the scarcely possible task passed into a stronger and more ill-fated hand. In Pellegrino Rossi, a man of ability which all acknowledged, of energy which many dreaded and resented, of firm will and unconciliating manners, stood between the feverish excitement of the people and their weak

sovereign. His singular and varied career was wanting, not in integrity, but in obvious consistency and unity. A citizen of more than one land, a politician of more than one colour, he had been mainly instrumental, as ambassador of France, in raising to the throne the present Pope; and had thus, in the person of Pius, inaugurated the movement which he was now resisting as minister of Rome. Rossi was certainly not indifferent to that great cause of the independence of Italy for which he had sent his son to fight. We will not say that he had despaired of Italy; but his eulogists will scarcely maintain that the cause of the war was now in his eyes the foremost of causes. A minister earnest for the independence of Italy above all things, might have found support in an honest enthusiasm: Rossi seems to have had none, except from that well-meaning and contemptible majority,—the "virtuous men of the plain" of all revolutions. Having accepted office under the Pope, he felt it to be his duty, in the first place, to govern Rome, and restore some order in the anarchical city: and, under his leading, the Papal Government was struggling to regain its footing, and to stand firmly against the demands made on it. He anticipated violence from the anarchists: and at the same time believed the opposite party to be conspiring with their adversaries, in the view of pushing on the revolution to self-destructive extremes. His duty and inclination led him to repress both alike. The placemen of the old system, and the "circoli"-spouters of the new, vied in hatred to the reformer and the represser. Some obscurity still attaches to the circumstances of his murder; and unfortunately, we cannot yet record that the conspirators have met with the fate of some of the classical tyrannicides, whose example they or their apologists invoked. Meantime, through the vile

applause of many, and through the scarcely less vile acquiescence of almost all, the concerted crime of a few was assumed to themselves by the people of Rome. By a not undeserved consequence, the merits of the actual questions at issue between the Pope and his people became, as far as foreign observers were concerned, darkened and lost sight of in the horror inspired by the blackest act which had stained the Italian revolution. It was not asked whether every day did not practically demonstrate more and more to Romans and to Italians the permanent evils at home, and the paralysing effects in the present crisis for the whole peninsula, of the contradiction enthroned in the Holy City. It was only recollected that the ministry now forced on the Pope had been inaugurated in the murder of Rossi, and extorted by an array on the Quirinal of cannon and troops against a few defenceless priests.

The Pope at this crisis neither abdicated nor refused compliance with the demands made upon him. He named the ministry according to the demands of the people; he then called together the diplomatic body, and protested to them beforehand against all the acts which might be done by the aforesaid ministry; and within the week he fled from Rome. But not without leaving a short note, characteristic of the man; in which he earnestly recommended both the persons in charge of the pontifical palaces, and the quiet and peace of the city generally, to the protection of the ministry—of that ministry against whose every act, and against whose existence even, he intended in a few days to protest publicly, as he had already protested in private. It is impossible not to note that this kindly tempered man, so solicitous for the safety of individuals and for the public tranquillity, is identical with the master whose own selfish act endangered,

by suspicion of complicity, the lives of the servants who might be supposed to have assisted him, and with the ruler whose flight from his duties left the city exposed to anticipated disorders. Once in safety at Gaeta, he denounced the existing ministry, and named a government commission, to which he cannot have expected that obedience should be paid, and the members of which, in fact, refused to act. What contradiction even at Rome could be well more flagrant, than that a Ruler who had fled, and had declared himself no longer free to govern, should attempt to govern by proxy in his absence?

Every effort was made on the part of Mamiani and others to induce the Pope to return; but he absolutely declined all communication with those whom, as not professing absolute submission, he persisted in regarding as revolted subjects;—winding up his expression of refusal with a prayer for the peace of Rome. To this prayer he gave its just interpretation by applying, without delay, to the Catholic Powers for their forcible intervention. Among others, a letter was addressed to his "très cher fils," the Emperor of Austria, requesting assistance against his rebellious subjects,—a letter undoubtedly written while his rebellious subjects were still with obviously sincere anxiety attempting to come to some understanding with him. With such a temper on his side, events took their only possible course, and under less disorder than could have been expected. On behalf of the Roman Government and people, Mamiani addressed to the foreign diplomatists a well-reasoned circular,[1] which will well repay perusal. Speaking of the Pope in very respectful language, he traces the disorders which had taken place to the very difficult problem of combining the temporal and spiritual

[1] Parliamentary Papers, III. 652.

power. Of these, however, he proposes to maintain the union in the same august person; nevertheless, concluding virtually that the solution of the problem by the total administrative separation of the two jurisdictions is the sole permanent cure for the disorders of the Papal States.

The Pope on his side having "exhausted all the means in his power"—that is, excommunication and the like weapons—again, by formal application,[1] under date of February 18th, invoked the aid of the four Catholic Powers against an ungrateful people whom he had loaded with benefits, and whom his secretary, Cardinal Antonelli, now loaded with those abusive terms, "blackest villany, most abominable impiety," &c. &c., which in politics or polemics flow with so fatal a facility from the priestly pen. The Romans on their side inaugurated a Republic once more in the Capitol—a Republic and a Triumvirate; for these, too, among other marvels, the year 1849 was to bring to pass. When they came to the decision which declared the temporal power of the Pope to have terminated, Mamiani, consistently with his former views, voted against it; and he retired from the assembly on its being carried. This fidelity, with other offences against the popedom, he is now expiating as an exile in Piedmont.

Under these trying circumstances, internal order continued to be tolerably maintained at Rome. But the confusion of men's minds was extreme throughout Italy; and, as natural in such a state of things, the more determined, though few, carried with them the half-consenting multitude. The plan of an Italian Constituent Assembly, for which late events seemed to have designated Rome as the proper place of meeting, gained strength, and became more and more the

[1] Parliamentary Papers, IV. 180.

watchword of the violent party. The Pope had left Rome open to Mazzini: and the exiled head of a proscribed party actually saw before him in near perspective the presidential chair of that Roman, and through the medium of the "Constituente," perhaps that Italian, republic of which he had so long dreamed.

The Gioberti ministry in Sardinia had given its adhesion to the idea of the Constituent; so had the Grand Duke's government in Tuscany. It would appear to have been less in fear of temporal evils than of those spiritual consequences, which the censures of the Church fulminated against all abettors of the party in power at Rome, that this amiable prince afterwards withdrew himself from the league, and from his States. The desertion was more excusable than that of the Pope, but still highly blameable; for it exposed his people to an anarchy which their own humanity of disposition, rather than any wisdom of their ruler or rulers, saved from being stained by blood. Upon this, the Provisional Government of Tuscany fraternised with that of Rome; bringing, it is true, no great increase of strength by their accession. Meantime, the ministry of Gioberti represented in Piedmont a very decided, though not extreme, liberalism. It had made the King address to a Chamber, which echoed its language, a speech described by the Austrian envoy to "breathe of war in every word;"—assuming in direct terms the "Kingdom of North Italy" as an existing fact, and expressive of a confident readiness to maintain in the field the cause of Italian independence, should friendly mediation finally fail of attaining it. Gioberti, however, had ever clung to the idea that the regeneration of Italy might and must come from Rome. He had striven hard to conciliate the Pope to the views of

the liberal party, and to keep up among the Liberals the idea that the Pope was the most Italian of Italians. In his joint character of Liberal and Churchman, he wished to see the Pope restored, but not restored by foreign Powers. This was soon made impossible. While the growing strength of the Republicans, the disorders of Central Italy, the sight, especially grievous to a clerical statesman, of the scandal brought upon the papacy by the existing state of things in Rome, more and more alarmed him; it came to pass in a few weeks, that the rapidly nearing dilemmas at the end of the course which he had done so much to open, inspired him with a fear of enemies more to be dreaded even than the Austrians. By degrees, his mind grew familiarised with the idea of an Italian intervention, the final object of which, beginning in Tuscany, was to restore the Pope and keep down the Republicans. He did not venture to declare in words —perhaps, through that force of self-deception which ingenious men sometimes exhibit, did not even perceive,—that this scheme, whether or not in itself desirable or feasible, was at least incompatible with the cause to which he was pledged before all others—the independence of Italy. It obviously could not be carried out without the acquiescence, it almost necessarily involved the alliance, of Austria, or at least a peace of which he had not now to learn the conditions.

To give up all question of Lombardy, and to constitutionalise and reorganise Central Italy, in a liberal but monarchical sense, at the point of the sword, if needed,—this might have been a task worthy of some great Sardinian minister, but certainly not a task for one who had claimed the kingdom of North Italy in a speech not three weeks old. In short, Gioberti "Austrianised." The idea was broached

only to meet with the utter failure, which in our judgment it merited, and to cause the immediate fall of the minister whose mental inconsistency it betrayed. The Austrians or French had as much right to restore the Pope as the Sardinians. As Roman Catholics their interest was identical. As Italians, the governments of Rome and Florence, republican or under any other form, were not the enemies, but the allies, of Gioberti against Austria; and not the less his allies for being republican, so long as they did not assail him in Genoa.

In this case, as in others, the attempt and not the deed increased the confusion it was meant to allay. It gave strength to the war party, and aggravated the danger of the position of the King in resisting its demands. According to the representations made by his ministry to Mr. Abercromby, that danger was no small element among the considerations which ultimately led to the unhappy decision to recommence hostilities. The agitation of the clubs rose daily higher: the emigrant Lombards were active: the Chamber voted an address, which was in every word an exhortation to hostilities. The continued pressure on the people of a war expenditure, without any of the advantages of war, the dangers arising from the prolonged agitation of men's minds, the evident hopelessness of reconciling by any mediation claims so directly opposed as those of Sardinia and Austria, and, finally, the chance of accelerating the effects of mediation by arms—these considerations were all assigned as grounds of action, and doubtless were all real. But, as usual, prudence was on this occasion furnishing arguments for the conclusions of feeling, or at least of passion. In a letter, written March 8th, four days before the denunciation of the armistice, Mr. Abercromby thus notices the failure of his

efforts:—"The *deplorable infatuation* which prevails "upon the questions of the realization of the kingdom "of Upper Italy, of fighting the Austrians and "driving them from Italy, has completely warped "judgment and good sense." Infatuation it was in one sense, yet not so inexcusable or unaccountable, we think, as it has been represented. Generally it has been censured without reserve.

A strong sympathy for the Italians had induced many to palliate in Charles Albert his former attack, although their moral judgment disapproved of it. But this sentiment had been shaken by the events which had since occurred: so much so, that in great part it was transferred to the Austrians, who had indeed done more to earn it, both by manhood in the field, and, as far as Piedmont was concerned, by moderation after victory. It might have been reasonable (it was argued) to commence, but was now inexcusable to renew, a war, undertaken to bestow on the Italians an independence, which they had shown themselves unable to maintain, and institutions of which they had proved themselves unworthy. Such, somewhat harshly stated, was the commonest English view; with which we cannot altogether agree. Those who blame the renewal of the war as absolutely inexcusable, forget or do not allow for the sensation which day by day must have been aroused in Turin, as well as Genoa, by the tidings of the stern military rule day by day tightened on Milan—the heavy contributions, the seizure of arms (under penalty of death for concealment), all the rigour of martial law. "The yoke which we strove so hard to break last "year is heavier than ever on the necks of our "brethren in Lombardy. We went to war, either to "free them, or without excuse, and there is now no "hope whatever of obtaining anything for them

"except by force; nor are we at peace with Austria "now, but have 80,000 men ready to assail her." It is not in human nature that such thoughts as these can have failed to influence, more or less, even sober and steady-minded men in Piedmont during the first months of the year 1849: neither would they be, nor ought they to have been, altogether silenced by the reflection that the Lombards had much for which to blame themselves.

The Government of Sardinia, and above all the King personally, stood in a position which, though created by his own acts, was not the less one of inextricable embarrassment. The choice of 1848 had become all but the necessity of 1849. Whatever judgment might be formed of the attack on Austria in the preceding year, it was not easy for them to stultify themselves or their country by admitting it to be unjustifiable, or to renounce its objects, except on proof that they were unattainable. How could the sword of Italy, the King of North Italy—the champion of Italian independence—with an army of 80,000 brave men ready to move at his command, deliberately and uncompelled renounce, without having gained a single advantage for it, a cause to which he was so deeply pledged? From every Lombard city held down by an Austrian garrison a call, like that of Constance, came to him—

> "Hast thou not spoke like thunder on our side?
> Been sworn our soldier? bidding us depend
> Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?"

If it had been ever right to assist Italians to drive out the Austrians, was it less right to assist them now, when their own vote had given them the additional claim of subjects on his protection?

The true explanation of the attitude and conduct

of the Sardinian Government is briefly this:—They stood with arms in their hands ready to maintain pretensions both for themselves and for others, which they had never abandoned, and repeatedly declared that they could not abandon; and they took the final step in obedience, not so much to reasoning or probabilities, or to cool logic of any kind, as to that instinctive impulse which drives men to the most dangerous plunge, when retreat is scarcely possible and suspense has become intolerable. The world has been since made well aware, that the course taken was in every way an error: an error most of all in this, that the army did not share the infatuation of the Deputies. It was not zealous for war; it had learnt to respect the Austrians, and not to love the Lombards. Since we now know, that it would have put down any violent attempt to overthrow the Government at home, or force upon it a change of measures, we also know that the King should have waited and watched events, even if unable to renounce his views. That there were chances of success must be obvious to all who reflect what diversion a few weeks would have created for him by aid of the Austrian defeats in Hungary. The additional fault lay in the imprudence of the attack—a fault which, though great, success would have obliterated; but which, combined with failure, drew from the moral and great European world one chorus of conscientious disapproval and exultation in the defeat of an unprincipled attempt.

We have to thank Lord Ellesmere for a valuable and interesting contribution to our military histories, in his translation of the work named at the head of this essay: but the most lively and picturesque, though popular, sketch of the campaign of Novara is to be found in the pages of "The Soldier on Active

"Service." The title of this volume, by the way, is a misnomer—it should be "Our own Correspondent on Active Service;" for the gentleman by whom the greater portion of it is written, a literary man of some eminence, was, in fact, attached to the head-quarters of Radetsky as reporter or contemporary historian for the "Allgemeine Zeitung," in which recognised capacity he shared the table and campaigning of the Marshal, on the familiar footing of one of the staff; and even received from him, on one occasion, in acknowledgment of the justice which he had done to the brave men under his command, the continental embrace. "There was one article which almost "moved the old man to tears—I think it was that "which contains the report from the head-quarter at "St. Angelo. 'Well and bravely written,' said the "old man; 'our friend has done his best;' and with "this he pressed my hand and kissed me. I could "desire no prouder recompense—I can enjoy no more "lasting recollection, than that of the kiss of Father "Radetsky." There is nothing altogether new under the sun. The contributor on the battle-field is but the reappearance in modern garb of the bard who attended of old to mark and make celebrated by song the exploits of the heroes,—ἄειδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.

This campaign was perhaps peculiarly favourable to such a narrator. It was no holiday or sham work, but real war: at the same time the shortness of its duration exempted it in part from the concomitant horrors. We see it all from the bright side; the animation of the march, the good fellowship and *abandon* of the bivouac, the excitement of head-quarters as the messengers—the so-called "Plovers" of Radetsky, ever on the wing, come and go with news and with orders—the suspense, the final struggle and the victory; and most of those who read the

book will close it with a natural sympathy and liking for the brave Austrian army, and the cheerful hospitable staff which surrounds its beloved and venerated commander. That liking will not prevent us from associating a deeper and sadder feeling with the name of the field where the cause of Italy—for such it was after all—was beaten down.

The denunciation of the armistice was to take place eight days before the actual commencement of hostilities. Its formal announcement was met by Radetsky with a proclamation couched in a tone of scornful—almost insulting—defiance and anticipated victory; by his soldiers with acclamations of enthusiasm. "Have you heard?—God be praised!—he has *denounced*," was said by one to another, as they met in the streets of Milan. Different enough, and evident even to the eyes of an Austrian observer, were the feelings of the inhabitants of the unhappy city. No immediate rising, however, was to be apprehended from a disarmed and cowed population, whose leaders were mostly in exile. Trusting the tranquillity of Milan to a garrison of 4,000 men, and to the terror of his return, the Austrian commander marched, with all his strength collected for a blow which he doubtless hoped and intended to make as decisive as it proved.

Nearly at the same hour of the same day the hostile armies crossed at widely separate points the Ticino. The volume to which we have referred contains, in addition to the narrative of Radetsky's chronicler, a short sketch of the campaign taken from the other side, by an officer attached to the person of Charles Albert, which puts vividly before us the crossing of the doomed Piedmontese army. Doomed indeed in their own presentiments, in their doubts of their cause and their leaders, in their

sense of their enemy's proved superiority; yet, as the moment approached, borrowing from the animation of action some of the cheerfulness of hope, passing from gloom to spirited resolve, and preparing to play boldly a venture which, if desperate, should not be ignoble. It is at least a relief to every man to have crossed the Rubicon of his purpose, be it what it may. A fanciful touch adds so much reality to the picture to which we refer, that we must insert it :—

"At this instant all secret apprehensions were for-
"gotten; and for my part I felt hope revive. That
"revival was partly due to one of those circumstances,
"puerile in themselves, but which we cannot help in
"moments of interest taking into account. While
"employed in scrutinising the opposite shore with
"my glass, I had my attention diverted by a flock of
"wild ducks which were swimming towards the
"Lombard shore; at the last stroke of twelve they
"rose at once from the surface and soon disappeared
"in the distance in direct flight for Milan. As the
"tales of Roman augury rose to my recollection, I
"gave way to the superstitious feeling of the moment,
"and hastening towards the river awaited with im-
"patience the signal for its passage."

So much for auguries! Alas!—εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος —"there is one augury the best of all"—and that, though not altogether wanting, was not vividly present to the minds of the brave thousands who (in the spirit of the French marching to Waterloo, in Foy's striking, though French description, "all without fear, and almost all without hope,") followed their king on an expedition which the soldiers regarded without enthusiasm, and many of the officers with disapproval. They fought to win a country for others, rather than to defend the rights of their own.

By a movement of singular boldness, Radetsky, in

crossing with his whole force at Pavia, had thrown himself on the right flank of the Piedmontese army, leaving open to the enemy the road to Milan, and placing himself in a position which in the general opinion of military men defeat might have rendered extremely dangerous. He intended, however, to conquer. The first and great aid towards this intention was given him by the withdrawal from its position, and behind the Po, almost without resistance, of the division commanded by the unhappy Ramorino; an act at the time inexplicable, and which, by a doom of which we are not competent either to arraign or maintain the justice, was afterwards judged and punished as criminal.[1] Thus rid of one division, he was able to attack and defeat at Mortara two others of the line which composed the Piedmontese army. This army, reduced in numbers and dispirited by such severe and sudden losses, now concentrated itself in a strong position around Novara, and waited the enemy there. It had not to wait him long. Radetsky, though with the roads to Alexandria and Turin open

[1] Lord Ellesmere's author treats the movement of Ramorino as having little or no influence on the result of the campaign, and insinuates that its importance has been exaggerated to cover the Piedmontese defeat. "For," he says, "Ramorino's division was worth little, and its resistance could not in any case have made the difference of half a day's delay." This reasoning appears to us obviously weak. Half a day's delay might be as good as half a year's; not to mention, that Chrzanowsky expected his first intelligence from the cannon of Ramorino. As it was, the Piedmontese divisions had scarcely time to occupy Mortara before they were attacked, and their dispositions were imperfect; some of the troops, and a great part of the artillery, were actually not up. The confusion of the whole night affair was great, and the Austrians were not unaided by lucky accidents. An attack the next morning might have had a different result, and a repulse at Mortara would have changed the course of the whole campaign.

before him, could not leave behind him untouched a well organized army of 50,000 men, with more than a hundred pieces of cannon. He marched straight on his enemy. On the 23rd of March, 1849, three days after the Ticino was crossed and the war began, was fought the Italian Waterloo. Courage and skill struggled hard and long with greater skill, and perhaps more determined courage—or, at least, more united. Yet the Piedmontese behaved well; and by no part of the Piedmontese army was their duty more thoroughly and more earnestly done than by some of the officers most opposed alike to the war and the politics of its favourers.

The Piedmontese artillery were true to their high reputation—the princes showed all the courage of their race—the king exposed, almost with rashness, from the beginning of the day, that life which, before the end, he was anxious to lose. But though General D'Aspre's division, which, coming up first, attacked the Piedmontese early in the day, was for a time pinched by their superior numbers, the issue of the action soon ceased to be doubtful, as Radetsky brought up his reserves against the wearied enemy; when the arrival of his fourth corps from Vercelli, cutting off the natural line of retreat, converted failure into utter and irretrievable ruin. Towards sunset the long cannonade paused; the Austrians stormed at the bayonet's point the principal positions of the Piedmontese, and drove them scattered over the country or into the town. Night fell on a field in complete possession of the conquerors; whose watch-fires were lighted up to the very walls of Novara, within which disorganized bands of the beaten soldiery, separated from their standards and officers, savage with defeat and even with hunger, were fighting, plundering, and murdering.

Charles Albert had lost the great stake for which he had played with despairing heroism; and had not been able to lose life with it. He could not make peace with the Austrians, nor they with him: yet he knew that the war was over; laying down the sword, he laid down the sceptre also, and gave to his son the task of making peace. On the very night of Novara an Austrian picquet stationed on the road to the capital stopped, and questioned, and finally let pass, not without suspicions of the truth, a wearied traveller with one attendant; who had been, a few hours earlier, King of Sardinia. Surrounded and followed by respectful regrets, he hurried rapidly through his country to Nice, and left it to die in a foreign land; slain by Novara, as truly as if the Austrian cannon had not, in spite of himself, spared him. His remains have since been laid in the Superga, with a ceremonious magnificence, and a profusion of funeral honours for once really representing the feelings of which they are so often a mock personation—feelings honourable to the people with whom he had shared so great an attempt and so great a failure. It may be doubted whether history will confirm to him in permanence the epithet which has been attached to his name,—"Magnanimous:" but it will certainly not refuse to join with the record of great errors and conspicuous calamities, the recognition of something noble in his nature and something lofty in his ambition; and the Italians of a happier and better Italy than the present, whether united or federate, under whatever names or forms of government, will never cease to regard with an affectionate and charitable reverence the memory, though not stainless, of the first constitutional King of Piedmont, and the champion and martyr of Italian freedom.

The main terms of an armistice, preparatory to

peace, were arranged at once between the young King and the Marshal—terms as favourable as Piedmont could have expected: and Radetsky, with the bulk of his forces, returned to Milan. The cannon of Novara had been heard in that city; but the Milanese would not credit the tidings of the result. Let the popularity of Austrian rule in Milan be measured by the account of their own reporter. Strange as it may seem, he tells us that they believed at first they were receiving the remnant of a defeated army, likely soon to retire from Milan and re-occupy Verona. Accordingly they flocked in numbers to the Vercelli gate, to see the beaten troops defile. The bearing of the troops, of the officers, of the old Marshal himself ("the old man," says his enthusiastic chronicler, "did not look like a loser of battles"), gradually undeceived them; "the faces grew darker "as we proceeded;" and the brilliant procession passed, with *vivats* and various languaged acclaim, through the crowded streets of the melancholy capital, all hushed "in the silence of astonishment and despair."

A projected rising in Lombardy had naturally formed an element in the calculations of the Piedmontese campaign, and had the war been prolonged, or the army of the King been able to support the confederates, a general insurrection would undoubtedly have broken out. The rapid termination of the campaign prevented these expectations from being generally realized: but how efficient an aid might have been derived from this source was shown by one illustrious and melancholy exception, the fierce and bloody revolt of Brescia. That city, the appointed centre and head-quarters of the Lombard rising, kept its perilous engagement. Under resolute and skilful leaders, the people rose, drove out the garrison, and, refusing to credit the news of the armistice

of Novara, resisted for many days, with desperation, the forces employed against it. "The attack," said the Austrian official account, "was terrible — the defence *worthy of a better cause*,"—that is, of a better than the best of causes. Brescia is a Lombard city; yet the advocates of Austria and success unscrupulously reply to all arguments on behalf of Italy, that the cowardice of the Lombards unfits them to be free. It was finally bombarded and bayonetted into submission; and the Lombard-Venetian kingdom enjoyed once more the peace which follows conquest. Venice alone remained beleaguered but unsubdued. The earlier armistice had partially suspended the attacks of the Austrians; it was broken; and now that Charles Albert was driven from the field, she had to look for the full brunt of their strength:— "You have heard the tidings," said the President Manin to the representatives of the people; "What "do you now wish to do?" The government, it was replied, should take the initiative. "Are you dis- "posed to resist?" "We are." "Will you then give "me unlimited powers to conduct the resistance "without question?" "We will." Pressing round their chief, and grasping his hands, they passed a concise decree in two clauses, worth all the proclamations of all the Circoli. "Venice will resist the "Austrians at whatever cost." "For this purpose "the President Manin is invested with unlimited "powers." Its "ancient spirit was not dead" in the city of Dandolo.

In Piedmont, a few, and comparatively but few, of the more violent agitators had the baseness to represent the accounts of Novara as a fiction, and the armistice as a "tradimento." Voices were heard— one such voice at least was heard—in the Chamber, which had voted the war, denouncing the treacherous

or timid armistice, which again had "*saved Radetsky* " (!), as the armistice had saved him last year." But the mass of the nation was sound, and showed both good sense and good feeling under the heavy blow. Nevertheless, aided by the hereditary jealousy felt by the Genoese towards Piedmont, the agitators succeeded in raising that city to protest, by revolt, for the continuance of the war, and against the peace with Austria. The foolish and ill-conducted revolt was speedily put down; though not before the Republican government at Rome had injured their cause by preaching that Italy had no more to hope from kings, and recognising as allies the insurgents of Genoa—thus indicating once again their rooted error, and doing what they could to justify the scheme of Gioberti. Events were now, however, tending to place the Republican government of Rome in a more conspicuous and creditable position before the world than Italian Republicans had hitherto held. Neither Roman nor Tuscan troops had come in collision with the Austrians in the campaign of Novara; yet both governments had signified their hostility to Austria in so many ways, that if words and acts have any meaning, it was preposterous in them to meet the attack which they might naturally anticipate, with complaints and clamour, or with anything but the sword. That, however, the Romans, at least, were not now indisposed to draw: while the Republic of Tuscany fell with much proclamation and little bloodshed, except at Leghorn,—where the Austrians cruelly visited on the many an irregular resistance made only by a few, after the capitulation had been signed.

In the meantime Pio Nono was enjoying, as it were, a political "villeggiatura" at Gaeta. The most serious cares of the Head of Christendom were at this

time devoted to the arrangement of that theory of the Immaculate Conception which he afterwards put forth as a panacea for the rebellions and heresy of the tempest-tossed world. The mundane interests of the papacy had, however, been discussed at tedious length during secular intervals, between the sovereign of Rome and his advisers on the one side, and the representatives of the four Catholic Powers on the other. The rational hope at first entertained that the Pope would, by some concession, aid his own subjects to restore him, had failed before his conscientious perverseness; his spiritual engines had not ejected his opponents from the capital; and it was clear that if the Holy Father was to be restored, it must be by some other artillery. Whether he was to be restored; by whom; on what minimum of terms; or, as he himself desired, on no terms at all; these questions, long agitated in that which a contemporary writer called "the benevolent (?) farce," at Gaeta, and long wearying the patient diplomatists and the more impatient world, it is useless to resuscitate now.

At last there was known to the world the conjunction of events—for we cannot call it a combination of measures—resulting from the quadruple disagreement—the "concord of this discord." The Neapolitan army was about to march on Rome, to restore the Pope. Spain was to send a force, so to speak, to assist at that ceremony. Austria had her own quarrel with Rome; and her part in the drama was already taken, or about to be taken, in the investment and siege of Bologna; and France was meditating an expedition to Civita Vecchia,—to do what? to put down the government of an independent people, and restore an expelled sovereign? Not exactly; to do something called in diplomatic language "maintaining the due influence of France in Central Italy;" and

with a view to that object, to occupy Civita Vecchia; and, it might be, Rome.

Threatened on all sides, the bearing of the Government of Rome was more in accordance with their own high claims than with the opinion hitherto entertained of them. They earnestly, and not without hope, remonstrated with the French; they welcomed and defied the Neapolitans; they prepared to resist any and all. They levied troops, they formed defences, they prepared Rome to meet attack from whatever side it might come, to the best of their ability. They were charged at the time with raising money by the sale of great works of art. Had the charge been true, we do not know that it would have been more culpable to sell the treasures of the Vatican for defence, than to seize them in the name of conquest; but we are not aware that any one of the Vatican treasures disappeared from Rome under the sway of the triumvirs, or received the slightest injury during a period which some represent as one of anarchy and plunder.

In truth, whatever may have been the previous faults of the men who spoke in the name of Rome, neither their position nor their cause were now ignoble. Obscured as these have been under an almost universal cloud of obloquy, it may be worth while to state, in few words, what Mazzini and his comrades were, and what they defended. They were the rulers of an Italian State, apparently by free choice of the people; certainly without any external show of opposition or disaffection. As Romans, they defended the right of a people to repudiate a bad government, and to resist its restoration by foreign power. As Italians, they stood forth a relic of the Italian war, and their cause was still the cause of Italy. It was in this character, if she assailed them, that Austria would assail them; and, as such, whatever might be their

hope of success, the right of resistance at least was theirs.

Some of the most determined soldiers of that cause, from various lands, but mostly Italians, had, under Garibaldi and other partisan leaders, come to Rome as their last centre and stronghold; where they formed the nucleus of an army. Even the employment of these forces is among the atrocities charged on the triumvirs. Garibaldi's troops, we dare say, included many ruffians; if not, they were unlike any army, regular or irregular, that ever enlisted; they included, also, many young men of noble and rich families, to whom the cause of Italy was not a mere subject of club oratory and after-dinner effusions. Men were slain in the ranks during the siege of Rome, who left large sums of money to the cause for which they had given their lives. The stern discipline maintained by their leader gave, as is universally admitted, no cause for complaint respecting the conduct of his irregular forces towards the inhabitants. The Pope is supported by a French army; the King of Naples is surrounded by faithful and highly paid Swiss regiments; but it is an inexpiable sin in the revolutionist Mazzini to have leant for support on the condottiere Garibaldi.

With soft words, and a show of overwhelming force, the French disembarked at Civita Vecchia, which they grasped at once; the iron hand making itself felt through the velvet glove. Still we doubt whether an officer in the corps confidently conjectured with whom they should first cross swords: it might be with Austrians, it might, perhaps, be with Italians, of one or other colour. In the mean time, they were there "for their own hand," to promote or to combat reaction, as might be. Occupying Civita Vecchia, the French general sent to Rome messages of a double

tenor, of which the bulk was friendly but indefinite, and the definite request hostile. His mission was, to protect the rights of the Roman people; to enable them to choose a government for themselves in real freedom; to secure them from reactionary enemies. His demand was to be admitted into Rome. In plain but not unconciliatory language, the Republican Government declared, that they asked for no protection, that the free choice of the people was declared already, and that the forces of a foreign Power could come to Rome only as positive allies or as enemies. Paving the road with reiterated professions of friendly intention, the French advanced upon Rome, incredulous of the resistance which was promised them. It was already clear that the condition of the Roman States had been in some degree misrepresented: where they looked for anarchy, they found at least outward unanimity; where they had expected to be welcomed as restorers of order, if not as restorers of the Pope, they found not a voice raised, except to denounce their interference.

Yet, after all, Europe was astonished to hear that the Triumvirs, with the aid of Garibaldi, had kept their word to resist, and kept it victoriously; that Oudinot, arriving at the gates of Rome, had met neither welcome nor shrinking, but well-levelled cannon, loopholed houses, and barricades; surmounted, it was said, as if in bitter irony, with the French declaration of the respect due to independent nationalities; and that, dashing against them with some of the best troops in the world, he found himself, after a sharp conflict of some hours, still outside Rome, and in retreat; with the loss of some hundreds in killed and wounded, and a whole column of prisoners. "To us, citizens of Rome," said the head of the barricade commission, in a tone partly heroic and partly bom-

bastic, "this is no surprise: but it will astonish Paris." It did indeed. Paris resounded with mingled indignation. To a certain point, the blame might be shared very generally among its various parties. The idea of restoring to his seat the spiritual father of Catholic Christendom was first taken up by the Republican Cavaignac, as an election clap-trap for the simpler and more religious portion of the French constituency, the agricultural millions. Like his more substantial and more honest claims to support, it failed against the single claim advanced by his competitor in "the great name." The idea, however, met some acceptance, both factitious and real. Sure to be backed for its own sake by all the pseudo earnestness of the mediæval party, it was scarcely less sure of support from the heterogeneous politicians of the party of "Order,"—a party more thoroughly earnest in the pursuance of their object, and not less unscrupulous as to means; for a Papal restoration was reactionary, and might be popular. The Prince President and his government adopted it, undoubtedly with the expectation of effecting their object without violence; and, viewed in this light, there were plausible grounds of policy to recommend it. As the leading parties in France did, in fact, acquiesce in the more glaring, though scarcely more real, injustice of a war against a sister republic for the restoration of the Pope, it is plain they would have applauded one effected quietly, and with some semblance of popular sanction. But the French are not fortunate in their Italian politics; and they were committed to the enterprise, before they could be aware that they would have to perpetrate in full the wrong of which they coveted the fruits. They resented it as a grievance, that they did not meet at Rome with the favourable or timid dispositions upon which they had, without

just right, counted; and that they should be obliged in the face of Europe to beat down by force the resistance which they had hoped to overawe by display.

The Constituent Assembly, now on the point of resigning their powers, had sanctioned the expedition with no very clear views of its purpose, beyond those expressed in the general phrases of maintaining French influence, and, among other things, guarding against the reaction which an invasion by Austria would or might create. They now protested against the use made of a sanction which they had so indefinitely—(might it not be said, so recklessly?)—granted; voting that Oudinot had gone beyond the intentions with which they had authorised the expedition. The Government vindicated their instructions, and adhered to the necessity of making the influence of France felt in Central Italy; that is, of anticipating the Austrians in the possession of Rome. Still their object was not to impose a government on Rome, but to aid in reconciling the Pope with his people, and in maintaining and developing those liberal institutions which he had given! They were told, and told most truly, that this was to impose a government on Rome. They were told that they were contradicting every profession ever made by France in behalf of freedom and national independence: they were told, that it was a strange employment for a French army to restore a government of priests. They were told a great deal more to the same effect, every word of which was cuttingly true. But the party of Order could not afford to admit by concession, that their adversaries were half so much in the right as they really were on this occasion. Moreover, right or wrong, the French had declared their intention of entering Rome: they had attempted it and failed, and

the slur must be wiped off their arms. Thus the disgrace of the failure was brought in to cover the iniquity of the quarrel: and the plain right of Rome was sacrificed to faction and national vanity. "Oh, "Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy "name!"—and in that of Order? Ask Hungary. Ask Naples. Order is an all but priceless thing, and so is liberty: yet neither the one nor the other are worth being purchased, and seldom is either of them really purchased, by crime. In fine, the Government persevered in their attack, and were supported by the New Chamber. The definite intentions of occupying Rome, and the indefinite objects of the proceeding, were repeated in the President's message, of June, 1849. France would be present in Central Italy to preserve the Roman States from spoliation, to aid liberty, and prevent reaction; and if she did happen to restore the Pope by the way, what could be better? "*Si* notre presence avait pour resultat le retour de "Pie IX. ce souverain, fidèle a lui-même, ramenerait "avec lui la reconciliation et la liberté."[1] Seldom has a flimsier veil been spread over an indefensible aggression.

While the French were waiting reinforcements and negotiating—that is, attempting to do by persuasion and menace the injustice which they otherwise were resolved to do by force,—the Neapolitan army (nearly 15,000 men, with twenty pieces of cannon) was advancing on Rome. Part of their forces, with the king, advanced as near Rome as Albano. In the neighbourhood of Palestrina they were attacked by Garibaldi, and suffered a severe check; to celebrate which the king, proclaiming it to be a victory, ordered a "Te Deum"

[1] "*If* our presence should result in the return of Pius IX., that sovereign, faithful to his own character, would bring with him reconciliation and liberty."

at Naples, and fell back on his main body at Velletri. A suspension of arms, meantime, was concluded between the Romans and the French. It lasted just long enough to allow Garibaldi to follow the king to Velletri, and, with a smaller number of irregular troops, to inflict upon the regular Neapolitan army a defeat too unmistakeable in its character to admit of a second thanksgiving for a fictitious victory. The Neapolitans retreated, or ran, across the frontier, and so ended this section of the war. The Neapolitan official account took great credit for the unexampled rapidity and safety of the retreat. If we may trust credible statements which we have heard, the panic and rout of Velletri were so scandalous that it is hardly possible to account for them, except by supposing the existence of some indisposition to the object of the service as well as to the danger. Garibaldi followed by the old Samnite road to the banks of the Volturnus, and was preparing to march on the capital, when the expected renewal of attack by the French recalled him. But for that renewal it is not impossible—scarcely improbable—that he might have made his way to Naples. We turn with some reluctance from a speculation so curious as the possible results of his entry there as a conqueror.

During the interval between Oudinot's attack on April 30, and its resumption, every effort was made to conciliate the French, short of submission; every attempt made by them to enter, if possible, without force. The contest, intermitted by the sword, was carried on by the pen; and, in that capacity also, Mazzini showed himself an antagonist not to be despised. When he remarked plainly, but calmly, on the futility of their professions of an unasked assistance, coupled with the declared intention of an occupation incompatible with independence; when he pointed out that of

all enmities to the Roman people the friendship of the French was the most fatal,—paralysing their defence against more declared enemies by distracting it, and even stopping the supply of arms which would have enabled them to defend themselves; when, in reference to their pretext, that they came to give effect to the free choice of the Romans, now held down by a government of force, he challenged them to point out a single proof that the existing Government was other than freely chosen, a single proof of reaction or regret for the expelled clerical Government; when finally he appealed to the French, if they could not strike for them, at least not to strike against them,—if they would not recognise the Republic, at least to stand by and see whether she could, left to herself, repel the Austrians,—there was not a reasoner in all Europe who did not admit that the Triumvir's argument was unanswerable. He declared the final resolution of the people in whose name he spoke, never again voluntarily to submit to a "Pontiff King," and the attitude of the people supported his words. According to all contemporary accounts, the outward unanimity was complete—the absence of reaction, of disaffection to the Republic, of willingness to admit the French, entire.

It was not much, however, to outwrite M. Lesseps, the Envoy of the French Republic, even as completely as Garibaldi had outfought the King of Naples. Mazzini gained a triumph more rare in diplomacy than victory over greater forces in war,—he converted his opponents, and M. Lesseps agreed to a convention; the effect of which was to acknowledge the Roman Republic, and place it in a degree under French protection. Deeds, however, which it is impossible to justify, are possible to do; and unfortunately the General was not converted also. To the

powers of the envoy he opposed his instructions, which ordered him to obtain military occupation of Rome. The French Government supported the General; the convention was disowned; and the attack resumed on June 3. The Romans, with some show of reason, charged the General with recommencing the attack in breach of faith, before the truce was in fact at an end. They were certainly taken by surprise, but resisted fiercely and bravely. The positions around the Villa Panfili were taken and retaken: the neighbouring villas were riddled with cannon-shot, first from one side, then from the other; but the advantage remained eventually with the thoroughly disciplined battalions and heavier *matériel* of the French; who established themselves in the coveted position, and began their regular approaches for a siege. In a few days heavy battering cannon were shattering the soft brick walls which guard the Janiculum; in a few more the breaches were assailable. On the 23d the French established themselves on two points in the Wall of Aurelian, where it follows the slope of the Janiculum down towards the Tiber. On the 29th they stormed and won, after a bloody struggle, the batteries close to the Porta S. Pancrazio, on the very crest of the hill,—the highest ground in Rome. The next move would have given the French general the possession of S. Pietro in Montorio; whence he could look down on the city spread map-like before him.

The French had suffered severely in gaining these advantages, and so had the defenders. In one bastion nearly a whole regiment had been destroyed: 400 lay slain on the spot; 120 were taken prisoners. Many a brave Lombard gentleman, many a Roman student had fallen, not as officers only, but as common

men.[1] Some of the best superior officers in the service of the Roman Government were slain,—as Manara, Dandolo, Morisini, and others: dead "*for Italy*," says Mazzini, giving the names; and we entirely agree with him. These men died for Italy truly, if in vain. Honour to the dead in a noble cause; yet the deeper is our regret in reflecting that the brave lives given as a protest on the Tiber might have been the price of victory on the Mincio.

The right bank of the Tiber was now untenable, except the Castle of St. Angelo. The left might have been still defended; and Garibaldi laid before the Assembly plans for a defence, which, well seconded, would have given to Oudinot a bloody and dear-bought conquest over a ruined city. But every roof lay open to the view, and exposed to the shells of the enemy; and the republican government rightly ceased from a defence, which—though not, perhaps, as they styled it, "impossible,"—had become useless. Infinite bloodshed and devastation might have deepened the wounds of Italy and the disgrace of France, but would not have redeemed the eternal city. The Gaul was again in Rome.

Without capitulation, but unresisted, the French entered on one side, as Garibaldi, with whom they declined to make terms, withdrew on the other. The servant now of no State,—a lawless adventurer in the eyes of national law,—nothing but the brave leader of many brave men,—he made his adventurous way through and across Central Italy, where all force that

[1] The Lombard battalion, and that of the Roman students, were the opponents whom the French found most formidable, even more than the bands, properly so called, of Garibaldi; and whom they looked on with more respect after their entry into the city. That, they said, was the uniform which they had held most in awe.—*Times Correspondent.*

was not French was now Austrian. If Song lived still in the Sabine mountains, many a future lay ought to tell how the outlaw of Italian liberty left the conquered city, foiled his French pursuers and gained the mountains;—how, threading the Apennines from Tivoli to Terni—from Terni to Arezzo, he levied rations and contributions in spite of Austria, and, like greater adventurers, made war support war;—heard of here and there, repeatedly struck at by the Austrian pursuing columns, damaged but not crushed, evading through their lines when on the point of closing on him, he reached at last the Adriatic;—how, creeping along the shore with the relic of his band, his scanty flotilla was beset and scattered by the fire of an Austrian fort and gunboats,—how some were sunk, some taken;—while, with a few others (including his wife, who followed him everywhere, and shared all his dangers), he escaped to shore, and was lost sight of in the woods;—how the pursuers found the corpse of a woman, dead of hardships and fatigue, who was recognised after long doubt as the wife of the fugitive chief;—and how at last, he reached Venice—worn out with toil, and almost alone—in time to accept a command in the last stronghold, and to see the last shot fired in the struggle which he had done and suffered so much to maintain. His story is a romance ready made. Daring, but cautious, gentle in demeanour, capable of sternness, but not cruel, Garibaldi has indeed more of the real Robin Hood features than any other modern guerilla captain. Those who call him a mercenary *condottiere* forget to tell us what price would have bought him to the other side; and bitter, indeed, must have been the politics of the man who did not hear with satisfaction that the brave adventurer had at last escaped the hands of those

who would have consigned him to Spielberg, or, more mercifully, shot him as a brigand.

At length the French held Rome. They had spent two months in attacking a scarcely defensible town; they had shown their own hereditary and undeniable courage, and they had finally effected their object as an army: they had also effected some collateral objects. They had in the eyes of Europe made soldiers of the Romans—a hero of the so-called brigand Garibaldi—a ruler and statesman of the so-called dreamer Mazzini—but they had not restored Pius IX.

They maintained the police of the city; they set up in the trio of Cardinals a sort of fragmentary representation of the papacy, whose wretched abuse of such power as was put into their hands they had sometimes to prevent or correct, and daily to blush for; but they had done nothing which gave a hope, or bore an appearance, of permanence. The whole position was obviously provisional, but not therefore less embarrassing. The few northern visitors, whom accident or curiosity led to Rome in the early autumn of 1849, saw a state of things especially striking and singular to those who knew the city under its former aspect. It was singular enough to see the relics of the siege itself—the torn and tottering wrecks of conspicuous villas, the breaches in the course of rebuilding, the deep holes of the cannon ball in the walls of the one city in the world, which, a few years since, would have been thought the most entirely exempt from the visitations of war. But these external marks, and all the apparent symptoms of the desolations of a besieging army which could be pointed out, were, after all, slight compared with more vital symbols of change. A Rome without priests was stranger than a Rome with walls battered by cannon.

The behaviour of the French soldiers was, by all testimony, exemplary. They gave no offence of any kind, except what was given by their simple presence; but that was enough to prevent anything like cordial feeling between them and the inhabitants. Generally speaking, the Roman citizens and the French soldiers did not quarrel—they ignored, so to speak, each other. They passed without looking at each other; if chance led them to the same café, they took the most distant seats. Even a review or parade of the troops called forth few spectators. A general air prevailed, not of irritation so much as depression, of sullen acquiescence in the inevitable past, of sullen expectation of a future, which it lay in the hands of others to mould. Their feelings were not demonstrated by clamour, but were unmistakeable. The "Conservators" might, however, with impunity set up in the Capitol an inscription in honour of Oudinot, to be protected by a French sentry; and the once magic initials S.P.Q.R. invoked and profaned in turn by the upholders of every banner in Rome, neither gained nor lost credit by being attached to one fiction more, in the shape of a servile and foolish piece of Latin, which placed the French general on a level with all past deliverers of peoples and takers of cities.

Meantime, were the Romans united and enthusiastic in the defence of the city? were they, on the contrary, at heart opposed to the Government of the Republic? or, were they in the main absolutely inert, and constrained to take such a part as they did take in the defence by terror? These questions are often asked, and as often answered by opposite parties in opposite ways. The priestly author or authors of the pamphlet intituled "Gli ultimi 69 giorni della Republica di Roma,"—a work which produces the effect, not so much of a string of separate misstate-

ments, as of one long sustained falsehood, scarcely affecting to be true,—would lead us to believe that the vast majority, warmly attached at heart to the papal dominion, and regretting every day more and more the errors into which they had been partially seduced by the small and pertinaciously wicked minority,—yet acquiesced, and without resistance, in the orders of the existing Government, partly from terror, but still more from the marvellous power of deception, possessed in some mysterious and unexplained manner, by the Republican leaders. If we are to believe the Jesuit account, it was mainly by lies that Rome was defended. Unquestionably the partisans of the theory ought to be able to form a correct judgment of the force of that artillery; but it may be that habitual confidence in an arm so powerful, when wielded by experienced masters in the art, has led them to overrate the amount of its use in hands less practised, or at any rate hands more limited in their choice of weapons.

On the other hand, it has been proved that by far the greater part of the forces, actually bearing arms under the banner of the Republic were Romans. Mazzini states them at 14,000 out of the 16,000 composing the regular forces. The National Guard of Rome itself is stated to have been 13,000. It may be perfectly true, and is in accordance with what we should otherwise have anticipated, that the most active part in the defence was taken, and the severest proportionate loss sustained, rather by the Lombard exiles of good family, by the troops of Garibaldi, and the students of Rome, than by the shopkeepers of the Corso. But a mere enumeration of the forces employed destroys the calumnious absurdity of a unanimity produced by terrorism exercised by a small band of foreigners. Where was any exhibition of the

feelings repressed by "terrorism," when the entrance of the French removed it? Was the voice—we will not say of a fear-silenced majority, but of a minority, however small, released to applaud the downfall of the Republic of Rome? It was the interest of the French, as being in some sort their excuse,—while it is no less congenial to the prejudices of some writers in this country, to attribute to an impossible terrorism and to an unproved atrocity the unanimity of Rome under the government of the Triumvirs. But the French cannot produce an "*Il faut faire peur aux Royalistes*" from the annals of Rome. Neither can they show, that anything like a native party was repressed by violence or fear of violence. That at such a time not one lawless or evil deed was done, would have been rather a miracle than a merit. But on much concurrent testimony it is clear that the efforts of the Government to preserve order were incessant, and to a remarkable degree, successful. We have heard on good authority, that the streets of the city were far safer for ordinary passengers under the Triumvirs than ever under the papacy. We are not forced to attribute to the people, either of Rome itself or of the Papal States generally, any excess of enthusiasm in support of the Government of the Triumvirs. The apparent unanimity of the elections which returned the assembly whose first step was to depose the Popedom and establish the Republic, may undoubtedly indicate no real depth of republican feeling. We know by a greater example, that a country of which no one can confidently predicate the real wish,—whether for a president, a king, an Emperor or a Phalansterian,—may yet return, by free universal suffrage, an assembly voting a Republic by unanimous acclaim.

But the Roman Republic was born of events. It

cannot be doubted, that the efforts of Mamiani and his colleagues to induce the Pope to return to Rome were sincere. When they were frustrated by the prudence or timidity of Pius, the Romans had to find a Government; and the active republican party furnished them with one, which they took for better or for worse. After all that has been said on the subject, it is difficult to see what else they could have done; unless they would have earned the contempt of all Europe by recalling Pius on such terms as he and his advisers would have accepted—such terms that is, as he afterwards required from the French, and in the main has obtained; though, rather than yield them, the French endured the inconvenience and scandal of nine months' prolonged occupation of Rome, without the shadow of legality to be borrowed from the presence of its nominal sovereign.

The Romans then accepted the Republic and the rulers it gave them, as they would have accepted a better government had such been attainable. If the existence, for a certain time, of another form of government in Rome, coupled with the circumstances under which that government was overthrown, should have made the permanent restoration of the papacy on its former footing impossible, Pius has himself to thank for the result. A fortnight after he left Rome there was probably no person of moderate opinions who would not willingly have seen him return. What has since passed must have gone far to satisfy all his subjects, that the vices of a priestly despotism are incurable. The hold of the Papal Government over popular faith and feeling has also doubtless been shaken by a breach in its continuity, less easily repaired in the nineteenth century than in the fourteenth. The resistance, therefore, of the Romans we regard rather as negative than positive: it was a resolute

protest against the old tyranny, rather than a passionate devotion to the Republican Government—a denial of the Pope, not a Credo in Mazzini. It was unanimous, because a Papal re-action had absolutely no partizans: it was, on the part of most, steady rather than passionately daring, because of its known hopelessness, should the attack be persisted in. The foreseen surrender was on the whole acquiesced in quietly, partly because foreseen, partly because after all it was better, at least less hopeless, to be in the hands of the French than in the hands of the priests. With a deep feeling of the wrong done was combined a certain disposition to hope something from its doers. The comparative forbearance of the conduct of the attack was evident; and the sufferings caused by the war had not yet been bitter and universal enough to beget that passion of national hatred which defies calculation, and looks on death as the sole alternative for the destruction of the oppressor—the passion which has made the names of Numantia and Saragossa immortal. This state of things has been terminated, as far as the return of the Pope may be considered to terminate it;—terminated as far as we can see, not so much by any definite and permanent arrangement, as by the simple lapse of time: ending because it could not last for ever, not because replaced by a settled government, or even by a well-founded hope of settled government. Pius returned, not because the Papal and the French diplomatists had arranged the basis of a new political system for the Papal dominions; but because, after months of labour, they had found it impossible to arrange any. It became, however, clear that he could stay away no longer consistently with the pretence of sovereignty, and he returned accordingly. He entered, by streets lined with foreign troops, the

city of which he had been the idol, and which once more received him with a theatrical show of rejoicing. As far as can be judged, there was little feeling against him personally, and still less in his favour. The presence of the French army was, and has continued since, a guarantee for the preservation of order; but no real progress has been made towards solving the problem of the future government. If, however, there is one point which stands out as certain, acknowledged by all parties, it is this: that the willing acquiescence of the inhabitants of the Roman States in a government of priests is over. French protection, Austrian dominion, anything that can render itself respected through sheer force, if not otherwise, may be permanent while the force lasts; but a *régime* of cardinals is not to be borne. Rome now obeys not the priest, but the soldier. Let the soldier withdraw, and what would become of the priest?

It is laid down as a great advantage, if not an essential principle, that the head of the Roman Catholic world should be an independent sovereign. The advantage we will not, on the present occasion, contest. But if the necessary result is the subjecting three millions of people to a government which, if left to themselves, they would overthrow in half an hour, no advantage can justify, or, we hope, permanently maintain, an injustice so grievous. What right has Europe to sacrifice them to an assumed convenience? The true inference lies the other way. If the Pope must be an independent sovereign, his people must be governed like any other independent nation. And if this be conceded, there is no possibility of stopping short of the result pointed out by Mamiani in the letter which we have already noticed; viz., a total administrative separation between the temporal and spiritual powers, "the two remaining

united in the same august person." That is, the Pope being absolute head of his spiritual Europe, would be constitutional king of the Roman States.

Would such an arrangement be permanent? We cannot say. There is, at p. 113 of the Parliamentary Papers, a remarkable letter from Sir Hamilton Seymour to Lord Palmerston. It touches a main difficulty of the case: and what justification of the distrust of the Roman people in their spiritual monarchy, can be more decisive than the reference to the manner in which Gregory XVI., as priest, overruled and set aside the promises of Gregory XVI. as king?

"This engagement," says Sir H. Seymour, speaking of the concessions made and resumed, "was notified "by the solemn word of Gregory XVI., not only as "sovereign, but as a conscientious man.

"Now as it cannot fail to be remembered through- "out the Roman States that promises made by a "temporal Prince, the head of the Roman Catholic "Church as he was, and a conscientious man, as he "stated himself to be, were so completely broken "that at the end of a few months, not only had the "projected reforms not been undertaken, but previous "concessions had been all resumed, the mistrust of "the Romans in *engagements entered into by a potentate* "*possessed of the same all-extensive powers* appears in- "telligible. Those (Sir H. Seymour goes on to say) "who are so intent upon the separation of the powers, "may possibly become reconciled to the co-existence "of the two authorities, if through the guarantee of "those Powers who are so eager to carry assistance "to Rome, or by means of any other equally solemn "pledge, they *can obtain full security against the in-* "*fallibility of their Sovereign*, and against a possible

" relapse into a state of things ill-suited to the spirit " of the nineteenth century."

To obtain that security, to keep the two functions parallel without their clashing, is likely, we think, to be found an impossible problem. If so, the inference is—what? Not that the Romans must continue the "Helots of the Papacy," but that the Papacy must try to stand on some other basis than that of a temporal kingdom. We touch this point, because it cannot be altogether omitted from a review of these great possibilities; but to discuss it fully would demand a volume in itself. What we are confident of is, that the experiment of the separation will have to be tried, and that on its result depends the duration of the Papal monarchy.

The fall of Venice followed shortly on that of Rome. Exhausted as our space is, we must yet give a few words to the manner in which the Venetians kept the promise given by them to Manin. The details of their steady defence may be found in General Pepe's volumes. There is something diffuse and Nestor-like in the redundancy of his narrative; and perhaps some little touch of the vanity of an author in the too numerous "Orders of the Day," full of "national sentiments,"—which he, with much reliance on their effect, addressed to his soldiers, and has now published to the world. There are Lafayette-like touches, too, in the notices of the "white plume" which drew upon the batteries in which it appeared a renewal of fire from the Austrian lines. But the evidence, on the other hand, of resolution and sense is most ample: an earnest desire to uphold the spirit of the besieged, is dignified throughout by a manly abjuration of popular clamour; if there are some claptraps for the troops, there are at least none for the "circoli;" and subordination and patience are

everywhere inculcated as essential to patriotic soldiership. His statement of the efforts made by him to preserve order and discipline, as well as to encourage enterprise, are entitled to entire credit from the great extent to which those virtues were actually manifested under his command. He frequently refers to an impression which he admits to be too common, that "the Italians cannot fight;" and points with a satisfaction, into which none can fail to enter, to every deed of honourable valour which disproves the calumny. On this, as on other grounds, the commander-in-chief of the Venetian forces feels, and we are glad to agree with him in feeling, that his efforts for Italy have not been all thrown away.

Fort Malghera, the most important point in the Venetian defences, fell into the hands of the Austrians, after a defence which is thus characterised in the "Augsburg Gazette":—"To honour praise should "be given. The garrison of Malghera behaved most "valiantly, and here every one acknowledges that no "troops could have resisted longer." The endurance of the inhabitants paralleled the courage of the soldiers: to the last they received with cheers and without complaint the commander-in-chief on his way to prolong the defence, which had become a prolongation of suffering. Manin appealed to England; and received in answer the only possible advice, which yet it must have been painful to write, that the Venetians should accommodate matters with Austria. The aid which they might have hoped from Central Italy, the intervention of France destroyed. They entered into communication with Kossuth; but the aid which they might have hoped for from Hungary, Russia destroyed. Assailed at once by war, disease, famine, and failure of ammunition, Venice capitulated on honourable terms. Any

other would have been a dishonour to the besiegers. So ended the Italian war.

Seldom has so great a convulsion come to a close in a less amount of apparent change. Seldom have hopes so great and apparently well-founded fallen away in a disappointment so nearly complete. We will not affect to look with other than the deepest regret on the general result, or to draw more than a partial satisfaction from the contemplation of such circumstances as partly mitigate the calamity we deplore.

We need not recapitulate the hopes in which the war began; but before referring to the hopes which the struggle has left, let us look the worst in the face, and see in what outwardly it ended. It ended in the restoration of the hated rule of Austria in Lombardy, and her supremacy in Italy; in the restoration of one of the worst of governments in Rome, and of the worst in Naples, untinctured with improvement. Italy is once again what the Austrian Metternich called her, and the Austrian armies make her—a geographical expression. Once again, in the striking language of Mazzini, is "Austria the blade of the "sword of which the Pope is the cross, and this "sword hangs over all Italy." The sole difference is, that the cross has lost such sanctity as it possessed, and the sword is sharper than ever. We have shown in our previous remarks no wish to form an unjust or unfriendly judgment of the Austrians; but, from the very necessity of the case, the Austrian Government in Lombardy must, for the present at least, be more than ever a government of force. The sword must hardly hold what the sword has hardly won. There will not be, as there never has been, under the iron crown, the anarchical mismanagement of Rome and Naples; but there will be the government of foreign

functionaries backed by foreign bayonets, labouring to prove, and perhaps even to make, their rule not unpopular with the mass of the people; but showing, by their every act, that they are afraid of the thoughts of every thinking man. To train that thought in a prescribed channel will be, as it has been, the duty of education; to suppress and punish it whenever it strays out of that channel, the duty of administration. There will be, as there was in the war, an ostentation of consideration for the working classes; a systematic attempt to distinguish their interests from those of their superiors. Spiritual life will be trampled out, while material life, with its taxable products, will be cared for, so far as its well-being is compatible with the paramount object of blind submission; and upon this will the advocates of despotism in Italy still build their defence of a government "popular with the peasantry, attacked only by "intriguing nobles, priests, physicians, and lawyers." We think the argument admits turning the other way. What must be the rooted faults of a government of which, in spite of some real merits and many good intentions, every educated man in the country is the enemy? It is scarcely a metaphor to say that such a rule, while it cares for the body, kills the soul.

Of the Government of Rome we have already spoken. There brave and intelligent men still stand by, in foreign uniforms, maintaining with their courage and scorning with their intelligence an uncorrected and incorrigible system. Even Austria remonstrates against the imprudent perseverance in every abuse, the thorough restoration of ecclesiastical misgovernment, and remonstrates in vain. The Pope has learnt and forgotten much in his exile, though not to profit in either case: he has forgotten what-

ever generous impulses once encouraged him to aim at bettering the condition of his people; he has learnt the difficulty of combining an absolute theocracy with constitutional institutions; and this lesson at least he has taken to heart, as seen in his shrinking back sullenly or despairingly from the attempt to reconcile the existence of his priestly monarchy with some, even the most moderate amount of political freedom or practical improvement;—an attempt which those who restored, and whose presence alone upholds him, are for ever urging him to make.* For the present the state of Rome is hopeless, but from the very excess of the evil. We have necessarily excluded from our short notice of the events of the Italian war, the episode of Sicily and the various ill-planned and useless risings in the continental part of the kingdom of Naples. The existing Neapolitan *régime* cannot be spoken of or thought of without the deepest shame. There is nothing like it now in

[1] The "Times" of September 23, 1850, contained extracts from a letter written under date of September 7, by an Austrian officer at Bologna, which convey so pointed a testimony to the Papal States, and its causes, that we reproduce some passages. "We are hardly sure of our lives in the city; we meet faces the eyes of which seem to dart daggers." The writer then describes the universal prevalence of that half political brigandage which so often arises in countries held down by foreign force from rising against domestic oppression. "The roads, from city to city, are infested by robbers, who are either grand signori, peasants, priests, or professional vagabonds, as the case may be." These disorders are accompanied by great atrocities. It is however clear that in the writer's opinion they are political, not prædial outrages. "The evil, however, is not alone in the nation, but in the Government. When things were unsafe, the clerical Government fled; now that the French and Austrians are here, it is obstinate and deaf to all reasonable demands. As long as we and the French remain here, there is no question of a revolution, but the moment we turn our backs, it will break out."

Europe. Travellers may find something of the kind in Africa or Asia.

Such, after the victories of Austria, of France, and of the King of Naples, is Italy. After having traced the course of the fairest hopes from their birth to such a death as was so soon to follow,—and which was the consequence of not only unavoidable misfortunes, but, in part, of great and avoidable errors—it seems as if there were little left for hope to fix on. The failures and faults of the Italians have alienated from their cause all the friends of success, and some of the friends of right; and a tone is now prevalent of regarding what has taken place as a *fait accompli* for ever. "Respectability," which deserted them *en masse*, even before Novara, and almost rejoiced in the conquest of Rome, is now as unfriendly as misfortune can make her. Accordingly some real, among many feigned friends, or rather friends whose friendship is more than half real, give her the bitter and disparaging counsel, not only to give up freedom and union, as unattainable dreams, but to content herself with what she has—charitable convents making idle the surrounding population, with a benevolent prince or princess here and there aiding in that good work; and, for the rest, to cultivate resignation. Resignation and submission are inculcated on the oppressed as their chief duty by such writers as Manzoni; and in part, too, by the noble but broken spirit of Silvio Pellico. Now, let but the oppressed be always resigned, and there is no chance of redemption for the world. Resignation is a duty; yet so, in our creed, may be armed resistance. The time for that resistance was and is past; the time is come, we admit, for present endurance; but also, we believe, for future hope. Austria just now is lying on Italy like Etna on Enceladus; and if the great struggle

had only shown the world the capacity of Italy to make a Titan-like effort for freedom, even this would be something. A wise policy for the future will not reject from its reflections the possibility that next time the giant may be stronger, and that the mountain, half shaken from his heart, may fall.

It is not only, however, as a warning to other nations that the war has left its good results; it has left a legacy of actual, and more of possible, good to the Italians—a lesson which it depends altogether on themselves to make profitable, and hopes which it rests mainly with them to make attainable. It has tended to show the Italians what they are, and what their interests are. It has, we believe, tended in no degree to reconcile them to those great evils which some would persuade them to consider as blessings: bad government—priestly government—despotic government—foreign government. Rather it has left a hearty hatred of all these things; sobered and deepened by the conviction that they are not easily removed. It has placed before them the idea of nationality in a bodily form, and has added to the records of Italy in connexion with that idea many painful, but some proud recollections; as even those who have glanced over our pages must admit. In disappointing many hopes, it may have awakened the wisdom to discern many deficiencies, and the determined temper to supply them. Where it has not established good, or the seed of good, it must at least have shaken and weakened evil: and if it has left an anarchic despotism enthroned in the south of the Peninsula, it has left in the north a strong root and nucleus of well-ordered freedom. Amid the desolation which has buried so much, Piedmont stands erect, throwing over the hopes, as over the exiles of Italian liberty, "the shadow of a great rock

"in a weary land." Austria holds Lombardy, and is unassailable by direct force; but on the other side of the Ticino there is now a free Italian kingdom. It is impossible to overrate the results which may, and indeed must, follow upon this fact, if lasting;—that millions of Italians are governed, and well governed, by administrators depending for their permanence on the consent of the representatives of the nation; that in the most powerful of the Italian States, the mouth of the speaker and the pen of the writer are free. Piedmont, actually passing from a despotic to a free government, must become the cornerstone of Italy; and everything may be hoped for Italy, in case Piedmont should accomplish successfully the difficult transition. Hitherto we have had reason to anticipate her success as confidently as we desire it earnestly. Her freedom is no holiday plant—it has borne some shocks, and shown some strength already, by surviving them.

For, though Charles Albert died at Novara, the "Statute" which he had given to his people did not die with him. The same chamber, which had rashly urged him to war, embarrassed the moderate reforming policy of his successor; but an appeal to the country gave the government the support it needed, and under their guidance the legislature of Piedmont carried those most critical and important measures, for the abolition of exceptional clerical jurisdiction and other church privileges, the Siccardi laws. We need hardly remind our readers how the Court of Rome snatched instantly at the opportunity of placing itself at once in direct opposition to the State. Church questions are always made perilous by the clamour of one party, if not of the other; and we should regret that Piedmontese liberty had been so early exposed to the ordeal of so critical a question, had

not the moderation and steadiness shown by the legislature and the people under circumstances so trying been of the happiest augury for the future. Piedmont is a thoroughly Roman Catholic country, and we anticipate no change in this respect; the quarrel between priestly privilege and good government does not touch the form of faith. It is enough, that on this question, as on many others, Piedmont represents the life—the antagonist party, the death of Italy. May that life strengthen! And that it may strengthen, let all, who wish it well, aid the Government of Turin in proving that civil liberty can consist with order, and civil improvement with respect for institutions; above all, let the exiles of the Italian cause who have found in Piedmont a generous welcome, show themselves worthy of the citizenship so nobly granted them, whether they sit with Mamiani in her legislature, or, like Monti, hold command in her army. To support the Sardinian Government, and even to shut their eyes to its faults, was the advice of General Pepe to his liberal friends on the last election in that country. The spirit of this counsel is as necessary as ever. Inexcusable and groundless as an attack from without on Piedmont would be now (April, 1851), its possibility has been rumoured: and though the talked-of gathering of Austrian troops on the frontier may appear to be passing away like a cloud, yet the storm will probably come at last from one quarter or another. No moderation, no caution, no treaties, are likely to do more than defer for a time that final issue.

Meantime, it is of the last importance that the provocation given should be moral only; and that Piedmont should be seen engaged in no plans hostile to her neighbours, nor making herself the Quixote of an idea, though fair as that of Italian unity. The

oneness of Italy we are told is a dream. It should be enough, that Italian separation is a fact: and too much, that it is a fact which co-exists with the oppression which reigns at present. Existing Governments, if prudent, would strive to show that the Regeneration of Italy is compatible with such a separation. If not, they may awake to learn that the idea of union is not a dream. It is a spirit not yet laid; it walks in and out of Italy in many a thoughtful head and burning heart, as well as in those of Giuseppe Mazzini; and in that case most assuredly, sooner or later, it will once more find an armed body to inhabit.

We have no wish that it should be so, we had much rather it were otherwise; we should infinitely prefer a course of more bloodless, more certain, more permanent improvement. For, peace might yet have her victories in Italy though war has failed. The successful example of Piedmont might be successfully followed; while that example, if rejected, must be fatal to the rejectors. With Piedmont free and well-governed, neither Northern nor Central Italy can long remain enslaved and misgoverned, except by their own fault. All the sternness of Radetsky cannot maintain permanently so great a contrast, all the machinery of the miracle-workers of Rimini cannot cover so great a scandal. Contentment and loyalty ought to be made possible for the educated citizen of a Lombard city. Otherwise,—as long as Piedmont continues to stand out in broad contrast to Austria and Austrianised Italy,—no external power and no internal forbearance can prevent the one free and well-governed Italian State from becoming the refuge, the protector, and finally, the head and hope of all who aspire, we will not say towards the union, but

towards the progress, regeneration, and liberty, of the remainder.

The strength and life of Italy, habitually concentrated in thought and feeling around the one free Italian throne, will group themselves naturally round it in action. Not a hasty and half distrustful annexation under pressing need; not a transitory communion of danger; but a long-earned confidence, and a prepared unity of will and sentiment,—these must be the true preliminaries for combining firmly, under whatever name, the subjects of a North Italian monarchy, or the confederates of a Lombard league. The Pope may not bless their banners: they will dispense with such sanctification: the thaumaturgists of Rimini will curse them, which will be better than a blessing. In that event, some field between the Alps and Apennines, memorable among and above all the memorable names of that battle-studded region, under better auspices and with a closer union, and in a cause more clearly just, may reverse the fortunes and efface the memory of Novara by a second and greater LEGNANO. Then, it may be, will another Radetsky wonder at the fanaticism of Milan or of Brescia, the flag of Piedmont may reappear under the Duomo *not* as a trophy, and an Italy be given to the nations.

GIUSEPPE GIUSTI.[1]

THE writings of the Tuscan poet whose name we have placed at the head of this essay are not generally known in England, even among the readers of Italian. To many of our readers we can believe that the very name is not equally familiar with that of authors in every respect his inferior: but in Italy, the reputation of Giusti is great and universal. No modern writer has more deeply impressed his countrymen. Believing that the impression is just and will be permanent, we are anxious to contribute something towards making known to English readers the name at least, and if possible, something of the peculiar merit and style, of a most genuine Italian poet.

By one of those general theories to which many speculators have a fancy for adapting facts, it has been maintained that every great and marked era in the life of a nation will have its great writer, or set of writers, to inspire, to guide, or to celebrate, its movement. Either the great man creates the great impulse, or the great impulse stirs up and discovers to the world the great man. We will not discuss this theory; it is sufficient to say, as illustrating the light in which Giusti is regarded by his countrymen,

[1] Reprinted from the "British Quarterly Review," Feb. 1853. —1. "Poesie Complete di Giuseppe Giusti." (Bastia, 1849.) 2. "Giuseppe Giusti." (Conni di P.L.D.E. Croce di Savoia.)

that the recent Italian movement claims him as its poet. Nor is this claim unfounded. There can be no doubt that posterity, as well as his countrymen and contemporaries, will connect the name of Giusti with that movement in an especial sense, and more than that of any other poet. As a social and political satirist, he, for a series of years, roused and directed indignation against those oppressions, corruptions, and crimes, which thousands of true and brave Italians, under, alas! more than one banner, struggled and died in the field to overthrow.

His countrymen may overrate the immediate consequences upon action of these utterances, but we cannot be mistaken in regarding them upon their authority as exponents, stimulants, and in part creators, of a general feeling. In that view alone they would be important enough to merit examination. Even for those who believe that the present re-established tyrannies of Italy are to be permanent, these poems should have a historic interest, as illustrating the tone of mind which prompted the struggle. For those who still believe that Italy has a future, the words of Giusti retain a deeper interest. The indignation is still merited, and the anticipations are not falsified: they are but prophecies of which the fulfilment is deferred.

The following passage of Gualterio will illustrate the position and character of Giusti among contemporary authors. The historian is tracing the causes of the Italian movement, and among its causes, designating the men who did most to originate it. From prose writers, Gioberti, Balbo, D'Azeglio, and others, he passes to the poets; and naming first the illustrious veteran Niccolini, author of Arnaldo di Brescia, he distinguishes four others from the mass, Giuseppe Giusti, Toscano, Giovanni Prato, Veneto; Gabriello

Roselli, Napolitano; Giovanni Berchet, Lombardo. He then goes on:—

"Giuseppe Giusti was endowed by nature with "that uncommon insight which dissects the thoughts, "opinions, bias, manners, lives, and hearts of men, "and the forms and substance of society; which dis- "tinguishes truth from falsehood, possibility from "chimera; and combats all exaggerations, knowing "the weak point of each, and reducing it to its na- "tural proportions, so as to annihilate it by making "it ridiculous instead of sublime, as it had appeared "to common eyes. Never was a sharper assailant of "tyranny and its slaves or interested sycophants. No "one with equal force or greater truth scourged that "herd which supported the relics of the old system, "only because no ray of hope shone for them in the "new: no one struck so deeply at the ignorance of "the nobility, the pride of upstarts, or the follies of "the populace. His sternness towards princes and "men in power gave him the reputation of a repub- "lican in the sense now attached to the word:—*i. e.* "a lover of the most comprehensive forms of demo- "cracy, and the demagogues hoped to see arise in "him at the full time a zealous *tribune*. These, how- "ever, while pulling down the high, habitually flatter "the low; and them Giusti never flattered; he held "up to scorn and condemnation the weakness of the "one side, as he did the insolence of the other. Italy "was the end of every thought with him, and dear "above all, and he was truly grieved to see the divi- "sions of parties which arose before the revolution, "and foretold to an observant eye the dissensions to "come. . . . . .

"He was more prone to faith than to illusions: I "mean, that he had greater trust in principle than in "men, of whom he knew thoroughly the defects and

" weaknesses: yet he was not what you would call a " pessimist, nor even a political exclusive. His verses " will live as the best picture of the manners of his " times; of the political passions, and, so to speak, " the inflammatory humours, of the society in which " he moved. The *sects* (secret societies) and their " followers he hated, hoping no good from them, but " only misfortune for the country. He knew intui- " tively their incapacity to produce anything, and " painted them truly, when he called them mules for " their obstinacy and barrenness.

" His satire never descended to personalities, except " when aimed at the occupants of high places, and " then not from envy of their power, but so far as " their public station brought them within the juris- " diction of general criticism. . . . . His verses " aided not a little in preparing the Italian movement, " and became popular in spite of the censorship. Of " this there were proofs even in the bosom of Lom- " bardy, notwithstanding the anxious precautions of " the Austrian police. . . . . His death was not " one of the least misfortunes which accompanied or " followed close upon the memorable defeat of Italy." —*Gualterio*, part ii. chap. 44.

This sketch, which many of his admirers would consider as scarcely doing justice to the Tuscan poet, will give the English reader an idea of his general scope and characteristic qualities.

It is not, however, very easy to classify him as a writer, or to give a notion of his poems by description or designation. When their popularity as circulated in manuscript, the publication of the foreign spurious editions, and some relaxation of the rules in the censorship, led him first to print a collection, he gave them no other than the modest name of "Verses." We may call them lyrical satires.

The class to which these poems belong is one which has not, at least of late years, been common in England. Attempts, indeed, have not been wanting, but some time has passed since real poetic genius has cared to manifest itself in this form. An admirable facility and humour characterizes the versified politics of the author of the *Twopenny Post Bag*, and some of these assume the lyric form; but they do not come up to the idea of lyrical satire, either in depth of feeling, in passion, in ironic force, or in beauty. The only political verses which have of late years excited much attention, were those contributed to the cause of disorder by the patriots of the *Nation*. Like their authors, these poems met with somewhat more indulgence than they merited. They were indifferent enough, though decidedly more successful than the rebellion to which they incited. In fact, in a really free country, all the multiplied shapes of free discussion supersede the necessity, without exactly performing the functions, of the satirical poet. A song can be remembered and can circulate even where the censorship leaves blanks in the journal, or where a stricter inspection prohibits not only speech, but even such evidence of silenced speech. There is, indeed, a degree of tyranny, under which verse and prose, the speech of the debates, and the *mot* of the saloons, are alike silenced by an impartial because all-reaching terrorism. But the state of things in which society is, and the leading article is not, has often been regarded as the very state in which the epigram of conversation is most in demand, and consequently most fully supplied. The commercial principle is verified even in the airy manufacture of witticisms, and a similar principle may in some degree apply to the yet subtler essence of poetry. A poet, indeed, is born, and it is fortunately as impossible as it would

be undesirable, to prescribe rules for the birth of this or that kind of poet or poetry. The spirit does not always come when it is called for; you cannot create it by calling; but if it is there, it is the more likely to come because called for.

Accordingly, it is not in England that we can look for any parallel to Giusti in any writings which may seem, by comparison, to illustrate his style and character as a poet. The two contemporary writers who most nearly resemble him, are Béranger in France, and Heine in Germany. To Béranger in particular he has been compared, not only as to a similar writer, but as to his prototype and model. Yet he would form a most incorrect conception of Giusti who should attempt to create one to himself out of his recollections of Béranger or of Heine. These names are mentioned, not so much to illustrate his individual character, as to express the class to which he belongs. Of the two, widely as they differ, he approaches more nearly in form and style to Béranger; yet no view can be more incorrect than that which regards him as having made the French poet his model. Italian critics disclaim even the similarity; we concur with them in rejecting altogether the idea of plagiarism or copying. Giusti is thoroughly Italian; far too emphatically Italian to be regarded as an Italianized Béranger. He had undoubtedly read Béranger; and the influence of a great contemporary writer is necessarily felt more or less by men of genius, and sometimes manifested in their works. It will be most directly and naturally displayed, of course, by those whom similarity of genius or circumstances directs into the same line of composition, unless they should, as is sometimes the case, studiously avoid any likeness, however natural, and so perhaps sacrifice some real beauty to the possible suspicion of plagiarism.

To this extent, and no more, does Giusti remind us of Béranger. The two have indeed common to them this consequence of their genuine worth as poets—that many of their simplest verses, though devoted only to subjects of contemporary interest, will outlive the more ambitious efforts on higher themes of most, or all of their poetic rivals. But Béranger in no way bears to Giusti the relation of the master in a school in which Giusti is a pupil. The real master, the constant study, we will not say the model, of the Tuscan poet, was a far greater than Béranger; the bitterest of political satirists, the greatest perhaps, save one, of European poets—the Florentine, Dante.

We shall not be misunderstood as advancing for him a claim which he would have himself treated as sacrilege—a claim to any station on that level, where the voice of mankind has throned almost unapproached *L'Altissimo Poeta.* But this much may be truly said, that the devoted student of Dante was a learner from Dante; and in particular that he had learnt from him that great merit, almost lost among his countrymen of modern times—the merit of condensation. In him more than in any recent Italian writer, do we find the short description, which, as it were, emphatically outlives the object, the single line which brands, the single indelible epithet which recalls, and seems to comprise the character.

It must not, however, be supposed that Giusti is a personal satirist. His satire, as is observed by Gualterio in the passage which we have quoted, never assailed individuals, except such as by their high place were necessarily public characters, and therefore proper objects for criticism. And "to them, *as* "*to the people,* he was more liberal of censure than "of praise." Let these italicized words be noted.

Giusti, as we shall hereafter see more fully, flattered no one. The triumph of the popular cause raised up for him no idol. A demagogue in his eyes might be as hateful as a vigorous tyrant, as ridiculous as an effete despot, and would meet with similar or sharper treatment.

His poetry, simple and even severe in its form, yet constructed with the most careful selection of words and attention to versification, assuming, when possible, the plainest and most popular expressions of the Tuscan dialect, condensed, vivid, familiar, was, in the strongest sense of the word, original. The novelty of the means which he employed consistently enforced the directly practical character of his object. Attacking falsehood and conventions, he used no conventional language. In the strongest language of common life, he told his countrymen how base, how hateful, was much of the life around them. Perhaps we might truly describe him by saying, that very few poets have been less of "versifiers." Nothing is ever put in for mere ornament; the exact words are used for the exact thought: thought and language are not separable; they are interfused and one. This union in its various degrees characterizes all poetry worth the name; in perfection, it is found only in the highest; its presence, or absence, is the easiest and most infallible test by which to distinguish versified commonplace from genuine poetry; it is certainly among the prominent characteristics of Giusti. He was not a careless writer, because he was natural: he was a consummate, all the more because not a conventional, artist.

Holding that Italian had been corrupted by recent writers through the intermixture of foreign terms, he used, whenever it was possible, the spoken or vernacular phrase and idiom in preference to book

language. "Others," as he said, "put on their dress "coats whenever they sit down to write; I take off "my frock coat and put on a blouse." His consequently frequent use of purely Tuscan words and idioms, combined with the necessarily allusive nature of satirical writing, makes him for foreign readers a singularly difficult author. This character is the main cause of the hitherto limited circulation of his works in England; and it will probably continue to prevent them from becoming, so to speak, popular out of Italy. Of the leading peculiarity of his style of thought, the deep seriousness which underlies his hearty ridicule, his biographer gives, in a passage which we translate, perhaps as good an idea as can be given by mere description.

"Giusti laughs indeed, and that so powerfully, that "woe be to him who is smitten by that immortal ridi- "cule; but in the midst of the song rushing clothed "in gladness from the soul of the poet, ever and anon "one word of profound melancholy slips involuntarily "over the chords of his lyre, and draws a momentary "veil of sadness over the brilliant gleam of his smile, "with such effect that the reader, utterly lost in the "fresh sentiment which he experiences, without "being able to explain it to himself, can only ex- "claim, in this intoxication of his feelings, *That is "sublime!* Giusti weeps and laughs at once: his "smile is born of his melancholy; and through that "alone can it be explained and rendered intelligible "and plain."

All earnest irony is born of this conflict of deep feelings; the smile may in part express contempt perhaps, or a sense of the vanity of things, but the root of it is sadness and indignation which can find no adequate direct expression. In his own beautiful words—

"In quanta guerra di pensier mi pone
Questo che par sorriso ed è dolore!" [1]

It was not among mere laughers that Giusti sought his audience; he wished them to be more fit, though they might therefore be few. "If your tendency is only to amusement," he says to his reader, in a short and most characteristic preface to one edition of his works; "do not go beyond this page; for a laugh "springing from melancholy might possibly stick in "your throat; and I should be sorry for that, both "on your account and my own."

This depth of feeling it was, which at once sharpened the edge of that trenchant ridicule, and raised the poet into the element of true lyric passion. This, combined with the singular force of his expressions and brief vividness of his imagery, renders Giusti not less superior to all modern Italian writers as a lyric poet, than he is unique as a satirist: if we are not to admit one doubtful exception in the single poem "Il Cinque Maggio."

It will be seen, from what has been said, how intimately connected are the peculiar character of this poet and the circumstances of his time. The more naturally will our notice of his works blend itself with some account of his life, and of the Italy into which he was born. For the former the biography named at the head of our essay furnishes some, though hardly satisfactory materials. It is somewhat meagre as to facts, and deficient in traits or anecdotes, and in those life-like touches which bring in real presence the subject of a narrative before us, and make us know the man, or at least form the idea of him, as he lives in the memory of his friends. He

[1] "Ah me! the war of moods, the depth of sadness,
A soul in tears, a seeming smile of gladness."

was born in May, 1809, at a castle in the Val di Nievole, near the high road from Florence to Pescia, with which place his family were connected as rich proprietors. Among them was at least one man of considerable eminence—his grandfather Giuseppe Giusti, the friend and minister of justice to the reforming Archduke Leopold, one of the princes who, at the head of small states, have achieved something like greatness.

We catch glimpses of a lively, clever, spirited boy, difficult to manage, "di spirito irrequieto e vivacissimo," growing happily up into youth; learning not too much of Latin, and no Greek—a neglect of opportunities which (be it observed) he afterwards regretted, and tried to repair by earnest study of the Latin classics. Finally, he is sent to the University of Pisa with the object of studying law—an object which, in his case, as in that of other Italian poets, from the time of Petrarch downwards, was destined to merge in other aspirations. He was, we fear, no very steady student of the Pandects: he "crammed" ("beccava," is his own word, as good an Italian as English college-phrase) for his examination in a fortnight. But he has left us in the verses entitled "Memorie di Pisa," those happy touches and records of his college life, which prove that to him, as to many others, its indirect were worth more than its direct influences. Every one who has been himself a collegian must read these verses with a pleasure more than half melancholy. "I too was once in Arcadia." There is a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care; the days, the nights, "smoked away" in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk, the aspirations, the free, open-hearted converse, as it was then, of some who now

meet us disguised as formal worldlings; all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa, which comes not again. All that was to be had, all that was to be enjoyed from converse with the world around him, Giusti made his own; and if he somewhat neglected the Pandects, he familiarized himself with the classical writers whose value he was now more capable of appreciating. Virgil, Horace, and Dante, were his most familiar studies. After the usual course, he left Pisa, and settled himself in the capital, Florence, as a law-student in the chambers of Capoquidi, a noted advocate, since Minister of Grace and Justice.

One can fancy that his relations hoped to see another Giuseppe Giusti great in jurisprudence, under another Leopold; but he had a different destiny before him. We can suppose him entering into the world with at least a fair allowance of the common youthful disposition to quarrel with much of its cold formalism and smooth-faced quackery. And the Italian world, as he saw it, contained more than the ordinary proportion of iniquities against which such a spirit could not but rebel. Of the Italy of Giusti's opening manhood—the Italy of Gregory XVI.—so much has lately been said, that it is unnecessary to dwell more than summarily on the subject now.

The great wave of the French revolution passed over Italy as over the rest of Europe, burying the old landmarks. It subsided, and they generally reappeared, so far as territorial divisions were concerned. The shadow of a King of Rome vanished, and the States of the Church passed again under the worst of human governments. The Austrians held Lombardy, with the addition of Venice; in several other States, modified by a certain amount of cutting and carving, the old Houses re-entered untaught and unimproved.

The people had not, any more than their rulers, learnt to correct some of their most characteristic faults; but the great deluge had destroyed much, and had left something behind it. The Italians had borne their share in historic events, if not as freemen, yet as the subjects of an energetic will. They had shown that under good leading they could be good soldiers; and they saw, with the feeling which might be expected, that the first act of liberated Europe was to fling them back into the old dull servitude. They remonstrated vainly: they acquiesced in a resistless necessity. But, from 1815 onwards, ideas not conducive to the permanence of such governments as Italy saw restored, were fermenting in many minds. On the other hand, the weakest and worst of the restored governments could adopt so much of modern progress as consisted in a keener and more extensive spy-system, and in a greatly increased political activity of the police. The old veneration, even the old acquiescence, were gone, mutual distrust and hatred remained. Bad governors and disaffected subjects were the staple of the Peninsula.

In 1820, as in 1830, attempts were made in various States of Italy to right themselves against their governments. These movements, in general the original work of "sects" or secret societies, met, and indeed merited, far less universal response from the people than the movement of 1848; neither had the Italians, as a mass, been familiarized then, as now, with the ideas of freedom. Still they were, to a certain extent, successful. Naples and the Romagna showed themselves at least able to obtain some concessions against their governments, and possibly to maintain them, had the matter been left to themselves, as in mere justice it ought to have been. But Austria, encamped in Lombardy, cannot afford to

be just, and therefore Austria stepped in. She, "the sword, of which the Pope is the cross," once and again struck down Italian freedom. She sanctioned, by restoring, the local tyrannies, she justly identified her name with the great or petty oppressions she upheld. The subjects submitted because they could not resist; but, except in the crowd of officials, the governments had no supporters, no real friends. All that authority and power of government which, in a well-arranged community, men have a natural tendency to respect and venerate, became included for the educated Italian in two words of bitter hatred and contempt. At home was the "birro," and over the frontier was the "tedesco." To those alone who forget what Austria has done, in various instances, for Italy, can the now universal anti-Austrian sentiment appear unfounded or unreasonable. The bare statement of historical facts conveys a charge which admits of no answer.

Those English readers who wish to see the indictment, article by article, drawn and served up with irresistible force, will find the task performed for them in Mazzini's celebrated letter to Sir James Graham; and will find too, that, on this point at least, the republican and the constitutionalist are one. According to Gualterio, and all other Italian writers, it was not until after 1830 that the idea of independence took any real hold; that is, not until after it had been practically found that Austrian rule in Lombardy meant force at hand to overwhelm any effort at improving the local goverments. The cry of "Independence" in Italy was anything but a factitious clamour, a fancy got up by bookmen; it was the expression of a want, taught by a bitter experience. Unfortunately, the apprehension of a truth does not necessarily give the strength or virtue re-

quired to put it into practice. That takes a further schooling; but that, too, may be perfected with time.

In the general quiescence of the Peninsula between 1830 and 1845, an interval was given to its rulers which might have been a precious one. How they used it, not to remove, but to aggravate, the causes of complaint, all readers of Farini know. They too know that the grotesque absurdities and exceeding pettinesses of such misgovernment were almost as marked as its iniquities. The social and political fabric was something, as Giusti's biographer says, with some point, between a babyhouse and a bastile. On this state of things Giusti's Italian critics picture him to us as looking with deliberate regard. He saw, say they, that it was irremediable, except by destruction; and, accepting the principle, "Destroy in order to rebuild," he looked round for a weapon to aid in the work of overthrowing, and found one which he adapted carefully to that end, in his peculiar form of satire.

No man, we may observe, really lays out his career for himself as those who, after the events, speculate on his life, lay it out for him. Nor did Giusti, probably, more than others, foresee from the beginning, and resolve upon the course in which circumstances and his genius conducted him. The young student of Pisa did not say to himself, "I will "be what Niccolini is not, what Farini is not; I will "be, and that in a new and untried way, the poet of "my generation, the voice of liberal Italy." But he felt towards the evil which he saw as Dante felt, and as all men ought to feel, but as too many of the countrymen of Dante have yet to learn to feel; that is, as towards a thing which ought to be attacked and destroyed; and that instinct of truth, that preference for reality over convention which is one

of the indications of a masculine genius, led him, when he wished to write on modern politics, to do so directly and without disguise. He did not attempt to remove his subject to a distance, either of place or time; he did not attempt to idealize it. Thus he has not produced an Arnaldo di Brescia; but he has produced, in the "Coronation," in "Gingillino," in the "Terra dei Morti," verses which will outlast and outweigh a score of Arnaldos.

Among the great variety of Giusti's compositions, we are necessarily led to select, for more special notice, such as from the nature of the subject have the most general interest, and are most calculated for appreciation by others than the countrymen of the writer. Our attention will be thus directed rather to the properly political than to the social specimens of his satire. Emphatically characteristic, and invaluable alike as poems and as pictures of society, as are, for instance, "I Brindisi" and "La Scritta," they appeal less feelingly and immediately to transalpine readers than do the odes dealing with the wider events and passions which create the history of the world.

Reluctantly, therefore, with these few words of commendation and apology to Italians, who might otherwise think that one of their poet's varieties had escaped due recognition, we pass by the poems of the social class, although they combine a curious accuracy of costume and interior—painting with bursts of high lyrical tone, and a grave, bitter, Dantesque irony. One especial example only of the last quality we must name in the concluding passage of the "Scritta," where the profligate and ruined noble, who has just signed the marriage contract (scritta) with the uninviting daughter of the low-born usurer, while half disposed to repent of and recede from the bargain which he has made of titles against gold, falls into a

dream, in which he sees his own family tree, and far back in the middle ages its real founder, a usurer of the lowest and vilest kind, surpassing in iniquity and harshness his destined father-in-law, by far more than all the superiority of old times over new. This worthy describes, in verses which really read like a portion of a suppressed canto of the *Inferno* devoted to plebeian iniquities and punishments, what he was, through what stupendous deeds of cheating and extortion he rose from vile need to viler wealth, and how his descendants bought from a ducal or vice-regal tyrant the quarterings which, through a line of slothful profligates, have come down to their worthy representative, the dreamer. The final moral, of course, is rather of the cynical than the sentimental kind. "Take her, blockhead that you are, and be thankful; she is as good as you any day."

> "Perchi ti penti, o bestia cortigiana?
> Prendi dell' usurier, prendi la figlia,
> Che siam tutti d'un pelo e d'una lana."[1]

The powers of Giusti as a writer of occasional verses were naturally known to his friends, both at the university and in the capital, long before he had attained the age of six and twenty. The verses, however, on the death of the Emperor Francis, which took place in 1835, appear to have been the first of his political compositions generally circulated with a certain restricted publicity, not in print, but in manuscript. They are those entitled, from the two commencing words, "Dies Iræ." In spite of the solemn name and introduction, this poem is by no means of a dirgelike or wailing, much less of a panegyrical

[1] "You lordling-ass, to dread the pill as bitter?
Take, take the usurer's daughter, and be merry,
We all are puppies of the self-same litter."

character. It is bitter and strong enough, conveying, in language neither very courtly nor very reverent, the various sentiments with which different individuals and classes might be expected to receive the dispensation. Kings and princes mourn, at least with their hats; court, army, church, and police are ready for a new oath; the court orator (an Italian is named) bleats out his panegyric; but those rascals, the Carbonari, exult—nor does the Pole weep for the death of the Cossack's ally;—

"But the greedy Scythian savage
Turns an eye of hungry ravage
On the gorgeous obsequies;
As a gaunt hyena prowling
Scents far off, with long-drawn howling,
Where a brother's carcase lies."

The signs of the times are shortly reviewed, as favourable to freedom. England has her share: she is turning out her Tories.

"Sir John Bull, propagatore
Delle macchine a vapore,
Manda i tory a rotoli."

From an anticipation in this tone, half ironic, of a liberal millennium over the world, the poet passes to the sad and true conclusion: "For us Italians nothing "is changed, except the name of our master; nothing "new, except the personal identity of the wearer of "the crown." A conclusion clenchingly expressed by a reference to the habitual form of announcement that Pope has succeeded. Pope in the immutable sovereignty of St. Peter.

"Ma silenzio, odo il cannone—
Non è nulla—altro Padrone—
Habemus Pontificem."

This, though far from equal to many of his later poems, contains lines not unworthy of being ranked with them. But the sensation which it produced is in part to be attributed to the novel diction and style in which the unknown author presented to his countrymen his thoughts on political matters. Here was a poem on modern politics, calling things and persons by their every-day names; not presenting in a scholarlike disguise, only to be penetrated by the aid of some scholarship and historical knowledge, the hopes and fears of the nineteenth century, under names and costumes borrowed from the thirteenth or sixteenth, but speaking of contemporary events in contemporary language. The style, moreover, was studious as little of ornament as of disguise, plain, short, strong, and emphatically popular; ironical, rather than abusive; brief and bitter, rather than eloquent and prolix; condensing, not expanding passion. In all these respects the verses differed from what Italians were used to meet with; and we can guess, without being told it, the kind of timid admiration, the hesitating recognition, both of the patriotism and the poetry, with which the first verses of Giusti were received by the literary circles of Italy, the followers of Niccolini and Manzoni. It was not long, however, before the claim of the poet to the attention of his countrymen was to be put forth in a stronger and more undeniable form.

The *Stivale*, or "*Boot*," was among those which attracted most early attention. It is a humorous and pointed sketch of the fortunes of Italy. The poor Boot relates how it has passed from leg to leg, through a series of larcenous wearers; how much misuse, patching, unprofitable wear and tear it has undergone in the service of these unrighteous owners.

"Worst of all are the priests, who have worn me

" spitefully and without discretion; and great is my " grudge at certain blockheads of poets who have " countenanced their manner of walk; as if the de- " cretals did not especially forbid their wearing boots " (*i. e.* possession of temporal dominion). Wretched, " worm-eaten, and mouldy as I am, long have I needed " some fitting leg to wear me and have right done " to me:

> " No German's leg or Frenchman's—understand—
> I would be worn by one of my own land.

" Once there was a great chief, 'un certo Sere,' who " might have boasted that he had in me the strongest " and best boot within the world's map; if he had " not been so bent on rambling too far, as he would " do,[1] until—

> " Alas! that snow-storm caught him far astray,
> And froze his limbs, and stopped his walk midway.

" The expense of mending me will be great; the " repair must be total: for Heaven's sake take care " to whom you entrust it: not, as now, to artists who " work into it all manner of colours; Imperial, Nea- " politan, &c.

> " And look—this bit of blue—how ill it matches
> With red-and-white, and black-and-yellow there;
> I'm a mere Harlequin of shreds and patches:
> If you would really put me in repair,
> Make me, with loving zeal and sense to aid,
> All of one piece and one prevailing shade—"

In that case, it is finely intimated, the kick of the boot will be a serious matter to any insolent provoker of the same.

We have named the Boot, because with Italians generally it appears to be a favourite. There are

[1] Bonaparte he *would* set out,
All on the road to Moscow, &c.

intrinsic defects in an allegory of this nature, which perhaps, rather than any want of skill in the execution, prevent our rating it very high among Giusti's poems. Far superior to it, and inferior to nothing with which it can be compared, is another poem, of we believe about the same date, the "Girella." The name, and the dedication, "To the blessed soul of Signor Talleyrand," explain the subject of this singular, most effective, and most bitter satire. It is a sketch, as proceeding from his own mouth, in an after-dinner song, when the heart was opened by wine, of the ideal "Girella," or weathercock of modern politics on a grand scale. Those to whom Giusti is a sealed book, must imagine to themselves such a string as never was put together before of creeds, and causes, and leaders, all faithfully followed while strong, all in turn betrayed when weak; of professions made, recanted, and remade, with equal satisfaction and profit; in fine, of all the possible proteiform transformations of an absolute and impartial egotism, true to itself always, and to no thing or person else in the world.

We dare not attempt to translate it, no translation could give even a faint reflection of the force and simplicity of the short, sharp, pointed, stinging verses, in which is described the career of the alternate enthusiast of the Revolution, and the loyalist of the Restoration, the irreligious church-robber, the pious Christian, the impartial eulogist of "Pitt, Robespierre, "Napoleone, Pio Sesto e Settimo, Murat, Fra Diavolo, "Il Re Nasone, Mosca e Marengo:" in fine, the man who, come what will, falls ever on his legs, and upright.

"Mangiando i frutti
Del mal di tutti."[1]

[1] "Fattening on plunder,
Whoever goes under."

Every country has had its Vicars of Bray, and celebrated them probably in some form or other; but this poem is the perfection of its kind. It is not to be taken as personal, beyond what is necessarily implied in its dedication to the most notoriously versatile of modern politicians. It would be equally good were the absolute consistency of Prince Talleyrand, through the score of governments which he served, demonstrated and admitted; or had he never existed. It is not a satire on an eminent Frenchman, it is a passionate address to the countrymen and contemporaries of the writer, against the prevalent vices of the age, cold indifference to principle, and the worship of selfish gain. Even its moral is more direct than that of most satires, and Giusti, had he written the "Girella" only, would have stood as a teacher above many lengthier moralists. A figure, self-clothed with the bitterest contempt and ridicule, is held up by the poet to his hearers, addressing to the conscience of each some such appeal as the following:—"This, where truth and honour are ignored, "and principle put aside from interest, this is suc- "cess. Be base enough, wicked enough, unprincipled "enough, and you too may succeed. Such is the "world, and such is the time. But do you wish to "succeed at the price of being like this?"

No country and no time is above the need of such lessons; but in this, as in other cases, Giusti wrote in the main for Italy. She too had—what misgoverned country has not?—no lack of minor "Girellas" (the waiters on Providence of ill-administered bureaucracies), whom this satire lashed in general, and the result is said by his, we fear, too sanguine biographer, to have been a practical improvement; at any rate he does a service now and hereafter, who makes us hate vice by making us see it as it is.

In a graver, though scarcely, in truth, more serious tone, is one of his most famous odes, that on the Coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand, in Milan, in the year 1838. The event itself, and the manner of its celebration, are sternly noted by the historian Gualterio; under a title appropriately coupling, "La Corruzione Lombarda e l'Incoronazione." Amid a profuse expenditure caused by the rivalry of splendour between the Viennese court and the wealthy nobles of Milan, amid shows of every kind, military and civic, aided and coloured by an exercise of cheap clemency, a kind of profitable frenzy of local loyalty, or at least what served for such, was got up for the time. Such stage effects of pompous worship, such effervescences of prostration before crowned or uncrowned tyrants, on whichever side of the Alps, whether at Milan or at Grenoble, are easily got up; and perhaps of all the forms of human baseness there is none which it is so hard for a sterner virtue to regard with forgiving charity. Giusti perhaps did not try to do so. With the oppressors he felt that he did well to be angry, even to death, and he would have made his countrymen feel with him. Accordingly, says Gualterio, "this delirium of the Milanese in-"spired Giuseppe Giusti with perhaps the noblest "satire that ever flowed from that pen, alas! too "soon lost to his country." In whatever Italian there existed a relic of the nobleness of the past, a smouldering hope for the future, his feelings, on viewing this combination of false splendour and real degradation, found a perfect utterance in these verses.

Of some part of the "Coronation" we have attempted to give an English version, in which, it is right to observe, the metre has not been exactly followed. In the original, the sketches of the various

princes of Italy who are supposed to bow before the Imperial throne, are singularly pointed and condensed. Such lines as that which describes the King of Naples,—

"Il Lazzarone Paladino infermo,"

cling where they are thrown, and become proverbial. Mental character and outward form are seized and dashed off with one stroke. Every word hits, and every word enhances the effect of the others, and the emphatic exactness of the unflattering portrait. It will be seen that the sketch of Charles Albert naturally delineates that prince as he appeared to Italian liberals between 1830 and 1840; as the presumed betrayer of the liberal cause in 1820, earning his pardon from the Holy Alliance, first by serving it as a soldier in Spain at the storming of the Trocadero, and next by persecuting liberals at home. Charles Albert lived to merit, and to receive from Giusti, as from other wise and good Italians, a different judgment. We are bound to note, since the historian Gualterio has thought it necessary to defend his hero the king against the implied charge of servility, that the poet's second-sight misled him when it showed the King of Sardinia bending before the Imperial footstool. Charles Albert actually absented himself from the coronation at Milan, a step of somewhat marked character, which attracted notice at the time. The commencement reminds us of one of the rough old woodcut frontispieces so dear to childhood, representing a full parliament of the beasts, at the head of some of Æsop's fables.

THE CORONATION.

"The Lion King, who keeps us slaves—to him
May God preserve sound stomach, claws, and limb:
The herd of meaner crowned ones—sleek, dissembling,
Foxes and conies trembling—

"Around him cluster, and with low-drooped locks,
Cry to the sovereign shearer of the flocks,
'We, Father, in thy name, at second hand,
Will closely clip the land.'

"Lo, first to soil in dust his servile knees
The yellow conscience-jaundiced Piedmontese;
Who purged the short mistake that made him hero
So well at Trocadero.

"O Carbonari, *yours*, ye knew him well,
Your Prince, who dragged you to the block, the cell,
He now maintains in the true king-like tone
The oaths of Twenty-one.

"With trailing cloak behind sweeps blustering in
The feeble Lazzarone Paladin.
This year Palermo knew in him again
The old and cruel strain."

The satirist does not forget to notice, in the case of the "Sacripant" of Naples, two characteristic accompaniments of Legitimist Absolutism, the martinet passion for drilling, and the popular piece of scandal which attributes to a "Zoccolante," or begging friar, the doubtful honour of a parental relation to the monarch.

"Why deal, King Sacripant, with arms and thunder?
With that great fist wouldst smite the heavens asunder?
Have done, thou ape of heroes, in thy jowl
We read the friar-like soul.

"The Tuscan Morpheus follows slack and slow,
With poppy-wreaths and lettuce on his brow,
Who in pursuit of immortality
Drains bogs and pockets dry.

"With law and land statistics without number,
He lulls his languid people into slumber;
And when his grandsire most he imitates
Scrapes something from his States."

The comparative indulgence shown in the preceding stanzas to the well-meaning statistical and marsh-draining archduke, contrasts well with the

grave and bitter censure bestowed on Maria Louisa of Parma, and with the light but exquisite felicity of the stroke with which is hit off the gay intruder amid serious despots, "Di Lucca il Protestante Don Giovanni." This, like the "Lazzarone-Paladin" above, recals the comprehensive and exhaustive compound names given by Mirabeau—the "Grandison Cromwell," for instance, of which Mr. Carlyle truly says, "Write a volume on the man, and, if you can, say more."

"To whispered scoffs, that fill the guilty place,
She, the degraded, turns her shameless face—
She, who consoled, in true Vienna style,
The Corsican's exile.

"Gay 'midst the grave contrivers of our ruin,
Trips in our Lucca's Protestant Don Juan;
In the long *carte* of tyrants, lo, a dish
That's neither flesh nor fish."

Here we omit a few stanzas. The representative of Modena, of course, is not wanting.—"The ill-conditioned Joshua, of the House of Este," who, between cruelty and crude logic, thinks he can stop the sun in heaven. The only one absent is Pope Gregory, and to him, after a satirical notice of the falling off in the Purgatorial revenues, the poet turns with a serious appeal; the very appeal which some years later events addressed to his successor, and to which for a time the world hoped Pius was capable of worthily responding. "Speak the word; if you do not, others will." It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the iron crown of Lombardy is popularly said to be made of the nails of the true cross. In the passionate exhortation to the Lombards which follows, Legnano, the great battle in which the Lombard cities overthrew the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, appropriately finds a place.

"O destined thou to keep alive and free
The sacred stem of Christ's most holy tree,
Bring back in peace, what was so rich and great,
The Gospel's poor estate.

"Thy doubting, wretched children—give them rest
Beneath thy garments, meek and humbly drest:
First from thyself, then from our tyrants, tear
The mask of fraud ye wear.

"Or if thy wish be still but as of old,
To drink Power's cup, and curse her foes for gold,
Then through these crowds a stronger voice shall ring:
'This crown, which makes your king,

"'Not from those nails of holiest renown,
As wild tales tell, was forged this iron crown;
Christ gave not to be tools of wrongs and lies
His Passion's mystic ties.

"'Not from the ploughshare blest, whose peaceful birth
Made demigods the patriarchs of our earth—
This crown was twisted from the robber-swords
Of ruthless Northern hordes.

"'O Latin race! for whom these low-bent knees?
Your Lord is heir to those old tyrannies;
Around your feet are clanking chains of shame—
Their iron is the same.

"'Lo, you are here—look round upon your numbers!
Rush on the hirelings:—waken from your slumbers;
Flash in your tyrant's eyes with fearless band
A different-tempered brand—

"'Steel of that furnace whence LEGNANO's swords
Reaped the full harvest of barbaric hordes,
Even as the sickle on the autumn plain
Reaps the full sheaves of grain.'

"Ah me—the people hears—yet looks askance:
Turns to mock fights its glad and foolish glance:
And gives the German columns, rushing, firing,
Its stupid cheers admiring.

"The people—no—the giddy guilty swarms,
Nursed and corrupted in luxurious barms,
The scum of nations that from Europe drains
Down to the Lombard plains;

"Hired actors, decked with servile diadems,
Sham wreaths of laurel, and sham sets of gems;
And liveried hounds, that smirch their gilt attire
With fawning in the mire;

"And Folly's slaves in fashionable hosts,
Worn by false pleasure to the ghosts of ghosts:
And padded grandsires, with galvanic grins
Aping their children's sins;

"All like the madman, who in brainless craze
Laughs while the clothes upon his shoulders blaze,
And murders with his fist, in frenzied ire,
Him who would quench the fire."

With this bitter description and frightfully forcible simile the poem concludes. Throughout, as in the last stanza, it will be observed that Giusti speaks not merely as a mouthpiece of popular feeling. He has to stir up or even to create the passions to which he appeals. It was the "delirio Milanese" which provoked his anger; and he does not assail the wearer of the iron crown so much as the slaves who applaud him. Foreign dominion is denounced; but the indifference, lukewarmness, or cowardice of many Italians is not less openly and bitterly noted. "You "who stupidly and basely admire the shows with "which your foreign lords would conciliate you, the "military displays with which they warn you to "submit—you are *not* Italians."

The poet is a proclaimer of a truth not unrecognised, but as yet not thoroughly felt and acknowledged. What his influence was, who can tell? Who can tell how many youthful hearts were thrilled by these verses among those who but ten years later raised and manned the barricades of Milan, bequeathing to their countrymen, if not a permanent deliverance, yet the memory at least of a victory over their oppressors? We know at any rate that many hearts were thrilled. The verses made their way wherever

the language of the writer was spoken; and it was felt that Italy, whatever else she might want, had at least another poet to grace her fallen condition.

In the eyes of many, especially of those who look at it from afar, Italy is a land of the past only; a land crowded with great memories, with the proofs and relics of a double dominion, with the sculptured and painted marbles of classic and Christian art, with ancient ruins and mediæval churches, and with scenes of natural beauty, almost defying the power of art to render them; but not to be regarded as a land of living modern interests, sharing in modern conflict and progress, a portion of the civilization of to-day, a nation among the European nations. Few things can be conceived more calculated to gall an Italian than the unconsciously contemptuous judgment thus thoughtlessly passed upon his people. He knows it to be untrue, yet he feels that it has much apparent and some real truth. The partial truth makes the implied slight more bitter, and calls for a deeper resentment against those who, by foreign tyranny or by indigenous baseness, crush or paralyze the life of Italy.

This common opinion, embodied by Lamartine in a probably chance expression, "*La Terre des Morts*," drew from Giusti the poem intitled "La Terra dei Morti." A grave and sometimes grim humour, relieved with touches of melancholy beauty, is its prevalent tone. "We are dead, it seems: it is true "we lived once and to some purpose; but we are "quite dead now. Our life, or rather this our pre-"sent pseudo-life, is a mere fiction and impertinent "intrusion among the living: you of this generation, "you Frenchmen who are so thoroughly alive, say "so, and you must be right: yet from some things, "one would almost think we were still really living;

"who knows? perhaps it will turn out so." This is the theme of the poem. With this explanation perhaps even a most imperfect translation of some of the stanzas of this remarkable ode may give some idea of the deep strain of melancholy irony with which the poet accepts and applies the designation in behalf of the land of which he is sadly proud, and of the people whose life and right to live he indicates.

"LA TERRA DEI MORTI.

"A noi larve d'Italia,
Mummie dalla matrice,
E becchino la balia
Anzi la levatrice:
Con noi sciupa il Priore
L'acqua battesimale,
E quando si rimuore
Ci ruba il funerale.

"Eccoci qui confitti
Coll' effigie d'Adamo,
Si par di carne, e siamo
Costole e stinche ritti
O anime ingannate,
Che ci fate quassù?
Rassegnatevi, andate
Nel numero dei più.

"Ah d'una gente morta
Non si giova la Storia:
Di Libertà, di Gloria,
Scheletri, che v' importa?
A che serve un' esequie
Di ghirlande o di torsi?
Brontoliamoci un requie
Senza tanti discorsi.

"Ecco, su tutti i punti
Della tomba funesta
Vagar di testa in testa
Ai miseri defunti
Il pensiero abbrunato
D'un panno mortuario.
L'artistico, il togato,
Il regno letterario,

"E tutta una moria.
Niccolini è spedito,
Manzoni è seppellito,
Co' morti in libreria.
E tu giunto a compietà
Lorenzo, come mai
Infondi nella creta
La vita che non hai?"

"THE DEAD MEN'S LAND.

"To us poor ghosts of Italy,
Us, mummies from the womb,
Our nurse is sexton, and our birth
But opens us the tomb.
On us the curates waste in vain
The holy font's expenses,
And charge our burial fees again
On purely false pretences.

"Made up like Adam's sons
In human likeness fair,
True flesh you'd think us, yet we are
Mere ribs and long shin bones.
What do you here, poor souls misled,
Stray'd from your place of slumber?
Oh, be resigned, go join the dead,
The nation without number.

"For a departed nation
There is no place in story,
What is Liberty or Glory
To this corpse-generation?
Garlands on graves? What good to them?
They're just as well without it.
Let's mumble off their requiem,
And make less talk about it.

"Behold, wide wandering over
This cemetery ground,
Dreamily flit and hover
From skull to skull all round
Thoughts by the funeral pall,
Shrouded in hues of mourning.
The sphere of art, and all
The realm of law and learning,

"Are only burial places.
Niccolini's doom is sped,
Manzoni with the dead
Is heaped in old bookcases.
And, young Lorenzo, say,
By what enchantment rare
Thou breathest into clay
The life thou dost not share?"

The allusion is to Lorenzo Bartolini, the sculptor, among other works, of the statue "La Fiducia in Dio," exquisitely described by Giusti in a sonnet with that title.

Romagnosi, too (the great Italian jurist of the century), what was he? a ghost,—yet a ghost who could think, and whose thoughts stirred the living. However, dead we are, and all of them, too, are dead. So you Frenchmen say; and you show that you think so from the way in which you borrow from us.

"Dei morti nuovi e vecchi
L' eredità giacenti
Arrichiron parecchi
In terra di viventi.
Campando in buona fede
Sull' asse ereditario
Lo scrupoloso erede
Ci fa l'anniversario."

"Our dead of old and of to-day—
Their unclaimed heritages
Have furnished many a golden prey
For lively living sages.
Most conscientiously they prize
The riches they inherit,
And drink our solemn memories,
And spend our goods with spirit."

As for you, our censors of the Church and the police, you may lay down your scissors; why so careful to emasculate the dead?

"Perche si stanno addosso
Selve di baionette,
E s'ungono a quest' osso
Le nordiche basette?
Come! guardate i morti
Con tanta gelosia?
Studiate anatomia
Che il diavolo vi porti.

"Ma il libro di natura
Ha l'entrata e l'uscita:
Tocca a loro la vita,
E a noi la sepoltura.
E poi se lo domandi
Assai siamo campati.
Gino, eravamo grandi
E là non eran nati.

"O mura cittadine,
Sepolcri maestosi,
Fin le vostre ruine
Sono un apoteosi.
Cancella anco la fosse,
O barbaro inquieto,
Chè temerarie l'osse
Sentono il sepolcreto.

"Why hedge us round, poor church-yard folk,
With bayonet plantations?
Why, prying Northmen, peer and poke
'Mid bones and exhumations?
What? watch and spy so jealously
Among the poor dead bodies?
Oh—you would learn anatomy—
The devil aid your studies!

"The register of time is rife
With welcomes and farewells:
Their turn is come for busy life,
Ours for the silent cells.
And after all we've had our day,
And done perhaps our share;
For we were great of old, ere they
Were born yet, over there.

"O ancient city towers,
Majestic sepulchres,
Even in your ruin stirs
A life of nobler powers.
Lay level ditch and mound,
Rude and suspicious stranger,
Lest from their very burial-ground
Dead bones learn thoughts of danger.

" Veglia sul monumento
Perpetuo lume il sole,
E fa da torcia a vento:
Le rose, le viole,
I pampani, gli olivi,
Son simboli di pianto:
Oh, che bel Camposanto
Da fare invidia ai vivi!"

"In place of torchlit gloom,
Perpetual sun reposes
Upon that favoured tomb;
And violets and roses,
And vine and olive wreath,
Are all its signs of sorrow.
Oh, well may Life be fain from Death
So bright a home to borrow!"

In the last stanza the thin mask of irony is almost thrown off, and the repressed passion breaks through with fierce and undisguised menaces, as the poet passes from the fair image of the dead land, to that of the "Dies Iræ," and Day of Judgment yet waiting the oppressors.

" Cadaveri, alle corte
Lasciamoli cantare,
E vediam questa morte
Dov' anderà a cascare.
Tra i salmi dell' Uffizio
C' è anco il *Dies iræ:*
O che non ha a venire
Il giorno del giudizio?"

"Then, brother corpses, wait in faith,
Let be their mocking laughter:
Let's calmly look, if this be death,
On death and what comes after.
The *Dies iræ* still is read
Among the hymns of warning;
How long, O Lord, for us poor dead
Delays the judgment morning?"

Some idea of the intellectual and moral state of a nation will ever be found in the average character of its governing men, not so much in that of the one or two leading ministers as of the more numerous officials who administer its resources. Between their character and that of the government they serve, there is a yet closer relation; and considering the degree and extent of moral influence exercised over masses of mankind even by the satellites of power, it may be said that one of the most pernicious consequences of

a base government is the individual baseness which it creates or requires in those who serve it. This is an evil clearly distinguishable from, and perhaps exceeding in amount, all the actual harm caused by misgovernment in detail. It is a canker at the very heart of the social body. In a centralized and bureau-governed country, the existence of a corrupt class of officials is a curse scarcely less all-penetrating than that of a corrupt priesthood. In the eyes of Giusti, this evil, which may be abridged into "Scoundrelism in office," was one of the heaviest curses of Italy; one which the reformer must destroy, and which could not escape the lash of the reforming poet. In his "Gingillino" he has given us what may be called the epic of such scoundrelism; a picture, as his biographer truly says, "squalidly sublime," of the training, progress, success, and final triumph, as of a pupil and master in this school of abject vileness.

A satire more fiercely definite, alike in object and execution, was never penned; and we can easily believe, as we are told, that its effect was tremendous. Here is no allegorical beating about the bush; the form and the drift of the poem are singularly direct and plain. An essay on the subject would have been scarcely more perspicuous, probably far less downright in its language. In a prologue addressed to his friend, Alessandro Manzoni, son of the celebrated novelist, the poet simply declares a fact, and his wonder at it.

"Our rulers," says he, "are always in the habit "of picking out the worst and lowest of men to "serve them and the State; and then they wonder "that in time of trouble these rabble are merely "in the way. O royal and imperial highnesses, "descendants of Gothic robber-heroes, when you call "yourselves *We* instead of *I*, is it that you may

"include those wolves, your trenchermen, with you?" He advises a thorough clearance of the whole tribe, and proceeds to back his recommendation by a picture of *one*. Beginning at the beginning, he introduces us to his hero-scoundrel, fit to be Mr. Carlyle's ideal arch-scoundrel, in the cradle, under the auspices of appropriate gossips,—the deities *eponymi* of all the servile vices,—apostasy, knavery, servility, greed, &c. These, like attendant Parcæ or gift-bestowing fairies, assembled round the cradle, and pouring the leprous distilment of the precepts which are to model his future fate into the ears of the infant on whom they are about to fling with full hands such blessings as they can confer—

> "Choruss'd for lullaby this nursery rhyme
> Most worthy of themselves and of the time."

We have attempted to give some idea of this fatal chant; but the short sententious flow of Giusti's dactylic measure can hardly be represented in English. The sustained and bitter irony needs neither comment nor explanation:

"Hush, baby, don't cry,
You were naked when born;
Would you learn how to die
Not so bare and forlorn?

"Come list to our maxims,
Which ever hold good,
And will float you like cork
To the top of the flood.

"With a back early bent,
And a pliable marrow,
Cringe, crush yourself under
The pedagogue's harrow.

"With strangers and friends
Be it ever your plan,
To become a mere nothing
As far as you can.

"The brilliant, the daring,
By you be forsworn,
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.

"Keep your head and your heart
Undisturbed by old story,
By weak dreams of honour,
Dim spectres of glory.

"And carefully seeking
To limit your learning,
To know how to read
What will help you in earning.

"Shun genius, for ever
A curse and a scorn,
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.

"Grow up, and remember,
That blundering by chance
With an honest intention
More hurts your advance

"Than the perfidy cool
And complete as a friar's,
Wrought by line and by rule,
Of your well-balanced liars.

"An error confessed
By the heart in its fulness,
Hold the surest of signs
Of the arrantest dulness.

"On the dirtiest fingers
Clean gloves can be worn;
Do this—or die naked
As when you were born.
. . . . . .

"In soul and in body
Be slave to the Real,
Nor get yourself lost
In some airy Ideal.

"Let the fables which Reason
Has told to your youth,
Still yield to the Dollar's
Plain practical truth.

"Let no noble disdain
Touch you with the folly
Of that simple poetic,
Half-mad melancholy,

"Which would tell you the tatters
That honesty brings,
Are not the most wretched
Nor basest of things.

"A great and old proverb,
To power well-known,
Has told us that *Being*
And *Having* are one.

"Hold you by that oracle,
Never outworn;
If you would not die naked
As when you were born."

Twenty years later we find the protegé of these goddesses taking his degree at the university, a process given with much humorous reality. He is presented by the Public Orator, as we should say, to the assembled Heads, in a speech crammed with eulogies on the most regular, most obedient, most decorous of pupils,—one who has ever been marked for abstaining from pipes, billiards, taverns, beards, and other disorderly proceedings, for never doing anything without leave,

> "Sempre abbassando la ragione e l'estro,
> Sempre pensando a modo del maestro."[1]

Confident expectations are expressed of his success in life, as a defender of things as they are. Leaving the Senate-house in glory, Gingillino is met at the door by a knot of honest scapegrace students (we greatly fear that one Giuseppe Giusti was conspicuous among the number), who, saluting with mock respect the newly-made Doctor of Laws, follow after him, chanting in a tone less complimentary than the orator's,

[1] "Still smothering thought and impulse as they rise,
And viewing all things through your master's eyes."

a few verses which convey their impression of the character and prospects of the model pupil.

"*Tibi quoque, tibi quoque,*
Is the faculty consigned:
Duly thou '*in jure utroque*'
Authorized to gull mankind.
All that sea of knavish troubling
There within thy cranium bubbling,
From thy skull in full relief
Raises high the bump of thief.

"What is left from all you've read,
Crudest studies, bump'd and hurried
In that nutshell of a head,
Urn in which the mind is buried?
Scantiest lore is yet enough
For that soul of coarsest stuff:
Yea, the slightest tincture of it
Will fit *you* for touching profit.

"Don the gown of learned brother
Or attorney, which you will:
One name fits you like another
While it pays your baker's bill:
Born a hound and hireling wary,
Born Cossack or Janissary,
With bow'd neck and crooked shrinking
Making up for want of thinking.

"Hypocrite, the laws to wrench,
From your face, whoever sees ye,
Knows you travel to the bench
By the way that's broad and easy.
And they say too, you for hire
Play the spy that blows the fire,
Follower strict and devotee
Of the apostle of the tree.

"Poor Iscariot, however,
Was a miserable creature:
You, past paragon more clever,
You with hard unflinching feature,
You can sell a life that's holy
Without thinking of the folly
Of being hang'd and burst asunder,
Or of giving back the plunder."

The highly approved graduate of the university has next to become the graduate of the world. For this purpose Giusti conducts him to the capital (apparently Rome), and at this point the poet pauses for a moment, and leaves the sharp ringing measures of his bitter satire, to express in slow moving Dantean verses, of singular melancholy and untranslatable sweetness, how the contrast of ancient glories and modern degradation strikes upon the soul of him who, wandering at night through the moonlit city—

"Malinconico pazzo che si giova
Del casto amplesso della tua beltade
Sempre a tutti presente e sempre nova;

"Lento s'inoltra per le mute strade
Ove più lunge è il morbo delle gente
Ed ove l'ombra più romita cade."

But the pause is but momentary. With an indignant zest, mixed with disgust, he plunges his hero (a lawyer, be it remembered) into what, if we understand it rightly, is a kind of *Old Bailey* society—a réunion of the practitioners in every kind, on and off the bench, of every legal rascality; and hence, by a slight transition to the somewhat wider club, including the lower orders of "Birrocratici," heads and directors of "police," in the continental sense of the word. Crowded with allusions and difficult expressions as this part of the poem is, it is hard for any but an Italian—we might probably say for any but a Tuscan—to appreciate it altogether. Its spirit and flow com-

[1] The morbid fool who wastes his hours in dreaming
On thy rich beauty, that surpasses praise,
By all enjoyed, and ever virgin seeming,

"Roams slowly through thy silence-haunted ways,
Far from the poisonous breath of busy crowds,
Where'er the stillest shadow falls and stays."

mend themselves to all; but these it would be hopeless to attempt to reproduce in English.

Standing thus amid a crowd of emulous rogues, with his foot on the lowest step of the ladder of officiality, and looking upwards with admiring envy, "L'Eccellentissimo Dottor Gingilla" asks and receives the lesson how to climb. Most great men, it is said, owe their rise to feminine influence, and Giusti's hero is no exception. As a young man of promise, he is taken into filial favour by a lady, described in very direct and uncomplimentary verses as the worthy lady patroness of such a society, from whose mouth he receives what might be called the "Official Scoundrel's Manual." Sententiously and gravely are introduced the requirements of the career to which the aspirant has devoted himself. He is already perfect on the negative side; the chapter of "What to Avoid"—

"Shun liberals, of all denominations,
All clever fellows with the mark of danger;
Talk not of journals, books, or publications,
But seem to all such things the merest stranger:
Shut close your soul to all, and be alone;—
This lore, I trow, full well to thee is known.

"This falls within the great art of omission,
In which I've known you long, complete and clever;
To teach you that, were waste, and mere addition;
Wood to a forest, water to a river.
Well entered thus, for you is still remaining
The active half of your noviciate training."

Then follow the precepts of base things *to be done:* how to choose a patron; how to treat him when chosen; what services to render obtrusively, what inobtrusively; in short, the whole duty of a crawler, set forth with a calm and scientific accuracy, an absence of exaggeration, or obvious irony, in itself

most ironical. It is, in fact, a collection, in clear, forcible, emphatic verse, of directions which would be felt to be, if regarded as means to an end, singularly applicable and true. Giusti has done for the low placeman, who would rise to be perhaps even a Pecheneda,[1] what Machiavelli has done for the "Principe." The object of Giusti's picture, at least, will not be a subject of dispute. Gingillino of course earns, by zealous adoption of the precepts, the rewards to which they are intended to conduct; and we leave him a prosperous official, already honoured with marks of his prince's favour, looking forward with devout confidence to his future admission into the higher official heaven of grand crosses and stars, and reciting every morning and evening with the deepest reverence before his commission of office, as the symbol to him most sacred, a kind of creed to the effect, *I believe in Mammon*—a creed which, with its tone of bitter and meaning parody, might be considered irreverent in England. Many among us hold that belief devoutly enough, who would be shocked at its plain expression, and for this, as for other reasons, we shall not attempt to translate it.

Such is one of the most celebrated among those poems from which, as Giusti's biographer observes, posterity will draw a living idea of his time—of one side of it, that is to say. There was, perhaps, little hope of immediate amendment in the corruptions so bitterly denounced amid universal assent and applause. But there was dealt to the whole system of government which supported itself on such agency, a heavy and far-resounding blow; and of the many thoughts which would pass through the minds of the

[1] A type of infamous notoriety since the state prosecutions at Naples, which formed the subject of Mr. Gladstone's letters to the Earl of Aberdeen.

Italian reader or hearer (for these poems, circulating in manuscript, were, we believe, read in companies), the last would be—it cannot—it shall not stand. This was the thought which, more or less consciously, lay ever at the bottom of the poet's verses, and the thought which he would have stereotyped, if possible, in the heart of every auditor.

"Gingillino" was written late in 1844. It was the first-fruits of the poet's partial recovery from an illness which had greatly alarmed his friends, of the same kind with that which afterwards proved fatal to him; and its celebrity, perhaps, surpassed that of his former works. His name, as that of the "Anonymous Tuscan," was by this time bruited through Italy with that kind of underhand mysterious celebrity which perhaps is the most flattering and emphatic of all the forms of fame. He was known as an equal to the great writers of his nation; he had many and devoted friends; he was, as his biographer tells us, loved by all who knew him. The praise which came to him from all parts of Italy must have gratified a higher susceptibility than that of poetic vanity. It could not fail to make him feel that his words were something, that he, too, had a lever in his hand, and that there was already felt a tremulous response to the efforts of himself and others vibrating through the fabric which they wished to overthrow.

Few years yet remained for him, but much was reserved for those few. He was to see all but won more than he had ever expected, more than he can have hoped, and to see it all lost again; in part by misfortune, as we call it; in part, too, by visible errors and crimes which he keenly denounced, and which would have been impossible, had the Italians been such as he would have wished to see, and potently aided to make them.

At this point, in the year 1845, the last year of Gregory XVI., while from every part of the Peninsula comes a kind of response to the voices of those who, like Giusti in verse, or like Gioberti, Azeglio, and others in prose, point the way to a better future—the dim murmur of a coming change—let us pause for a moment before the portrait of the poet of the movement:—

"Those who conversed with him at this time," says his biographer, "and also until a few days before his "death, would have seen a man tall and well made, "with a countenance full of vivacity and amiability, "with black hair, eyes, and whiskers; and at first "might have thought him a person made, as the "saying is, to live for ever; but after more careful "examination of his countenance would have per- "ceived a kind of slight yellow tinge, like that of one "whose liver is affected, and especially a shade of "profound melancholy, which seemed to veil over "his smile, and shed around him an air of scarcely "definable sadness."

A fanciful parallel might perhaps be traced between the poet and the coming fortunes of the Italy which he loved, in the flashing smile so sadly and readily veiled, the fair appearance of strength with death already at the heart. It is more to the purpose of criticism to observe, that this look of melancholy is thoroughly characteristic, for (as already observed), as in the case of almost all genuine irony, a deep sadness is the groundwork of all the laughing satire of Giusti.

Of the private life of Giusti during these years of early manhood his biographer tells us little enough. Over many years of it, as over the life of so many eminent men, there lay the shadow of a great sorrow, in the form of a disappointed affection. A love

returned, and then a broken pledge: this is all we see of an event which coloured his whole life, and, even in his biographer's opinion, contributed in some degree to create or strengthen in his mind the tendency to look on the dark and censurable side of things. Often is it the case, and often rightly so, though we cannot but regret it, that the leading incident of an individual's life, that which in his own eyes occupied most space in his mental history, fills but a few lines in his biography. Some beautiful and tender personal poems, necessarily less broadly marked by his peculiar manner than his greater works, but the more interesting through a likeness which the difference of subject does but veil—are the memorials for the world of probably the most important incident in the life of Giusti.

An anecdote of a lighter kind has reached us on uncertain authority; how the Grand Duke himself, on some occasion, sent for the suspected author of the keen satires in everybody's mouth, and remonstrated with him in the usual paternal tone, and probably with a really kind intention. "You are a young man "of great talents; you will get into trouble if you go "on in this way; you might employ yourself better "for your own advantage," &c. And how Giusti, not being able to afford, however thin was the veil, to lose his anonymous character, calmly answered, "that "his Royal Highness was extremely good, that he "had no pretensions of that kind; he regretted to "say, he was an indolent young man who was very "fond of fishing, and thought little of other matters."

It is scarcely necessary to observe that no deception was either conveyed or intended by such an answer. It simply amounted to a polite negative, a form of saying,—I decline letting out my Pegasus—always supposing I have one, a fact which your censorship

does not allow me to admit—to be put into court-harness. We do not, however, answer for the story. Of Giusti's having been subjected to sharp police supervision and censure, his poems contain a characteristic record in the verses entitled, "Rassegnazione e proponimento di cambiar vita." They are an ironical recantation and repentance of former offences, for which he has been severely rebuked, of course amounting to a very pointed repetition of them. Another, entitled "My New Friend," is an admirably witty sketch of the gentlemanlike and pleasing person, only rather extravagant in his liberalism, and given to underbreath confessions of conspiracy, who had lately pressed his flattering society on the poet; being of course a police spy.

We necessarily pass over much unnoticed; but among the poems of this period of hope, there is one which for its singular beauty and unusual tenderness of thought and expression demands especial notice; that entitled "Sant' Ambrogio." It is an instance of what the simplest of incidents may become in the hands of a real poet.

Giusti finds himself one morning near the altar in the church of St. Ambrogio, near Milan, and, as it happens, in the middle of a whole troop of Austrian soldiers—Bohemians, Croats, and others, "the stakes of our vineyard," standing up stiffly in truth, as if they were so many stakes, with—

> "Blank faces, and tow whiskers fit to kindle,
> Upright before the Lord, each like a spindle."

Moreover, the poor fellows had breakfasted on garlic, and between moral and physical shrinking, he admits that he felt a certain shock, a rush of feelings not proper to the time and place. But while he was

looking on, there arose from the band near the altar a slow strain of mournful music—

> "D'una gente che gema in duri stenti
> E de' perduti beni si rammenti." [1]

The music was Italian, that chorus from Verdi's "Lombardi:"—

> "Quello 'O Signore, dal tetto natio,'
> Che tanti petti ha scossi e inebriati." [2]

Its beauty carried him away, and united him in feeling with the foreign worshippers. It ceased, and he was recovering with the thought, "it is our own music after all, and perfectly played," when the music began again, this time a German hymn, chanted by the soldiers, half prayer, half lament, a "bitter sweet" strain, telling of the recollections of infancy, of those home songs, which, learnt at the mother's knee, come back to the heart in the days of sorrow, of the sad longings of exile, so beautiful, so tender, so imploring, so melancholy, that it enchanted him in delight and wonder, that those wooden figures were capable of such exquisite harmonies.

> "Un cantico tedesco lento lento
> Per l'aer sacro a Dio mosse le penne:
> Era preghiera, e mi parea lamento,
> D'un suono grave, flebile, solenne,
> Tal, che sempre nell' anima lo sento:
> E mi stupisco che in quelle cotenne,
> In que' fantocci esotici di legno,
> Potesse l'armonia fino a quel segno.

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1 "Of people under deep oppression lying,
And for their long-lost treasures fondly sighing."

2 "Verdi's the work—that cry to heaven up-flung
By hapless Lombards that of thirst are dying:
'Lord, from our childhood's homes,' thus it has rung
To many a heart with ardent leap replying."

"Sentia nell'inno la dolcezza amara
De 'canti uditi da fanciullo: il core
Che da voce domestica gl'impara
Ce li ripete i giorni del dolore:
Un pensier mesto della madre cara,
Un desiderio di pace e di amore,
Uno sgomento di lontano esilio,
Che mi faceva andare in visibilio."[1]

It left the poet full of deeper and kinder thoughts, and earnest compassion for those poor fellows, blind instruments of a tyranny which they do not understand, dragged from their home, harshly disciplined, solitary, and disliked among people of another race and speech, sent here by the politic despotism which finds in the opposition of races the instrument of its supremacy, slaves keeping down slaves,—

"From far Bohemia and the Ban's command,
Like droves to winter in our fat marsh land."

A thought arises in his mind, a thought of kindly brotherhood of the subject peoples, "and had I not "run away, I really must have embraced a corporal, "standing there with his cane as stiff as a clothes-"peg."

[1] "A German chant, with slow and soft vibration,
Rose on the sacred air towards God's throne:
A prayer, but falling like a lamentation,
So liquid, earnest, reverent in tone,
That still my heart recalls the strange pulsation,
And marvels how those carcasses o'ergrown,
Those wooden-throated blocks from Northern clime,
Could breathe a sweetness of such heavenly chime.

"A mournful tenderness the hymn pervaded,
As when the simple notes in childhood heard
Fall in their later years on spirits jaded,
And all domestic memories are stirred.
A mother's darling face, seen yet unfaded,
A longing after love and peace deferred,
A horror of long exile—all my sense
Delirious ran with the strange eloquence."

Giusti's abstract politics may or may not have been generally identical with those of the illustrious men whom we have named as the leaders and representatives, or teachers, of moderate liberalism. It is right to observe that he agreed with them on the most important point of all, on that fatal point, on which difference of opinion has ruined the hopes of Italy. With the best and wisest, he said, let us have no secret societies, no conspiracies. All that is gone by; in nine cases out of ten, it never was more than an imposture of the "birri," spies and informers, who get up such articles to sell them in retail; and it is mere cast-off rubbish to-day:—

> "Oggi si tratta d'una certa razza
> Che vuole Storia, e che lo dice in piazza."[1]

The poem from which these lines are taken is a kind of confession of political faith, with the significant title, "Delenda Cartago."

"Your excellency," says the poet to some minister of police probably, "why do you send that stupid "deaf fellow to follow me, and make out what I and "others are about? It is mere waste of money; I am "perfectly ready to tell you. Take notes—is your "pencil ready? First, understand that the world "really is in movement, and aspires to freedom. "Listen but to the bell of the Campanile, each time "it tolls 'For burial or for baptism in the morn, "A Tory[2] dies, a Liberal is born.' Change, there-"fore, we desire; but we are no conspirators or "destructives: no pseudo Gracchi or 'Robespierrini' "—neither do we wish for absolute lords—'Padroni'

1 "We're but a people looking for a history,
And say so freely, with no fuss or mystery."

2 Literally "a Brigand:" but here used as a mere party designation—muore un *Brigante* e nasce un Liberale.

"—you may put that down '*Padroni no,*' and to pro-
"ceed. To republics, tyrants, slaves, all those con-
"vulsive and stimulating names, I have nothing to
"say: I can tell you in two words what we *do*
"want.

> "Scriva—Vogliamo che'ogni figlio d' Adamo
> Conti per uomo, e *non vogliam Tedeschi:*
> Vogliamo i Capi col capo: vogliamo
> Leggi e Governi, e *non vogliam Tedeschi.*
> Scriva, Vogliamo, tutti, quanti siamo
> L'Italia, Italia, e *non vogliam Tedeschi:*
> Vogliam pagar di borsa e di cervello,
> *E non vogliam Tedeschi:* arrivedello.[1]

"Respect for rights, real laws, real government, Italy:
"honest payment for these blessings: and, above all,
"no Germans: *Delenda Cartago.*"

There is the *mot d'enigme,* pointedly enough given. This poem was dated December, 1846. A little more than another year, and the dream was all but realized; the time thought distant was at the very doors. As is often the case in such things, the Revolution of Italy came, not without warnings indeed, but still like a thief in the night. Pius had succeeded Gregory, and the distant shock was already given.

There is a deep and most natural sadness in the tone with which, now that all is past, the Italian writers refer to those days of 1847, days of almost intoxicating promise and gladness, when hope after hope, as it arose, seemed to lead to its own fulfilment,

[1] "We want each man to be a man, and feel it;
Write down that first: Item, we want no Germans;
A Rule of Justice, and a Head to deal it
In right of laws: Item, we want no Germans.
Write down—we say it, and we'll sign and seal it,—
We want our Italy—we want no Germans:—
Our wits and wealth to be our own once more;
Item, we want no Germans. *Au revoir.*".

when the cause of freedom, sanctioned by authority, and blest by religion, seemed, if to-day ever were to be trusted as a prophet of to-morrow, destined to a success, speedy, complete, and unstained. Unfortunately it is not so that the world is changed, and all that seemed to be won so easily without labour or tears, was yet to be struggled for and lost with tears of blood. Much undoubtedly of the excitement which prevailed was of that transitory kind, no better calculated than the flower-garlands of a popular fête to survive the storm of adversity and war. Many frivolous and many wicked follies were committed, both perhaps in rather more than the usual proportion in times of great popular excitement. It is the distinction of writers of the Macfarlane school to make the most of both, and to ignore altogether the efforts made, and the sufferings undergone, by the true friends and supporters of a cause to which only victory was wanting.

We will not attempt to retrace here the history of that great failure which came so near to being the most blessed and glorious of successes. From the brilliant and transitory heroism of Milan, to the nobler perseverance of Venice—from the blessing of the Crusading banners by the Pope, to the slaughter of his subjects on the breach of San Pancrazio by the French, in the name and interest of the Holy Father; all are familiar with the leading events of the eighteen months during which Italy was more than a geographical appellation. The part individually taken in these events by one of the noblest sons of Italy is all that we are now dealing with.

Towards the end of 1847, Giusti published a small volume of poems, with his name for the first time openly attached to them, and took the opportunity of expressing what may be called a hope that, in

the changed relation of things, his voice, as it had been heard hitherto, might be needed and heard no longer.

"I feel," he said, "that this style of verse is be-
"coming a fruit out of season, and I would gladly
"raise myself to the level of the new facts which are
"unfolding themselves before our eyes with such
"majesty of motion; but who can say whether the
"spirit accustomed to confine itself within the narrow
"circle of the 'No,' will have the vigour to break
"the bounds of its old pasture, and range over a
"wider and more productive field? If I should feel
"the courage and power to try it, I certainly shall
"not stand idle: should I, however, find myself not
"strong enough, I shall not be so obstinately foolish
"as to persist in tolling the passing-bell, at a time
"when all others are ringing the peal for a new
"birth."

These words are worth noting, as showing not only how deeply Giusti felt the accomplishment of his desire for Italy, but how distinct and definite his purpose as a writer had become. His weapon had done its work—it might be laid aside. His language indicates, too, a sense not always possessed by those whose especial vocation, from nature or circumstances, has been to utter and reiterate the No—that there is a *Yea* as well. Giusti, feeling this, was fit and qualified to defend good as well as to attack evil. But the time was not yet come, nor likely to come, when the satirist could be spared. Forms of evil were rife, both new and old; and a combatant for truth and right was not likely to find rest.

In the period of the short-lived union between princes and people, there was one class who saw their own calamity in the general rejoicing, that class who, at Naples and elsewhere, have since repaid them-

selves with interest so abundant for the temporary suspension of their system of government.

The efforts of the "birrocracy" to clutch back the sceptre which was passing from them, are celebrated by Giusti in the poem entitled "Congresso dei Birri." All who have seen and see, or who have learnt from Mr. Gladstone's letters to appreciate, the venom and force of this revived serpent,—the boa constrictor which strangles out the life of Italy, may also appreciate the value of a blow which paralyzed those efforts for the time.

The poem, as its title implies, is an admirably humorous and sustained parody, so to speak, of the parties and forms of deliberative assemblies. Still there are the three shades of opinion,—right, centre, and left,—ultras, moderates, and a third section which guides and governs the others, as we shall see, all bent to consider what course becomes them in the present threatening aspect of affairs; when the actions of the governors are, so far have things gone, certainly criticised by the governed, and there is even talk of giving the people some voice in the management of their own affairs.

The Birri are met in solemn parliament, or rather, the object and interest of all the members being the same, we may regard it as what the Americans call, or used to call, for their political nomenclature is of rapid and transitory invention, a *caucus*,—let us say a meeting to concert rabid measures for the protection of the great Birro interest.

The first speaker naturally is one of the "arrabbiati," an ultra conservative, or as we say, Tory "Birro." Like other less strictly professional Conservatives, this honourable member cannot see that in fact there is any difficulty in the case, except what arises from fearing to act upon the wisdom of our

ancestors. We have left the old ways; the remedy is to return to them. Our business is simple repression. What need of talk? "Seize, imprison, and hang."

"Ecco la Massima
Spedita e vera,
Galera e Boia
Boia e Galera."

"Would you a maxim?
Two words will comprise one,
Imprison and hang 'em,
Hang and imprison."

This savagely emphatic "bear" of a birro, be it observed, does but follow in the very steps, and almost the very words of the ten times illustrious Duke of Modena, with his famous autographic despatch, as laconic as if it had been sent by electric telegraph. "An insurrection took place last night. The con-"spirators are in my hands. Send me the hangman." Fiction is ever short of truth, and Giusti's birro is scarcely equal to the Prince—to the descendant of all the D'Estes.

Simple and impressive as is this view, it does not, in the opinion of the next orator, altogether meet what he asserts to be the really dangerous position of affairs. You cannot stop the world by threats of hanging. Such simple methods are behind the age.

"What? trusting in the hangman still,
To stop the age's movement?
Good sir, you flourished ere the flood,
Pray learn the last improvement.

"My honour'd colleague deems we live
Still in those blessed times
When none e'er spoke of Italy,
Save letter'd men in rhymes.

"My friends, to-day that name is taught
To children by their nurses,
To-day 'tis in the peasant's mouth,
Not in Arcadian verses."

"No doubt the peoples will come to perdition: but "there is no use in trying to stop a runaway horse,

" which only pulls the harder. Suppose the princes " were thrown first, why should we sacrifice ourselves " for them? Let us watch and see what turn things " take, with an eye to the permanency of our own " pay, rather than to any other result."

This reasonable advice of the "juste milieu" partisan meets with a good deal of acceptance; but the climax of the discussion is still reserved for the third orator, at whose rising a hush of expectation silences and thrills the assembly.

> "Hush! Silence! Hear, hear!
> Ran through all the Consistory:
> Hear him give us the word
> Of the Birrian mystery!"

The solution of the problem, we see, has till now but "loomed in the distance;" it has now passed into the hands of the consummate artist who leads the house; and the true end and interest of the "Birrocracy" are to be explained.

He states calmly and impressively his differences from his honourable friends who have preceded him. They have, he respectfully submits, missed the true point at issue, in misapprehending the real scope of the great institution of which they are members. Our business is not to save the state,—to coax favour out of either the people or the court, to secure a little pay. *It is to have power, and be ourselves.* ("Vivian Grey" condensed into a line.)

The brilliant orator proceeds to explain his position as regards the abstract theories laid down as the articles of belief of the party.

> "I hold not strict as items of my creed,
> Far less reject, your block and thumbscrew fancies:
> I say strength aims to stand, and to succeed:
> The *how* depends on time and circumstances:

The truly wise no stubborn systems heed,
But take the tack that suits, as the wind chances;
Look to the end: be that your constant rule:
Who sticks at means, is a pedantic fool."

And now for the application of their principles to the case in hand. Regarded thus philosophically, the present position of affairs, alarming as a superficial view may represent it, is in fact the most desirable of all positions,—the one state of things best adapted to promote the power and interests of our order. Only let the question be thoroughly apprehended. We are not here to prevent evil. A pretty trade that would be. Conceive a really good and happy government. What need would there be of us? What place, what importance have we in a well-ordered and contented community? To keep up a good *mis*understanding between governors and governed; to prevent their agreeing; to blow the flames which we are needed to quench; to make the princes hated by the people, and ourselves necessary to the princes, is the way to remain, as we are, supreme; to pass, as we have passed, from being slaves of slaves, to being lords of our lords! *Padroni dei Padroni.* The word of the "Birrian" mystery is this—"*Dividete e regnate.*" At this point there breaks in upon the assembly, from the neighbouring piazza, the shout which tells that the people and the prince are united in hope and will; the genius of the illuminated orator is quenched on his lips; and the congress for the protection of the birro interest vanishes despairing from our sight, into the limbo of past iniquities.

The aspect of things in 1847 justified such a conclusion. This, too, has passed, with so many other hopes; yet the "Congresso dei Birri" was well meant and effective in its day. In any case it remains, in

verse which will not soon perish, an unmistakeable embodiment of a hideous social and political evil; and it may yet aid in realizing the anticipations with which it concludes.

But there was another evil which threatened the prospects of Italy—a canker at the heart of our newly-born liberty; this, too, Giusti was one of the earliest to perceive and denounce. In verses of almost prophetic exactness and singular force, he exposed those pernicious and cowardly demagogues who sprang up in the cities of Italy, rank weeds in the midst of so much noble growth; the men who successfully laboured to bring discredit abroad and ruin at home upon the movement, which, generally speaking, they had done little to originate, and did less to support in the field. We refer especially to the poem "Agli Spettri del 4to Sett." ("To the Ghosts of the 4th Sept. 1847"), of which the key-note is given by the first line,—

"Up, Don Abbondio! Don Rodrigo's dead!"

a line, hitting with a force of concentrated contempt, which needs no explanation to the readers of Manzoni's novel. It is difficult not to think that the objects of this fierce ridicule and heartfelt indignation must have blushed at the picture of themselves. So vivid is the unflattering daguerreotype of these coffee-house brawlers, amid flasks and cigars, the submissive slaves of yesterday, the extreme republicans of to-day, in whose hands liberty changed itself into licence, aspirations after independence into calumny of the most effective champions of that cause, the "sacred war" in Lombardy into safe sedition at home.

"Bravo! Take courage: yet with calculation:
Take counsel from the time and the occasion:
Now that the conies' feeble folk can dare
The lion's hide to wear,

"Now take your side, and as the people stand
Wondering at you, who live by second-hand:
Roar that you were, yea, ere the world began,
A stanch republican."

This poem is enough to show that the changed state of things would have presented themes for the sarcasm as well as for the enthusiasm of the poet. In the meantime, it opened to him another field, in which he had the opportunity of showing that his vocation was not censure alone, and that practical good sense was not wanting to his genius. Tuscany, like the other States of Italy, entered with all fair hopes and promises into a course of constitutional freedom. An assembly was elected, and to this assembly, by the constituency of his native district, the illustrious poet was returned. The unhappy differences and errors which contributed so much to the destruction of the Italian cause in the field, were not wanting in the Tuscan assembly. Giusti seems to have been an uniform adherent of prudent and moderate counsels.

The assailant of absolutism, whether paternal or not, he had already, in his Ode to Leopold II., held out to the constitutional prince the hand of frank reconciliation. With a poet's misleading enthusiasm, he placed some trust in the compact between prince and people, which he had himself seen sealed with oaths taken amid tears.

Not the less as an honest politician and citizen did he bind himself to make easy the preservation of that compact. To cement the unhoped-for alliance between prince and people; to keep things as steady as possible during the transition from absolute to constitutional government; to avoid distrust and the causes of distrust, even in show; this was his wish. It is almost superfluous to say, that in following this

course he did not escape the attacks of the Don Abbondios of politics.

Under the excitement of the times, and the sudden liberation of all tongues and pens, a crop of scurrilous papers grew up in Florence, calumniating the best of the Italians, by way of forwarding the interests of Italy. Giusti, too, was in this form to feel the ingratitude of the base; and if we may judge from the tone of his letters, he felt, with some of the sensitiveness of a poet's nature, the attacks upon him, but without the least shrinking; they had no effect upon his conduct. "Those who abuse me, now," said he, might reflect that I spoke when others were silent." A scheme for a paper or periodical, to be conducted under his directions, to neutralize the effect of these publications, was set on foot. But the failing health of Giusti,—not to add his strict and high ideas of what the tone of such a periodical ought to be,—caused the scheme to be deferred, and finally dropped. In the chamber he spoke seldom; when he did speak, it was with point and vigour, and in a style resembling, to a certain extent, his poetry. Very probably every deep feeling with him took, with scarce an effort, the form which he had so sedulously cultivated. He would often meet his friends, after a sitting, with some epigram upon his lips, or slight versified sketch of some absurdity which had marked the day; but he never took the trouble, it is supposed, to write them down.

After the first defeat of Charles Albert had given strength to the more violent and unreflecting party, the first Tuscan assembly, a body of moderate and sensible, but not sufficiently energetic character, was dissolved, and another named. In spite of his own wish to avoid re-election, on the ground of his failing health, Giusti's constituents would vote for no

other candidate; and from a sense of duty, though with the certainty of injury to himself, he accepted the mandate, in words of some solemnity—

"Fiat voluntas vestra."

In the second chamber, his conduct remained unaltered; but on the flight of the Grand Duke, in February, 1849, this chamber, too, was dissolved, and a convention summoned. The revolutionary party, left by the desertion of the prince in unchecked power, did all they could to exclude Giusti. The election took place by universal suffrage; but once more his constituents of the Val di Borgi sent back, by an unanimous vote, the name which they valued highest. In legislative chamber or in constituent assembly, they would have no other representative than their illustrious countryman.

Giusti took no part in the proceedings of this short-lived convention. In a few weeks' time, its existence and that of the provisional government was terminated without a struggle, by the spontaneous and general movement which invited the Grand Duke to return from his voluntary exile, and administer the constitution which he had sworn to maintain.

Meanwhile the history of Italy went on. The sword of her independence was broken at Novara; the heroic resistance of solitary Venice, leaving to future times an invaluable example and memory, could for the present only defer the inevitable restoration of Austrian dominion in Lombardy,—and the French, ever emulous of Austrian glory beyond the Alps, seized at the opportunity of restoring to the peninsula the second of its curses, in re-establishing the priestly government of Rome.

The end of 1849 saw scarcely a trace remaining of the hopes which made glorious the beginning of 1848.

A melancholy destiny permitted the poet to survive the disappointment of all his expectations as a patriot; to survive it, and no more. He did not lose his hopes for the better future; but he knew that it would come too late for him. His health had ever been precarious, and the agitation, first of hope, and then of regret over the calamities and errors which he saw so truly, had contributed to its rapid decline.

On the last day on which his biographer saw him, he conversed at some length on the state of Italy; the mistakes of the past, the hopes of the future; the contrast between the bright dawn of their revolution, and the darkening gloom of their present political horizon; and quoting, with a sigh, the words of Dante:—

> "O buon principio
> A che vil fine convien che tu caschi!"

"may God grant," he added, "that at least the lesson "may be profitable. When the time comes again, I "shall be here no longer; do you and others, *who will* "*be here*, and who have seen the causes that have "ruined us, proclaim them aloud, and avoid dissen- "sions. Thus alone can Italy rise again, and soon."

Yet he thought something had been gained, for Tuscany at least. "They can hardly," said he, "ever take away from us our constitutional forms again."

It seems he gave the Grand Duke credit for some degree of good feeling and justice; the Austrians, for that degree of foresight which would make one or both parties shrink from setting up among an easily ruled and affectionate people a mere despotic throne supported by foreign bayonets.

Possibly he thought, unreasonable as it must appear to those to whom the millions are ciphers and the units all, that though there had been offences on both sides, yet between the prince who absconded unne-

cessarily from his states and his duties, and the people who, after a short period of confusion, unanimously and earnestly invited him back, bygones might with some degree of equity be held bygones, and some restoration of confidence be possible. He was wrong; he overrated, as we trust it will prove, the prudence of the Austrian cabinet; he overrated, also, as poets are apt to overrate, the generosity of a prince.

He saw the Tuscan restoration, as an English poetess saw it, from the Casa Guidi windows, and as she has described it for us in the best pages of her volume under that title. He saw the return of the paternal ruler, who had given his subjects the voluntary assurance, "Before all things, I am an Italian prince," preceded, followed, and symbolized, by the steady tramp of Austrian troops and the slow roll of Austrian cannon, through the streets of the fairest city of Italy.

Giusti has left us no record of the feelings with which he viewed the ignominy of that restoration, an ignominy gratuitously incurred for himself, and inflicted on his people, by a prince of whom better things had been hoped. But he could have expressed no other feelings than those expressed by the English poetess; the shame, the sadness, the bitter blame of all alike, who by thoughtless folly, by deliberate wickedness, or by the mere braggart hollowness and cowardice of weak hearts and heads, had falsified hopes so fair and so well founded.

> "Bitter things I write
> Because my soul is bitter for your sake,
> Oh Freedom! Oh my Florence!"

Yes—let the bitter lesson be taken to heart, even as Giusti would have wished his countrymen, the countrymen of Dante, to take it; but never let our

anger against those who betrayed or weakly defended the right, pervert us into forgetting on which side the right lay, or incapacitate us from doing justice to those whose conduct was worthy of their cause. It is an old saying, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," and like every similar struggle for right, the Italian struggle had its martyrs too. One died at Oporto, others on the battle-fields of Lombardy or Piedmont, others at Brescia, others at Rome.

The winter of 1849-50, the last of Giusti's life, he spent in the house of Gino Capponi, whose admiration for the poet was joined with a paternal affection for the man; and there, on March 25th, 1850, he died, having for some time calmly foreseen the end. The Austrianized government of Florence offered some mean, however natural, opposition to the public funeral with which the Florentines desired to honour their anti-German poet. The opposition, however, on second thoughts, was withdrawn, and on April, 1850, crowds accompanied to the grave, on the hill of San Miniato, the remains of the last and not the least illustrious of the many great men who have added an accumulated glory to the city of Dante.

We have already, to the best of our ability, characterized the peculiar style and manner, both of thought and of expression, if these two can ever be distinguished in a poet, of this emphatically original writer. We have also pointed out how close a relation his short career bore to the circumstances of his time, and how he sought to modify those circumstances; and we know, on the authority of his compatriots, how potent an influence his writings exercised. Of the man himself we could have wished to give a more living picture, but the materials before us are scarcely sufficient for the purpose. It is always pleasant, however, to feel towards those whose

writings have delighted or instructed us, that we could have wished to have known them. The biographer has enabled us, with the aid of the poet himself, to feel this towards Giusti. Here is a description of a man worthy to be remembered:—

"All loved him who knew him. Leaving apart " his genius, and the admirable sagacity and steadi- " ness of his politics, he was, in the converse of " domestic life, of manners so gentle, and of temper " so sweet and open, that it was impossible not to " love him after having been even but once brought " together with him. Sad, both by nature and habit, " but serene and tranquil in his sadness, he had a " spirit open to every noble and elevated feeling. " Generally he was rather silent; but when, in a rare " moment of gladness, he gave free course to his " laughter, he enchanted you with delight. He was " a worshipper of beauty and goodness; he adored " virtue, and abhorred the vices which polluted the " society in which he was born, to such a degree that " in this horror it was that he found the will and the " strength to become a poet. Constant in his friend- " ships, careless of injuries which affected only " himself, kindly, helpful, modest, devoid of envy or " jealous ambition, without false glitter or polish, he " would have been a model of a citizen for his private " merits, even if his genius had not raised him to the " height which he attained as a poet."

Such was Giuseppe Giusti, a poet, a thoughtful patriot, a man worthy to be added to the long roll of great Italian names. Much of what he might have done has been lost by his comparative early death, yet he can scarcely be counted among the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." There is nothing incomplete in what he has left, nothing in which, however imperfect in itself, you recognise a promise which may

or may not be verified. He had perfected the style of composition which he may be almost said to have introduced as a novelty into Italy; he has a distinct place of his own as a poet. He felt most deeply and bitterly the social evils and political degradation of his country; he did what one man could do to expose them, with a view to their removal. His verses will illustrate the history of his time, while they preserve his own name and character in the memory of men. He was not vain, but he claimed for himself with truth the rarest of praises for a satirist, when he said, as he more than once did—"Credo di non aver mai derisa la virtù, ne burlati gl' "affetti gentili."—"I believe that I have never scoffed "at virtue, or cast ridicule on the gentle affections." A thorough reformer, and alive, as few others have been, to the extent of evil operated on the national character by base and oppressive institutions, he yet felt that it was little to change the institutions unless you could reform the men also. With this end he aimed at the vices of a corrupt and trifling society his bitter ridicule interfused with so deep a seriousness. Shaming some and stirring others, he who began as "*Vox clamantis in deserto*," lived to hear one responsive cry in answer to his words; and among the names of those to whom Italy will yet owe the renewal and recognition of her bound and sleeping life, she will place few, if any, above that of the author of the "Terra dei Morti."

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